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WASHINGTON,

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

A PICTURE AND A NARRATIVE

OF THE

ORIGIN, GROWTH, EXCELLENCES, ABUSES, BEAUTIES, AND PERSONAGES

OF

OUR GOVERNING CITY.

By GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND, "GATH,"

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW WORLD COMPARED WITH THE OLD," AND WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

V. 2

"We do not know of any American newspaper-English which we like better, as English, than that of Mr. Geo. Alfred Townsend. . . . We readily share not ignorant of Mr. Townsend's services at the Capital, where he has distinguished himself as a hater of shams and friendly to all those measures of political reform to which the better portion of the Republican party is irrevocably committed. It is, to be sure, sometimes easier to be amused by Mr. Townsend's performances, than to approve for them; but there is a humor and picturesqueness about them which is nothing less than poetical."—New York Nation.

JAMES BETTS & CO.
HARTFORD, CONN., AND CHICAGO, ILL.
S. M. BETTS & CO.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
1873.

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The terrible shaking up we have had with great men by the war, by the cheap printing, the public schools, the mass meetings, the quick travel, and the growth of public business, has set us to thinking that perhaps we shall never have any more indisputably great men. If we can get as good stewards and magistrates as the better average of society, we shall almost be satisfied to let Washington and the heroes lie back unquestioned in their mythologic halo. The cry is no more for a miracle, a Shiloh, a past God, or a coming man; it is for a neighbor, a Christian, a magnanimous and worthy gentleman, an honest man in high places. If our public men will be no worse than the responsible men of our private communities we shall have approved our democracy a success, because in the logical order of development here, the people should not be the disciples of the statesmen, but the statesmen should be the servants and exponents of the people.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CURIOSITIES OF THE GREAT BUREAUX OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Few readers have ever pushed into the queer nooks and queerer documents around the Capitol which exhibit the multifold operations of a modern government.

Let us run over some items of what is called the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, selecting the Bill of 1871 which was passed by a relatively honest Congress.

CONGRESS.

Do you know what it costs to pay the Senators' salaries and mileage per annum? Four hundred thousand dollars! Cheap at half the money! Do you know what it costs the House for the same? One million! But halt! The officers, clerks, and messengers of the Senate get, besides, $130,000; and the same officers of the House get about $200,000. The police, who patrol the Capitol, and sit around the little parks enclosing it, cost $43,000. The stationery and newspapers of the Senate cost about $14,000, and for the House $37,000. The little pages, who run around the floor, cost in the House $7,600, and in the Senate $8,000. What does the Senate want with so many pages, when the more numerous body requires so few?

It costs the Senate $46,000 for packing-boxes, folding documents, furniture, fuel, gas, and furniture-wagons. It costs the House, for wagons and cartage, $16,000. The Committee clerks of the House cost $33,000, and of the Senate $25,000.

The Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House get $4,320 each, and the Librarian of Congress gets $4,000. All the clerks of the Library of Congress, taken together, require $26,000 a year; and the library is allowed only $12,500 per annum to buy books, purchase files of periodicals and newspapers, and exchange public documents with foreign Governments.

Public printing costs an enormous sum, and the appropriations almost always fall short. Still, it is questionable whether, on the whole, we do not dignify ourselves, and confer benefit on the country by maintaining, as we undoubtedly do, the most perfect printing establishment in the world, not excepting Napoleon's printing house in Paris as it used to be maintained. For the present year, there will be appropriated for the public printing, $655,000 for composition and press work; $709,000 for paper to print upon; $552,000 for binding books, and $75,000 for engraving and map-printing.

Coming to Executive appropriations, we find that two policemen, two night-watchmen, a door-keeper, and an assistant door-keeper, at the White House cost unitedly $8,000. The President's Private Secretary gets $3,500; his assistant $2,500; two of the President's clerks $2,300 each; the White House steward, who buys the grub and gets up the dinners, $2,000; and the messenger $1,200.

At the State Department, it costs $12,000 to publish the laws in pamphlet forms; and for proof-reading, packing the laws and documents off to our Consuls, and such, we spend $17,000 annually. The eternal Mexican Commission costs us $28,700 a year, and our Commissioner gets $4,700, and the umpire, who lives out of town and is seldom called on, $3,000. The Spanish Commission costs us $15,000. The High Joint business at Geneva was provided for by a special appropriation of $250,000. They drink over there nothing less than chambertin.

At the Treasury Department are required for the Secretary, his assistants and immediate clerks, $384,000. What is a char-woman? There are here provided for, ninety char-women, at $180 a year each. These are, indeed, *scrub* wages. The

Architect's office, presided over by the great Inigo Jones Mullett, costs about $27,000. This bill provides that, from the contingent expense appropriation of $100,000, no part shall be expended for clerical hire. The Comptrollers of the Treasury cost, unitedly, $11,500. The office of the Commissioner of Customs at Washington costs $37,000. The Auditors' offices cost as follows: First Auditor, $58,000; Second, $384,000; Third, $289,000; Fourth, $83,000; Fifth, $60,000; and the Special Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department requires $267,000. Uncle Spinner, the Treasurer, demands for his office $189,000. The office of the Register of the Treasury requires $85,000 besides additional compensation at the discretion of the Secretary. The office of the Comptroller of Currency absorbs $117,000. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue demands merely for office assistance,—including Commissioner's salary of $6,000,—$364,000. His dies, paper, and stamps cost $400,000. To pay throughout the country the different Collectors, Assessors, Supervisors, Detectives, and Storekeepers, the Revenue Bureau demands $4,700,000. To punish violators of the Internal Revenue laws, $80,000 are appropriated. The Lighthouse Board costs, to keep up the Washington Office, $14,000. The Bureau of Statistics costs $65,000. The stationery of the Treasury costs $45,000; its postage, newspapers, seals, brooms, pails, lye, sponge, etc., $65,000; its furniture, $25,000; its gas, fuel, and drinking water, $40,000. Besides, the Secretary is allowed $45,000 for temporary clerks.

Perhaps you were not aware that we have an Independent Treasurer in this country. We have. His office is in New York, and he gets $8,000 a year personally, while his clerks receive $140,000. The office of the Assistant Treasurer at Boston costs $33,000, at San Francisco $21,000, at Philadelphia $36,000, at St. Louis $16,000, at New Orleans $14,000, at Charleston, S. C., $10,000, and at Baltimore $24,000. The Treasury's Depositaries require, to pay salaries, $10,000 at Cincinnati, at Louisville $6,000, at Pittsburgh $4,000, and at Santa Fé $5,000. It costs $6,000 to pay Special Agents to

examine these Depositaries. Then you come to the matter of Mints. The chief officers of the Philadelphia Mint require $38,000 per annum, the workmen $125,000, and for incidental and contingent expenses, besides, $35,000,—in all about $200,000. The Mint at San Francisco costs $290,000, to pay salaries and wages next year; at Carson City $90,000, at Denver $30,000, at Charlotte, N. C., $4,500, (provided the Mint be not abolished this year, as it will probably be.) The Assay office in New York costs $118,000, and at Boise City $12,000. On the whole, we pay a good deal of money in the way of salaries, considering we see so little coin floating around. If these Mint-men cannot diffuse hard money more, there ought to be some curtailment of their appropriations.

Arizona costs us for salaries $14,000 a year, and there is a proposition also to pay its noble Legislature—that Legislature which fell upon the Apaches like Joal's band and slew them—$20,000, including their mileage. We pay Colorado, out of the National Treasury, $14,000, and nothing is said about mileage or paying the Legislature. We pay Dakota $54,000 for officers, and $20,000 for its Legislature. Idaho gets $15,000, and $20,000 for the Legislature. Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, get nothing for their Legislatures, but cost us for officials $15,000 apiece, and the District of Columbia costs the Federal Government, for salaries, $28,000.

The office of the Secretary of the Interior costs, for clerks immediately around his person, $47,000; for watchmen, $21,000; for stationery and packing, $16,000; and for rents and repairs, $26,000. The Land Office costs, for clerks, $53,000; for maps, telegraphs, etc., $244,000. The Indian Office costs, for salaries, $30,000, and for incidentals, $5,000. The Pension Office costs the extraordinary sum of $344,000, besides additional clerks to the amount of $92,000. This office also uses $75,000 for stationery, engraving, printing, &c. The Patent Office costs, for salaries $319,000, besides, for extra clerks and laborers, $147,000. The stationery, &c., here cost $90,000, and for photo-lithographing, $40,000. The Bureau of Education,

an excrescence upon the Government, of no earthly account except as an auxiliary to take common-schools from the States and counties where they belong, and run them nationally,—this costs $27,000.

Now we come to the Surveyor-General's office: In Minnesota it costs $6,300, and in Kansas $2,000; in California $14,000, and in most of the other States about $30,000. The interesting Department of Agriculture, whose ornament—the bleached Capron—has been imported into Japan as a curiosity, costs, for salaries alone, $75,000, for statistics and fodder for the annual report, $15,000, to scatter seeds around and put them in bags, $45,000. These seeds make Vice-Presidents and Senators when properly distributed. The Experimental Garden of the Agricultural Department costs $10,000, the stationery and the books on bugs, $23,000; besides, there is a gorgeous report on the education of oysters, and the intellectual needs of pumpkins, for which a monster appropriation has to be made annually.

The salaries of the Post-Office Department in Washington City alone cost above $400,000, and the building demands for stationery, besides, $50,000. In this particular bill, Postmasters are not considered.

The War Department takes $47,000 for salaries; $46,000 are appropriated for examinations, and for copying from the Rebel archives, the Adjutant-General demands $100,000 per annum; the Quartermaster-General, $18,000; the Postmaster-General, $70,000; the Commissary-General, $42,000; the Surgeon-General, $25,000; the Chief Engineer, $29,000; the Chief of Ordinance, $25,000; the office of Military Justice, $5,000; the Signal Office, $2,800; and the Inspector-General, $1,600. These salaries are merely for clerks and stationery in the Washington Offices, and do not apply to salaries throughout the military service. The War Department, besides, requires for rents and repairs, $44,000.

To run the central office of the Navy Department, where Secretary Robeson sits at the table with an oar in his hand, crying "Heave ho!" the clerks get $36,000, and *billet-doux* are written to the extent of $5,000. Then the Bureaux have their particular clerks. The Yards and Docks Bureau requires $16,000; that of Equipment, $12,000; of Navigation, $6,000; of Ordnance, $10,000; of Construction and Repair, $113,000; of Steam Engineering, $8,000; of Provisions and Clothing, $15,000; of Medicine, $5,000, &c.

THE JUDICIARY.

And now we come to the Judicial part of our Government,—a third and co-ordinate part of the whole; and what does it cost? To pay the whole Bench demands $72,000 a year, exclusive of nine Circuit Judges, who cost $54,000 altogether. To pay the District Judges, and some retired Judges, costs $193,000, and the Court of the District of Columbia costs $20,000. The total salaries of all the District Attorneys of the United States is put down at $19,000, and of the Marshals also, $19,000. The Marshals and Attorneys get fees besides. The District Attorneys get 2 1-2 per cent. on all the money they recover for the country, and the District Attorney's office in New York City is said to be worth $30,000 a year. The Court of Claims, at Washington costs about $35,000, and $400,000 is appropriated to pay its judgments. This extraordinary clause—the only piece of light reading in the bill—is put at the end of the Court of Claims appropriation:

Provided, That no part of this $400,000 shall be paid in satisfaction of any judgment rendered in favor of George Chorpenning, growing out of any claim for carrying the mail.

The Department of Justice requires $73,000. The Solicitor-General gets $7,500, which is only $500 less than the Attorney-General. Each of the Assistant Attorneys-General gets $5,000, and the Solicitor of Internal Revenue $5,000. The Solicitor of the Treasury costs, for himself and clerks, $22,000;

three Commissioners for codifying the laws of the United States cost $18,000 ; the British Claim Commission, meeting in Washington city at present, costs $49,000.

The above, perhaps, dull reading, is an analysis of one of the large appropriation bills, and will give you some idea of what it costs merely for clerks, stationery, office service, and printing in the departments at Washington. Since that day back pay has been voted by Congress, and all the larger salaries increased.

The greatest office of the Government, outside of Washington, is the New York Custom House.

Consider that it employs nearly one-tenth as many men as constitute the regular army of the United States ! That it is the toll-gateway for the greater part of all the foreign cargoes which are poured amongst our forty millions of people ! That it is not only the most fruitful source of revenue which we possess, but also the most fruitful source of corruption ! Ten per cent. a head, levied upon its employees,—as was done every year down to the present,—will make a purse sufficient to carry an election in the largest community in the Union. Senator Morton, of Indiana, if I am properly informed, had no trouble in the world to get $15,000 from this hive of pensioners to help him lose the State of Indiana at an election in 1870. Out of this great den of revenue comes the cash which is mysteriously dispensed amongst us in the critical periods of partisan appeal. This Custom House has always been wielded for party purposes, and it is said never to have had an efficient chief. Its director is called the Collector of the Port of New York. He nominally receives $6,400 a year, his Assistant Collector $5,000, his Auditor $7,000, and his Cashier $5,000. His seven deputies receive $3,000 a piece. Under him are employed an immense number of persons, as for example, 247 inspectors of one particular class, whose aggregate wages are $380,000 ; 120 night watchmen, getting altogether about $130,000 ; 100 store-keepers, who cost him, in gross, $150,000 ; 60 examiners, and several hundred clerks. Few

of the salaries fall as low as $600, and the average salary passes $1,000. Mr. Allison, the Register of the Treasury, alleges, in his newest report, that one set of items show a bill of expenditures at the New York Custom House of nearly $1,800,000. Mr. Boutwell sets down the revenue derived from all the customs in the year 1870, at $195,000,000, which was ten millions more than the gross receipts of the internal revenue system. If we go back to the year 1869, we shall be able to see more distinctly what a great part the New York Custom House plays in our finance and our politics. According to the statistics of that year, the value of all goods now imported into the United States is $414,000,000 per annum. Only $42,000,000 worth are entered free, and $160,000,000 are sent to bonded warehouses before their duties are paid. The gross custom duties received on this $414,000,000 reach the heavy figure of $180,000,000, or nearly 40 per cent. of the value. The New York port enters $270,000,000 of goods per annum paying duty, and $27,000,000 of goods duty free. Of the dutiable goods, $120,000,000 worth go to New York bonded warehouses, or three-fourths of the warehoused goods in the country. Last year there entered the port of New York, subject to the Custom House restrictions, 5,218 vessels, with a tonnage of 3,200,000 tons, and with crews amounting to 110,000 men. This is equal, therefore, to the head-quarters of one of the largest navies in the earth.

Speaking of navies suggests the great old Marine Barrack of Washington city, which few visitors ever enter.

The marines are under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, and they may be described as the military of the ships. They stand guard at the gangways, magazine, forecastle, navy yards, and navy arsenals; are the boarding party in the ultimate collision of vessels, and in time of action they must fight the after-division of guns. The service, although a useful one, is generally considered a fancy one, and it is in request. Candidates are examined for it in our day, but there are no Marine cadetships at West Point, and to be between the years of 20

and 25, to have a fair collegiate education and physical strength, are sufficient endowments. Appointees are put under drill, and one of the marine officers is now preparing a book upon the manipulation of the corps.

There are in all ninety-two officers of the Marine Corps, counting the general staff; the file numbers 2,500 men. Privates, who formerly received $16 a month, now get $13 only, and there is much grumbling over the reduction, and desertions are more frequent. A corporal only receives the pay of a private. Two promotions from the rank are recorded. The uniform of the corps is dark blue jacket and light blue trowsers, with white pipe-clay cross-belts, and, for dress, the conical short hat, with red fringe pompon. Sailors are seldom enlisted in the corps; they will not "set up" well, have a swagger incompatible with the noble stiffness of a true marine, and are averse to the service besides. The old black high stock forced upon the marines, to give them the quality of ramrodness, is now abandoned.

Promotion to the head of the Marine Corps is made by selection, and not by seniority.

A cosy part of the Navy Department is the Judge Advocate's room. Around it are a series of those old-fashioned naval pictures which one finds scattered through the Navy Department, executed in abundant blue, framed in dingy gilt, forgotten as to their authors, and as to their date immemorial. Doubtless they were the work of some old clerk, whose amateur, self-learned skill with the pencil got him relief from fuller duties; perhaps the work of some old salt, officer or seaman, who so whiled away his lazy hours while out of commission; possibly wrought by some decayed or embryo artist whom a past secretary has salaried to illustrate our naval career. All through the department, these unclaimed, unhonored canvasses lie, with portraits of distinguished "salts" set between; here Bainbridge, there McDonough, yonder Hull. It is not improbable that many of them are ascribed excellent for technical merits, which strike a sailor more than art; but there they

are, forgotten as their episodes, useless to the world of action as are the old swords, scimeters, hari-karis, forbidden to our officials, which repose in the museum of the Patent Office.

"Judge Bolles," said I, "does anybody know what these old ship-scenes represent?"

"These in my room," said the Judge, from the depths of his leather-cushioned office-chair, "tell the whole story of the fight between the Guerriere and the Constitution. Here they are sailing for the action. Yonder they haul to, and the Guerriere opens at long distance. In the third picture, the Constitution being within pistol shot, delivered her first terrible broadside. In the next the Guerriere strikes. The last picture represents the hulk of the Guerriere, and the Constitution turns on her heel, sailing away in victory.

Beside the Smithsonian Institute upon this flat, and on the site of what has been called the "Experimental Government Farm," a fine new building has arisen, 170 feet long by about 60 feet deep, made of pressed brick, with brown-stone dressings, built in the modern French style, with steep slate roof and gilt balustrades and galleries. This building is to be occupied within a month, and the Agricultural Department carried out of the vaults of the Patent Office; then the thirty-five acres allotted to the new department will be supplied with an orchard-house, an orangery, a cold grapery, and houses for medicinal and textile plants. The building is one of the simplest and purest, in a modern sense, in Washington, the design of a Baltimore architect. It cost $100,000. The Agricultural Department *in toto* costs about $150,000 a year, of which nearly one-sixth goes to the distribution of seeds. In the new building the happiest being will be our enthusiast, Townsend Glover, the naturalist, him to whom your farmers apply for a knowledge of what birds eat the pippin apples, and what worm gets into the beet-root. Glover is a Brazilian by the accident of birth, a Yorkshire Englishman by parentage, a German by education, American by adoption and enthusiasm. He is a singular-looking man, short, thick, near-sighted, pecu-

liar, an Admirable Crichton in the practical arts. Agriculture has been his fanaticism for forty years. He paints, models in plaster, engraves, composes, analyzes, and invents with about equal facility. His passion is to be the founder of an index museum to all the products of the American Continent, from cotton to coal oil, from pitch pine to wine. Heretofore he has had only two little rooms in the dingy basement of the Patent Office; hereafter he is to have a handsome museum-room in the new building, 105 by 52 feet, and 27 feet high. His objects, already largely perfected, are to methodize, by models and specimens, the natural history, diseases, parasites and remedies of every individual product in America. For example: A man wants to move to Nevada. What are the products of Nevada? Glover has a series of cases devoted to that State, models of all its fruits, berries, prepared specimens of its birds, illustrations of its cereals, *flors*, grasses, trees. A small pamphlet conveys the same information; the man knows what to expect of Nevada. A man forwards a blue bird; is it tolerable or destructive, to be encouraged or banned? Glover forwards the names of fruits, etc., which the blue bird eats. He will show you, in living, working condition, the whole lifetime of a cocoon: the processes of Sea Island cotton, from the pod to the manufacture; the economical history of the common goat; the processes of hemp from the field to the hangman. Every mail brings to him a hawk, a strange species of fish, a blasted potato, a peculiar grass, which poisons the cow. He is the most dogged naturalist in the world, probably; a wrestler with the continent. He is a bachelor, married to his pursuit, one of those odd beings hidden away in the recesses of government, whose work is in itself its own fame and fortune.

A curious subject, to the inquisitive reader, was debated before Congress in 1871. It was the revision of the laws pertaining to the mint and coinage of the United States.

This measure originated with a quiet and indefatigable bachelor official of the Treasury Department. Mr. John J. Knox, the Deputy Comptroller of the Currency. He has spent almost

his whole life in the atmosphere of banks, and, receiving a salary of only $2,500 in a city where it costs $3,500 to live, he has made use of all his leisure time to put himself into association with the former, as well as the present, practical men of the mints of the United States.

You know what the United States Mint is—an institution ordained by Congress in 1792, while the Capital of the United States was yet at Philadelphia. The fine body of organizing men who were setting the nation right at that time, resolved upon giving their image and superscription to the world upon their hard money. The first Director of the Mint was the renowned David Rittenhouse, astronomer and mechanic, who made watches, orreries, telescopes, and mathematical instruments, and who went heartily to work in the new institution, devising machinery, organizing a clerical force, and otherwise establishing so handsome an institution, that, when the Capital was removed to Washington, the mint was permitted to remain in the city of the Quakers. Rittenhouse was succeeded by such strong men as De Saussure, Boudinot, and the two Doctors Patterson, father and son. These kept the mint up to a good standard of efficiency, but much of its machinery remains modeled upon the same pattern as the early days. This mint is a staid, unattractive building, on Chestnut street, and it enjoyed the remarkable distinction of keeping a permanent set of officers down to the year 1861, when, for the first time, as we grieve to say, the new Republican administration put its hand upon the Directorship of this most responsible concern, and made its management a part of the political patronage which curses the country.

From that mint, as the necessities of the country demanded —or rather the covetousness of localities—branch mints sprang up in Georgia, North Carolina, and Alabama, and an assay office was established at New York city. After the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, a more needful mint was given to San Francisco, where really the larger part of the coinage of the country is now done. After a time the greed of localities,

and the growth of jobbery, gave a mint to Carson City, Nevada; one to Dallas City, Oregon; another to Denver, Colorado; and, finally, an extra assay office to Boisé City, Idaho. Thus the business of coining money, instead of being confined to one establishment, as in almost every other government, has got to be very nearly a State matter in the United States.

According to the report of Architect Mullet, we have twelve pieces of Mint and assay property, which, altogether, have cost, or will cost, between four million and five millions of dollars. The New Orleans Mint, which has cost $620,000, is a dead loss, and of no use whatever. The Carson City Mint, which was put up to tickle the Nevada silver mining interests, cost nearly $300,000. The Mint at Charlotte, North Carolina, cost upward of $100,000, and at Dahlonega, Georgia, $70,000. The old California Mint cost $300,000, and the new mint will cost more than $2,000,000. The assay office at New York cost upward of $700,000. Mr. Mullett's Mint at San Francisco appears to be architecturally an adaptation of the Patent Office at Washington, with the front of the mint at Philadelphia appended, and there are two large smoke chimneys in the centre, which give the whole thing the appearance of a steamboat ready to go right off through the Golden Gate. The edifice is to be 221 by 164 feet in dimensions.

As the mint edifices have been scattered, so have the regulations about the coinage fallen behind the well-organized system of other nations, and the final capture of the mint by the politicians has proved to be a serious matter. The Philadelphia Mint has continued to retain a traditional supremacy, its chief officer being "the Director" in name of the whole mint system of the country, while the executive officers at the places are called Superintendents merely. Yet the mint at Philadelphia has latterly come to be, in great part, a mill for making nickel pennies, and engraving medals from the "Great Father" to his Indian braves, and other Generals. In 1873 the bill just referred to, passed, and hereafter the Commissioner of the Mint will reside in Washington city at the Treasury building.

Another quaint bureau of the Treasury Department is the Detectives', headed by Colonel Whitely.

The position which Colonel Whitely maintains is more important than any secret police agent holds in the Union. He is charged with all the manifold and intricate offences against the currency and the Treasury, including counterfeiting, defalcation, whiskey, and tobacco frauds, the use of false stamps, etc. His headquarters are in Washington, and his main branch office is on Bleecker street, New York. His force is distributed through the Union, and the area of his personal superintendence is circumscribed only by our national boundaries.

He is a tall, wiry, rather debilitated-looking young man, with a long, pale, youthful face, light eyes, and dark hair, a shy manner, without any worldliness in it, and a sober, modest, nearly clerical, black dress. He neither drinks nor smokes, and is as much of a Puritan as Mr. Boutwell. Whitely has been very successful and systematic in his operations, and he has a fair knowledge of the civilization of professional thieves, their jargon and methods, and their haunts and associates. With some youthful confidence and self-esteem, he is still thoughtful, persevering, and adroit, and, armed with the enormous moral and material power of the Federal State, and its great system of marshals and attorneys, he is not subject to the restraints of cross-jurisdiction and State laws, which impede the pursuit and capture of local criminals. He occupies the whole field, and is free from the jealous annoyances of police rivalry.

If one could penetrate the Treasury building, and see the strange and motley character of the lesser clerks, he would find meat for wonder. In it, filling weary benches, are ex-Governors, ex-Congressmen, soldiers of rank, the sisters of generals like Richardson, decayed clergymen by the score, some authors, many *bon vivants*, and, they do say, young girls with dangerous attractions for public atmospheres or public individuals. The population of the Treasury building is that of a good-sized town, between three and five thousand. It is, and

will be till war comes again, the great position of public life, no sinecure, demanding profound statesmanship at its head. The destinies of the people lie bound up in it. It can overbalance all private sagacity if it be weakly administered, and if corruptly or partisanly, it will be our debaucher or tyrant.

Next to the Capitol itself, the spot most consecrated to our marvels here is the old theater where Mr. Lincoln was murdered. The rash design, ascribed to Stanton, of leveling it to the ground, has happily not been approved, and in essentials of situation and exterior it is the same object. But all around it the zeal of housebuilding is at work to make the spot unrecognizable to the half-buried ghost of Booth. The alley of his bad escape is there and also the stable where he hid his nag, but the open areas and naked lots which lay around the old theatre and the hulks of dwellings are filled with brick walls and plaster-beds. A new Masonic temple faces the neck of the alley; the theatre itself is preserved only in its bare walls and these are freshly rough-casted, the doors and windows changed; the boxes and galleries are torn out. Strong floors girded of iron and vaulted with brick replace at different heights the open canopy of the theatre, and iron stairways climb from floor to floor, guarded on every platform by one-armed soldiers standing to their crutches. The murder of the President still tenants the building like some lost trace of a skeleton hid away, or a spectre vaguely seen, but for the rest it is an association merely, and every day the incident grows less vivid and the narrative of it more wayward. But added to the martyrdom of the father of the people, the contests of the building are now of the aggregate reminder of the bruises,

FORD'S THEATRE.

wounds, and agonies of the entire struggle for the Union. It is the Army Medical Museum; the depository of the names and casualties of every stricken soldier and the perpetual miniature of that vast field of war whose campaigns of beneficence followed in the footsteps of its heroes, and death and mercy went hand in hand.

Here are 16,000 volumes of hospital registers, 47,000 burial records, 250,000 names of white and 20,000 names of colored soldiers who died in the hospitals. Here are the names and cases of 210,027 men besides, discharged from the army disabled. Here are names and statements of 133,957 wounded men brought to the hospital, and the particulars of 28,138 operations performed with the knife. In one year—so methodized and perfect are the rolls and registers collected in this fire-proof building—49,212 cases of men, widows and orphans demanding pensions have been settled in this edifice. If you look through the lower floors you will see a hundred clerks searching out these histories, cataloguing them, classifying them, bringing the history of the private soldier down to the reach of the most peremptory curiosity, and assisting "to heal the broken-hearted and set at liberty them that are bruised."

It is this museum which is at once the saddest memorial of the common soldier and the noblest monument to the army surgeon. It contains a complete history of the surgery of the war, illustrated by casts, models, photographs, engravings, and preparations. There are here nine hundred medical pathological preparations, and two thousand eight hundred microscopical preparations. There is no similar army medical collection in the world, and from Baron Larrey down to Nelaton and Joubert the published reports of this collection have delighted and surprised the *savans* of the world. Scarcely a leading surgeon in Europe but has written praises and sent them here.

Let us see what this museum has to show us. It is a long, cool room, the whole length of the theatre. Show-cases extend lengthwise down it. Models of hospitals and skeletons of war-horses stand at top and bottom. The yellow standard of the

hospital planted with the blue colors of the regiment and the tricolor of the nation is fixed in midground. Two splendid human skeletons, at full length, guard the head of the room. The walls are covered with large photographs, some of them two yards square, of the great hospitals of the war, those superb edifices which are now nearly all broken up. Near by are photographs of the great army surgeons of all nations, Larrey, De Genette, O'Meara, and others of our own service. A table is full of books of photographs of surgical operations, where, spent, and unshaven, the camera has been turned upon the amputated man's freshly severed stump and made his sufferings vivid forever. So are the healed and scarcely less cruelly suggestive wounds photographed with views of men in the various transitions between the cutting of the bullet and the final convalescence. Photographs of amputating tables all prepared and the victim stretched out insensible almost make you smell the fumes of chloroform on the doctor's bloody sponge. Stereoscopes are set near by, wherein you may examine the field of battle with the corpses yet unburied and see the bleached bones of the Wilderness as the camera discovered them to make their profanation eternal. So may you see the decks of battle-ships, where they are carrying the splintered and shot-riven below, and the cockpits where they seek to save the remainder of the carcass.

Continuing on we come to great cases of artificial limbs, bandages, slings, lint, and crutches. Some of these latter are actual crutches made of forked boughs, whereon wounded men hobbled unassisted to camp. After this are models of every sort of ambulance, stretcher, dissecting table, hospital bed, and the interiors of miniature hospitals, clean and sweet-scented as their originals.

Then follows a long array of human skulls, some perforated by bullets, some staven in by cannon-balls, some fractured by blows from sabres, some eaten with syphilis. Afterward follows the vast collection of preparations, dissected parts of men corrupt with decompositions, abnormal by neglect or the results

of wounds, or swollen or attenuated with camp diseases and unwholesome food. Following these by hundreds are models in plaster or wax, of preparations too perishable to keep. Then come collections of parasites, deposits, impassable articles of food found in the liver and stomachs of the dead, strange instances which fell from drinking filthy water, and tokens of monstrous disease or indigestion beyond the reach of the dissecting knife. Bones in catacombs come after, splintered, broken, ill-set, amputated away from the man—whole jaws, noses, eyes, ears, shoulder blades, the leg from the hip-joint to the toe. Here is that cartilage of Wilkes Booth, broken by the ball of Boston Corbett. Here is a view of Sickle's leg, amputated on the field of Gettysburgh. Next are valuable cases of most minute microscopic preparations, a library of books, reports, experiments, suggestions made by the medical wisdom of the doctors of the war, and by this time the eye, running along so much that thrills it, wearies of even the fascinations of death and refuses to explore these painful wonders further.

In this museum, the war will live as long as its moral and political influence. This collection is worthier than the proudest victory won even for freedom. It is the infiltrating genius of mercy, unable to prevent the blow but claiming the victim when he is stricken. And not less extraordinary than this ocular demonstration are the figures deduced from the rolls of the surgeons, shedding light upon the natural history of man at large.

From skulls to books is an easy step.

Right off the Rotunda, that amphitheatre of politics, the Congressional library lies, its windows facing the pit of the city of Washington. Opposite the main door, behind a high table, piled full of books, sits, or stands the Librarian—a dark-skinned, black-haired man, perpetually at work with a pen, cataloguing, or, with a catalogue, directing; and his self-imposed labors are probably greater than his duties. He was never known to be in doubt about any volume, and probably never known to waste any time in mere book gossip. He

place is one for which he has personal ambition, and he indicated his choice beforehand by minute and extensive conversance with bibliography. His nights are the Government's, like his days; for he has resolved, of his own will and motive, to catalogue this large library by subjects and by authors, and not merely to catalogue its books by titles, but by contents, so that when one is interested in a subject, he can be apprised even of exceptional references to it.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Government, as we understand it, was also the author of the library, and in the first year of this century $3,000 was appropriated to buy books, only 2,000 volumes of which were collected, when the British burnt the Capitol. In 1814, Jefferson again appeared in the guise of Phœnix, and offered to replace the perished library with his own, consisting of 7,500 well-selected volumes. The usual hue and cry of Federal partisans was raised, but that small majority of common sense patriots which comes to the rescue at opportune times carried the measure, and nearly $24,000 was appropriated to make the purchase. It was not until 1825 that the library obtained good housing in the central Capitol, and by small yearly appropriations it had grown to be 55,000 books in 1851, when fire destroyed three-fourths of it, sparing many of Jefferson's books. Cut down to 20,000 volumes, its great days seemed to have passed. Congress cheerfully voted within three years $157,000 to build a fire-proof library room, and to buy new books, but only 70,000 volumes had been accumulated up to the period of the war, when there providentially appeared an old man who had devoted sixty years of his beautiful and dutiful life to saving from the ravages of time and waste, a library of American history for just such an exigency. This was Peter Force, now an inhabitant of his grave for nearly two years. He is, *par excellence*, the founder of the "New Library of the United States."

Peter Force was the greatest New Jerseyman, and the earliest collector of American books and antiquities. A printer in New York; a resident of the Capital City half a century;

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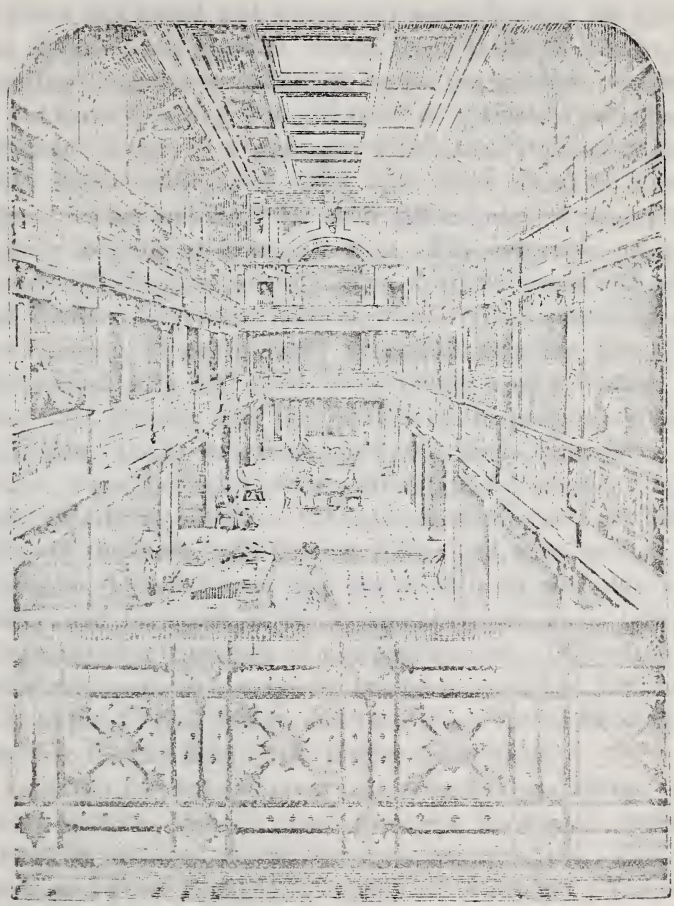

CENTRAL ROOM, CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY,

CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

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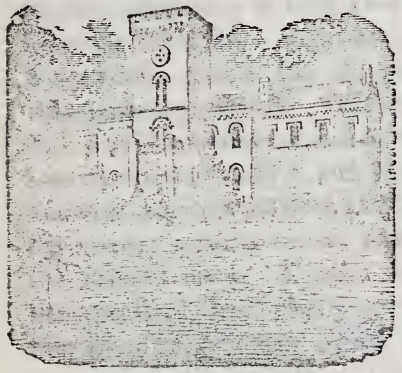
Mayor of Washington; editor of the American Historical documents, and founder of the American Bibliography, his rank in our literary civilization was more eminent than Sloane's in English. There is nothing more interesting and peculiar than to follow this grand and ardent old man through the garrets and attics of old colonial homes, from Maine to Mexico, discovering in chests and rubbish heaps, the precious footprints of our history, raising from the brink of extinction some paper, autograph letter, or a pamphlet which, from its mouldy pages threw the phosphorescent spark upon some mistaken fame or injured cause, and kept for man the memory of an expiring episode to guide or to beguile him. His venerable presence haunted the frequent auction sales of all the towns and cities, and his hand interposed between the frivolous plunderer and the hammer, to guard many cherished data for the State. He touched with his wand many young men, and they, like him, went groping into the garrets of the past to add to his collections, and at last, from every side, books, pamphlets, and letters were forwarded to him from gainful people, who put upon his sinking shoulders the duties that elsewhere are undertaken by the State. He labored to the end, this Noah of our literature, bridging over the gap of oblivion with his providence, and his house, at Tenth and D streets, was a veritable ark, containing the seeds of our past species. Offers from all sides were made to him to sell, but he relinquished his library only to the United States, and then pined for its society, and died like the last man of the former generations.

In all his life, but one great pain came to Peter Force. Secretary of State, Marcy, refused to accept his second series of American archives, probably in some pique of the politician's spirit, and Force declined to explain or to resume. The work ceased. It can never be done so well by any survivor. This is an episode of the old, interminable war between power and art—place and pride of scholarship—fought over by Johnson and Chesterfield, Chatterton and Walpole, Motley and Seward, Force and Marcy.

The Congressional Library is about 180 feet long, by 34 feet wide—a gallery, bent twice, so as to form a hall and two alcoves, the hall itself 91 feet long, and the height of all the three uniformly 38 feet. The hall contains the Librarian's desk and a few baize tables; one of the wings or alcoves is exclusively for Congressmen, the other affords reading space for perhaps fifty people. The floor is marble; the ceiling is of decorated iron, with skylights; all the shelving is iron. The architecture of the room is pleasing, and the prevailing tints are cream-color, bronze, and gold.

Like Georgetown College and the Smithsonian Institute, the Soldiers' Home of Washington is a contribution from outside parties. Gen Winfield Scott extorted the money with which the land was purchased from the city of Mexico on account of the violation of a municipal obligation affecting the truce. A very eligible site was chosen on the high ridge of hills about four miles from the city, and this may be considered the Central Park of Washington. A few cents a month is subtracted from the pay of soldiers to support the institution, which has been so well managed that in 1868 the fund was about $800,000. Some of the ex-volunteer generals in Congress, who had no very magnanimous appreciation of the regular army, endeavored to have this fund divided amonst the loosely managed volunteer asylums throughout the country. To prevent such spoliation, the beautiful estate of Harewood, belonging to W. W. Corcoran, was purchased in 1872, thus expanding the grounds to a truly ample and noble park. About the same time a statue of General Scott, the benefactor, was ordered from Launt Thompson of New York, which work was being



SOLDIERS' HOME.

modeled while the great equestrian statue of General Scott which the Government had ordered was being cast in Philadelphia. This accounts for two statues of a hero of Mexico at the Capital. During the fierce times of the war Mr. Lincoln made his summer home at one of the cottages on the lawn of this institution, and it is a matter of tradition and general belief that one evening as he rode out he was shot at upon the road, but whether by assassins or mere highwaymen was not known. This led to his being accompanied by a small guard at the close of the war. From the upper windows of the central tower of the Soldiers' Home, a panorama can be seen much wider and more varied than that from the dome of the Capitol, including a back view of the Maryland country toward the Patuxent. Right under the eye is a very old church, Rock Creek, one of the old parishes of Maryland before the District was surveyed. This church was erected in 1719, rebuilt in 1775, and remodeled as we now see it, in 1868. Strong, hoary oaks surround it, and the old grave-yard is full of the tombs of people who lived at Washington and in the surrounding country anterior to, and contemporary with, the founding of the Federal town. A large and neat soldiers' cemetery lies between Rock Creek church and the Soldiers' Home. In Summer the drives in this region are enchanting, and one of the few roads in the vicinity of Washington which is passable in Winter and Spring for pleasure teams is that leading from Silver Springs toward Sandy Spring. Sandy Spring is one of the boarding-house settlements for Washingtonians. Silver Springs is the estate of Francis P. Blair, Andrew Johnson's official editor, who is still living in a hale old age. Between Silver Springs and the Soldiers' Home are the villas of Alexander H. Shepherd, Mathew G. Emery, and other prominent citizens of Washington.

We will conclude this chapter with some sketch of the Smithsonian Institute:

The will of James Smithson, like that of Stephen Girard, Mr. Rush, and many others, did not express with sufficient

directness or coherence what he wished the United States to do with his money. Some members, as John Randolph, were opposed to receiving it on the ground, probably not wide of the mark, that a great nation was not a distributing reservoir for idosyncratic philanthropists. To add to this Mr. Smithson offended some of the more aristocratic members by his illegitimate descent. His original name had been James Lewis Macie; his father had been the Duke of Northumberland and his mother the niece of the Duke of Somerset. He was a scientific man of much industry and good professional acquaintance. His death occurred at Geneva, Italy, in 1829. He is

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

said never to have visited the United States, nor to have had any friends residing here. His bequest was announced to Congress by President Jackson in 1835. The money, which amounted to above $515,000, in gold, was obtained by Richard Rush and brought to the country in 1838. This money was lent to the United States Government by Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, and was invested in Arkansas State bonds at par. Some of this money was squandered by Senator Sevier, of that State, and his harpies, and the whole amount was lost and the bonds repudiated. Congress debated what to do with the bequest for several years, and between John Quincy Adams and Robert Dale Owen, an agreement was completed

by which the present Smithsonian Institute was organized in April, 1846. Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton College, New Jersey, was made the Secretary, or really the Regent, and Superintendent of the whole concern. This Secretary was the first official in Washington after the President who appropriated to himself a residence in one of the public buildings. A large reservation of 52 acres was selected on the knoll between the Tiber and the Potomac, nearly in the centre of the city. The architect was Mr. Renforth, of Washington, and he designed an edifice of mediæval character, a sort of battlemented abbey, of Seneca redstone, with towers, chapels, etc., 426 feet long by about 60 feet wide. This building cost $325,000, and when it burned down in the war period it was again rebuilt so that its erection and maintenance were said in 1869 to have involved an outlay of $450,000. As has been well said, the Smithsonian can be indefinitely extended, and there is architectural reason why it should be, to eke out its shallow depth, in almost any mediæval military style.

Although a handsome object in the landscape of the city, contrasting well with the large classical offices of the Government, it is by no means a favorite with those around it. The interior of the building has an unsatisfying and inhospitable look, much of it being closed from the public and given up to mere inhabitancy, while the grounds around it, which, until recently, were separated from Pennsylvania Avenue by a nasty, exuding creek, were patrolled by lewd and offensive vagrants, who often committed outrages upon citizens venturing to cross from one part of the city to another after dark. The efficiency of the Smithsonian has been much disputed, although it has assisted several scientific expeditions and helped in the publication of technical treatises. It maintains a very perfect correspondence with foreign learned societies and publishes an annual report, which is said to be a little more dry than the report of its associate, the Agricultural Department. Its uses are nondescript, and the average inquirer will give it up when he asks precisely what they are, and receives in response a whole essay, which he cannot recollect.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MY PURSUIT OF CREDIT MOBILIER.

ALL previous sensations of a civil character in the history of the nation were eclipsed in the years 1872–73 by the disclosures which take the general name of Crédit Mobilier. My connection, as one seeking information, with this celebrated scandal, may not improperly make the narrative of this chapter.

It was in September, the tenth of the month, that I received by telegraph a commission to proceed to the State of Arkansas, and unravel some local mutiny there, and while making some preliminary readings, a second communication, from another source, asked me to visit Philadelphia and New York. It became necessary, therefore, to undertake the second commission with immediate despatch in order to improve the opportunity for the first and more distant one. The remainder of this chapter is my report of Commission No. 2, as published in the *Chicago Tribune*.

The most uneasy and serious scandal which we have yet had has undesignedly grown out of the lawsuit of Henry S. M'Comb, of Wilmington, Del., to compel the delivery to him of certain shares of stock in the Crédit Mobilier. The suit is taking place in Philadelphia, which staid and respectable Quaker City is the only part of the country uninformed about this *cause celebré*. The case in its context, has been charged to implicate two Speakers of the House of Representatives,

half-a-dozen Congressmen, and other dignitaries. "Our Correspondent" in Washington was not, therefore, surprised to receive a telegraphic despatch, as follows: "Please go to Philadelphia and investigate impartially the Crédit Mobilier affair.—HORACE WHITE."

The diary of this pursuit, as far as the first day's prosecution is concerned, will show a novice how many things have to be done within a given time to answer one newspaper requirement.

At early daylight (September 12) I reached Philadelphia, investigated the docket at the Supreme Court Office there, saw the counsel for the plaintiff, telegraphed the plaintiff in New York for a meeting, after ascertaining his whereabouts; traced the Crédit Mobilier back to its origin, interviewed members of the Legislature contemporaneous with the passage of the act, and, in ten hours, was on my way to New York, reading, as I traveled, the long report of the Crédit Mobilier suit with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in "Smith's Pennsylvania State Reports," volume 17.

In half an hour after I reached New York, I was in conversation with the plaintiff and other authorities, and that night sat up to "catch the manners living as they rise," by jotting down the matter most easily forgotten.

At the early hour at which I began to perambulate Philadelphia, I knew of but two attorneys nearly certain to be in their offices, the diligent and alert Henry R. Edmunds, one of my old schoolmates, now full of learning and business, and covered with venerable red hair; and the gristly and tough Joseph A. Pile, who works all night amongst the Pandects, and labors all day over Roman and Quaker law. Sure enough, there they were.

"Gentlemen, do you know anything of the suit of Henry S. M'Comb, who spells the Mick without a c, the c having dropped out by reason of the distant period when it got in—against the Crédit Mobilier of America?"

"Why, no. There's nothing in the *Ledger* or the *Franklin*

elect five directors and begin business. The Fiscal Agency, therefore, contemplated a capital of $5,000,000, but required only $25,000 to be put up in the first place, and all facilities were given for watering the stock, etc. The State was to be entitled to a tax of one-half a mill on capital stock for each 1 per cent. of dividends.

And this little charter, said our correspondent, brought to life one year before the election of President Lincoln, is the foundation of the stupendous Crédit Mobilier, which, as an *alias* of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, robbed the generous Age and Nation which endowed it, and bribed the Congress of the people!

"It had to stand a suit two years ago," said Mr. Pile, "for taxes due the State under the charter, amounting to above half a million of dollars. All tax-suits of this sort are tried in Dauphin, the county of the State Capital. The Company, then under the *alias* of the Crédit Mobilier, beat the State, reversed the decision of Judge Pearson, and paid nothing. You will find the suit here in Volume 67, Pennsylvania State Reports."

"And here," said Mr. Edmunds, is the continuation of the Fiscal Agency in a report only five years old. It put off its old apparel and took a disguise."

Our correspondent then copied the original act by which the State gave the Fiscal Agency extended powers to veil the operations of the Union Pacific Railroad Ring:

"Laws of Pennsylvania, 1867, page 291, Act No. 278.

"A further supplement to the act to incorporate the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency, approved November 1, 1859, empowering said Company, now known as the Crédit Mobilier of America, to provide for the completion of certain contracts.

"SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That, in every case where the Crédit Mobilier of America—a body corporate established by the laws

of the Commonwealth—has heretofore agreed, or shall hereafter agree, to aid any contractor with a railroad company, by advancing money to such contractor, or by guaranteeing the execution of a contract, for the building, construction, or equipment of a railroad, or for material or rolling-stock, it shall be lawful for the said Crédit Mobilier of America to take such measures as will tend to secure the full and faithful performance of the contract; and the said Crédit Mobilier of America, may to that end, appoint its own officers, agent, or superintendent, to execute the contract in place of the contractor so aided or guaranteed,—saving, nevertheless, to all parties, their just rights under the contracts, according to their true intent and meaning.

("Signed,")

"JOHN P. GLASS, Speaker, H. R.,"

"LOUIS W. HALL, Speaker, Senate."

"Approved, the 28th day of February, A. D. 1867."

"JOHN W. GEARY, Governor."

"You will find out here," said my informant, "that nothing ever leaks out about the Crédit Mobilier. Ben. Brewster is their attorney, and the papers are taken out of court, so that nobody can get at them. I don't believe that any considerable portion of the Bar knows anything about the suit of M'Comb *vs.* The Crédit Mobilier."

Our correspondent now set out to find somebody familiar with the Legislature at the period of the passing of the Fiscal Agency Act, so as to understand how this doppelganger corporation came into the world. All inquiry was answered by the name of Colonel A. R. McClure, as the person who had, at the time specified, been an attendant or member of the State Legislature.

Colonel McClure, a little grayer and redder in these campaign-times than of old, being full of patriotism and public speaking, said as follows:

"The Fiscal Agency began in the vagary of old Duff Green,

Tyler's editor, who was a visionary man ; and the Legislature humored him by the presentation of the charter he solicited. He came to Harrisburg in the fall of 1859, without a cent, and being a kindly old bore, whose name and years were venerable, he wormed the charter from the members by personal solicitation. We all supposed that he wanted to assume the consolidation and care of our State debt, which is divided up in parcels, and scattered around in many forms. The charter got from Duff Green into the hands of Charles M. Hall, who sold it to the Crédit Mobilier people,—some say to their proxy, George Francis Train. Hall is a creature of Simon Cameron, and was made Postmaster of Philadelphia under Johnson, and rejected."

"Is that the way, Colonel McClure, that charters are bought and sold in this State ?"

"Precisely. No business man thinks of applying for a charter, and hazarding blackmail. He goes into the street, and buys some of the many charters which have been issued to charter-jobbers, and cover all forms of corporate enterprise, from raising wrecks to funding the debts of nations. If we are fortunate we shall get a General Incorporation Act passed in the next State Constitution, and so dispense with the present peddling in nondescript charters."

"Will you please tell me whether you know any of the names of the 'Commissioners' or incorporators under the first charter,—that of 1859 ?"

"That is not vital," said Colonel McClure, "as none of these men are retained in the Crédit Mobilier. However, Samuel J. Reeves is a wealthy iron-man of this city ; Ellis Lewis was Chief-Justice of the State ; Garrick Mallory was a great lawyer here ; David R. Porter was the father of Horace Porter, Grant's Secretary ; Jacob Zeigler was Clerk of the House ; Horn R. Kneass was a city politician ; Robert J. Ross is a banker at Harrisburg ; W. T. Dougherty is the brother of another banker there ; Isaac Hugus was a Democratic State Senator and Cameron man ; C. M. Reed lived at Erie ; Asa

Packer is the Lehigh millionaire ; Jesse Lazear was Congressman from Greene County ; C. S. Kauffman was in the Legislature from Lancaster ; Henry M. Fuller was a Native American Congressman ; and C. L. Ward, an operator of Towanda, is dead. The names in the Crédit Mobilier are mainly ' blinds,' set up to stand for other people. The Fiscal Agency was a chimera ; the Crédit Mobilier entered the skin of it as the devils possessed the crazy man."

"Have you read the exposure of the Congressmen in the suit of M'Comb against the Crédit Mobilier ?"

"Yes. It's true. The only names that surprise me there are Dawes and Boutwell, because both are too shrewd. My experience in legislative things and corporations teaches me that the continuous legislation required to accomplish all the purposes of the Union Pacific Railroad, could not have been attained without bribery in the highest seats. Only the influence of the highest leaders could have passed such rapacious acts through Congress, and no men of reputation would have pressed them upon their colleagues except by pecuniary interest. The letters of Ames are recognized as perfectly valid, and M'Comb's reputation in the middle States is that of a gentleman who will not lie. The people implicated, who have been quaking over the probability of these exposures, must be relieved that they have come." *

Our correspondent now visited the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in the venerable State House row. It was a

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* The New York Sun published the Crédit Mobilier exposure in the month of August, 1872, having, it is said, purchased a copy, surreptitiously taken from the Commissioner's office. The vital part of the abstracts published were some letters of Oakes Ames to Henry S. M'Comb, saying that he had "placed Crédit Mobilier Stock in Congress where it would do the most good," and stating the number of shares allotted to each of certain States. A memorandum taken by M'Comb from Ames's pocket-book indicated that the Congressmen implicated were Dawes, Eliot, Blaine, Boutwell, Kelley, Schofield, Fowler, Patterson, Garfield, H. Wilson, Bingham, Colfax, and Brooks.

little old hole, and two white-haired old parchment men were moving around the dockets, exceedingly impertinent as to the case we were looking for. As we approached the Crédit Mobilier, everybody's spectacles seemed to take a jump, and all the venerable ears flapped like a puppet's when you pull a string. There was a smell of old sheepskins, and an impression of obsolete styles of stenography all over the place. Everybody looked like aged phonographic characters in motion.

Our correspondent got behind the docket-desk, and overhauled the ponderous manuscript tomes. After looking without reward for a while, he took up an equity docket, and, on page 313, found the long-expected case of M'Comb *vs.* The Crédit Mobilier."

It is set down for the January term of 1869, number 19 in order. About the whole of one of the great folio pages is covered with the successive dispositions of the case, as it is now continued, now put over, now referred, and again postponed. The last entries show that, on the 20th of April, 1872, J. E. Gowan, for plaintiff, had the time extended for closing plaintiff's testimony 90 days from date; and that a further extension of 60 days had also been granted. The case, therefore will go over the Presidential election, as both set of litigants are Grant people. He polls the undivided vote of the Crédit Mobilier, who think Greeley will not be a "Safe President" for such operations as theirs.

The defendants enumerated in this suit are as follows: Sidney Dillon, John B. Alley, Roland G. Hazard, Charles McGhrisky,* Oliver W. Barnes,* Thomas Rowland, Paul Pohl, jr.,* Oakes Ames, Charles H. Neilson, Thomas C. Durant, James M. S. Williams, Benedict Stewart,* John Duff, Charles M. Hall, and H. G. Fant.

The five names to which the asterisk is affixed are stool-pigeons, put on by Ames & Co. For instance, Thomas Rowland is a shovel-maker and compeer of Ames in the same business, and a quiet country-side man in a hamlet near Phila-

little old hole, and two white-haired old parchment men were moving around the dockets, exceedingly impertinent as to the case we were looking for. As we approached the Crédit Mobilier, everybody's spectacles seemed to take a jump, and all the venerable ears flapped like a puppet's when you pull a string. There was a smell of old sheepskins, and an impression of obsolete styles of stenography all over the place. Everybody looked like aged phonographic characters in motion.

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The five names to which the asterisk is affixed are stool-pigeons, put on by Ames & Co. For instance, Thomas Rowland is a shovel-maker and compeer of Ames in the same business, and a quiet country-side man in a hamlet near Phila-

delphia. The names of McGhrisky, Barnes, Rowland, Pohl, and Neilson were afterwards indicated to me by M'Comb as of no potency or presence in the inside affairs of the Crédit Mobilier. Another suit had been in process from October 3, 1868, a period of four years, and another commentary upon the endless career of Chancery proceedings. Involving only $300,000, here were four years' work put upon this single piece of litigation. Verily, one might say, in a paraphrase of Mr. Lincoln: "Even so; if every dollar taken by the swindler must be replaced with another taken by the lawyer, still we must cry: 'The judgments of the Lord are good and righteous altogether.'"

There have been, at various times, employed by Colonel M'Comb, as plaintiff in this case, such counsel as William Strong, now Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Bench, Jeremiah S. Black, and James E. Gowan. It is at present managed by S. G. Thompson, son of the Pennsylvania Chief-Justice Thompson, as associate of the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black. The defence is entrusted to Robert McMurtrie, who stands at the head of the Philadelphia Bar, as successor to John O'Brien, James Ottarson, and other less lawyers in the same case. This would seem to show that Dillon, Alley, Ames & Co. mean to contest strenuously the claims of M'Comb.

It appeared that the Court had appointed A. W. Norris to take testimony in this proceeding in equity; and searching out Norris's whereabouts, I found that he occupied the office of S. G. Thompson, the plaintiff's counsel. The next step was to see whether Norris, or Thompson, or both, would satisfy a laudable curiosity, and give me the testimony to consume, assimilate, and exhale.

Behold our correspondent, therefore on the way to the office of Thompson with a p.

There are periods in life when the *p* in Thompson's name appears to be an insurmountable barrier. Such was the present. The mind of the correspondent, in its anxious, not to say precipitate condition, transferred to the *p* all that might be

obdurate in mankind, and in Thompson individually, and fondly imagined that, if he had spelled the name in smooth, flowing fashion, Thomson,—with no thump to the pronunciation of the same,—he could have been a man of genial inclination, and those conversational talents which are conducive to a great deal of newspaper information unconsciously. Mentally assured that the *p* in Thompson's name would not permit him to be an obliging man, I took the precaution of stopping at the telegraph office and sending a message to Wilmington, Del., to inquire the whereabouts of Thompson's client, Colonel M'Comb.

Arriving at Mr. Thompson's office, I recognized in him an acquaintance not far from my own age, and then I despaired. The newspaper profession, abused as it is, is the only one where a man never puts on airs over being the repository of anything. He sheddeth and imparteth like the gentle dew of Heaven upon the place beneath, even if a person of the same age should occupy the place. The only thing in which he is perfectly at home is instruction. But your lawyer delights in magnifying his mission, and the extent of the confidence reposed in him. In Thompson's manner there was a deep and bibliological mystery, associated with a covert and gentlemanly sense of delight that he had come to be an authority. At first, the social animal, beaming and gladsome (I say gladsome, because nobody ever knew a lawyer to be really glad), Thompson in a minute divined my errand, and asserted the counsel. What a dulcet sound to the young and ardent lawyer lies in that word, Counsel. Behold him, referring to his grandfather in a subdued tone, but with more or less apparent solemnity, as "my client." Observe him step in advance of the prisoner at the dock, saying: "'Sh! 'Ronor, I appear as counsel for the prisoner!" Nothing in life becomes him like these occasions, and, in the presence of a newspaper man, Thompson was now all counsel.

"I think I know your purpose," he said; "it is the Crédit

Mobilier case. I am in an embarassing position as to that. I am—ahem!—I am counsel for Colonel M'Comb."

"Yes. But like Captain Cuttle when Sol Gills left his last will and testament, I say where's the testament,—the testimony?"

"A part of it has got out. Col. M'Comb has written to me to ask how it did leak out. Do you know a man named Gibson?"

"Yes. Gibson is the industrious mouse. He published eleven columns of this testimony in the New York *Sun*, as well as the Ames letter and memoranda."

"There is a person of that name," said Mr. Thompson; I suspect I know how the letters got out. A man came to me with a letter from Judge Black. Perhaps I don't know. I think I do."

There was great and impressive mystery at this point. Mr. Thompson fell to examining a copy of the New York *Sun* in my possession. He read it all over as if he had never before beheld it. He smiled a counsellor-kind of smile at times, as if he had recognized something. The counsellor finally told me the trial had been long because all equity proceedings are so; that, when Judge Strong had charge of it, he could not take any step without consulting with Judge Black; and that Colonel M'Comb had refused to leave the Ames letters, in their original, with the testimony, but had copies made. He said that the Ames letters were in existence; that the implication of public men appeared not yet to be exhausted; and that I could see the testimony with an order from M'Comb. As I left the office, Mr. Thompson said:

"If you printed the testimony and letters, and all the people in the country read them, it wouldn't change a vote?"

"Perhaps not. But it is a horrible admission to make about one's countrymen. Nothing changes votes in this Christian age, but money and patronage; is it so?"

I made up my mind that the part of the testimony already published, had first met the eye of Jerry Black, and that he

had let it out to a reporter, who got access to the manuscript, and hastily copied or imitated such parts as he wanted. It also occurred to me, if any of the immaculate men referred to in that list of the bribed, had, all the while, been conscious that Jerry Black was aware of the purchase and sale, and that young lawyers had also found it out, and that the area of exposure was inevitably widening toward explosion; how disturbed at times must have been their sleep! The sleep of the distinguished hypocrite, what agony it must be of nights! To know that, in the hands of remorseless men there is a secret; that all time and occasion press nearer and nearer to its revealment; that come it must, and that it must be met. Such is the modern Eugene Aram in high places. But then "it wouldn't change a vote!" Yes, it will. Not this year, perhaps, but the next or the next, and it will change history, too, and men's conception of man, and the man's happiness, and the children's heritage of honor. Politics may apologize for bribery, but the dead corpse will be apparent the longer it is kept. No political party in the world can reason away the conclusion that, if a trusted statesman sold his vote and influence, the public faith, and the public law, and all the while played the outward part of piety and honor, he did a thing of infamy, and lived a lie, and his face will be turned to the wall.

Finding that the Colonel, the plaintiff, was not in Wilmington, but in New York City, I telegraphed to No. 20 Nassau street, and, in half an hour, got an answer, giving me his address, and saying he would see me. I bought the State Report with the long Crédit Mobilier case in it, to read on the way, and was soon in the midst of a mass of villany. What things people will do to make money! Half the world, it would appear from the law-book, ought to be in the penitentiary. Here is a charter begged by a poor old man for a visionary end, or, perhaps, to serve some scheme of rapacity never developed, which, stamped with mendicancy at its birth, goes through the stews of politics and commerce, and becomes at last the bawd of men to whom this country has been generous,

selecting them to lay a path between the coasts of the Continent, and liberally advancing them money and credit to perform the work with conscientious celerity, and make their lives useful and their names renowned. With the spirit of Joseph's brethren, they hasten to put the heir in the pit, and institute therefor a bastard corporation, parasitical in its nature, which shall eat the life of its wholesome brother, and divert the revenues and gifts of a highway whose achievement the world admires, into a mere "fence," or receiving-shop for stolen goods. Having succeeded in this, beyond the usual fate of roguery, they next turn about and swindle the Commonwealth, which gave them the bastard charter, out of above half a million of taxes. Such was the purport of the long report I read on the way to New York City. Prosperous we are indeed, but at what moral cost? Will the world believe that, while we were waging a warfare with the slavery of the whole body, we were making the patriotism in whose name we fought, a cover for such crimes as the Crédit Mobilier?

The Pacific Railway exists; but the corner-stone of the masons thereof was plunder.

At 9 o'clock I walked into the great commercial, social, and gamester's market in New York, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and soon afterward the handsome Colonel Harry M'Comb walked in.

He had been a poor boy, native and now citizen of Wilmington, Del. Handsome and prepossessing from his childhood up, he was prosperous enough, when the war began, to become a merchant in supplies, and distinguished himself by the energy and resolution with which he competed with men of greater capital, and wider reputation. He is said to be the richest man in Delaware, the Duponts probably "excepted," and his business at home, in Wilmington, is the tanning of leather. With an orthodox education, and the best social connections in a quiet and virtuous community, he superadds to the dashing contractor and merchant, the semi-Southern tone and spirit of genial address, magnanimous personal impulses, the touch of

honor, and the carriage of a man of the world, yet heedful of his reputation. Nature designed him for a large part in life; he is the equal of any to whom he speaks, and courteous to all. In New York he takes a rank relatively as high as at home. Invincible, imposing, cool, agreeable, he is the least provincial and the most exalted of men of his class. He is portly, careful of dress, loud in nothing, with *bonhommie*, natural intelligence, and ease.

"Our correspondent" at once made known the object of his errand, and the conversation which followed is here set down. An interview such as follows, often does injustice to a public man by the unavoidable misplacing of the order of questions and answers, so that statements often appear climatic, and things take context of themselves, and give impressions which the just order of the dialogue would not show. The subjoined is believed to be a fair and candid relation of this interview:

"Colonel M'Comb," said our correspondent, my errand is to get from you the impartial truth as to the revelations of late made concerning the sums of Crédit Mobilier stock allotted to members of Congress about the year 1868. You have seen the published extracts and the printed memorandum made by you upon the back of a letter from Oakes Ames, in which memorandum 2,000 or 3,000 shares, respectively, are set down to these persons: Blaine, Colfax, Boutwell, Garfield, Kelley, Bingham, Senators Patterson, of New Hampshire, Fowler and Henry Wilson; Schofield and Kelley, the deceased member Eliot, and Henry L. Dawes. I wish to know if this is a hoax or a reality. I also wish permission, as so much has been said already, to see the testimony."

Colonel M'Comb: "I have given my testimony before the Commissioner to take it by appointment of the Court. The letters from Oakes Ames are in my possession, and copies of them have been taken in the testimony. But I was surprised to see the letters and several columns of the testimony printed here in the public papers, and disclaim any agency in that revelation. It would not be proper for me to give you an order to

see the testimony, unless Mr. McMurtrie, counsel for the defense concurred."

"But why permit these terrible excerpts to go broadcast, if they are not parts of the testimony, to do injury to eminent and innocent people?

Colonel M'Comb: "They are parts of the testimony, and that is the reason why I can have no hand in anticipating their inevitable publicity. Somebody in your profession has had access to the Commissioner's manuscript, and taken that part of the evidence, sometimes copied it with haste, and often without accuracy, and again attempted to condense it. He has, besides, copied injurious parts without the link between. But what is printed is substantially there. I endeavored to keep the names of those gentlemen back, but Mr. Oakes Ames was perfectly indifferent to the exposure of his friends. He is about to retire from Congressional life, and will take no step to cover anybody's nakedness.

"How did you seek to avoid this disclosure?"

Colonel M'Comb: "In the first place, I tried to have the proceedings before a private Board of Referees or Commissioners, to be named by the Court, both parties to the suit consenting. They had all along been saying that my suit was merely a blackmail operation; and, when I brought it to trial, and expressed my willingness to put it in arbitration, Ames, Alley, Dillon, and the rest, cried: 'Oh! he will never dare to put it in open Court; he has no case, and shows that he has none by making it a private trial!' I was thus forced to bring open suit in the State Courts of Equity. I laid my papers of all sorts, which bore reference to this suit, before my counsel, Judge Black. He read them over, and said: 'M'Comb, these men will never dare to let this case come to trial with these reputations involved in it.' But they did, and fought and defied it at every step. Finally I came to a spot where, in the cross-examination, these letters of Oakes Ames were vital to my cause, and I again notified Alley and the rest, that I should be compelled to put them in. Ames knew all about their contents,

but he did not move one step. I produced them after repeated taunts to do so, and a transcript of them has come to light, as could not, probably, be avoided. I have no hesitation in saying that, had I been assisted by gentlemen as Ames was, I should have made every sacrifice rather than betray them, as he has permitted the course of this suit to do. With all of those gentlemen we stand upon terms of fair fellowship, and most of them are our party friends."

"There is no politics in this suit, then?"

Colonel M'Comb: "None whatever! I told the editor of your paper, at the Brevoort House, last July, that I could not support Greeley; that Grant was not my first choice, but that I could not be convinced to vote for Greeley. The suit in which I am plaintiff began before General Grant had fairly got into his office. It is for a direct and considerable money-loss which Oakes Ames obliged me to make by his bad faith,—a loss which is not merely in stock not delivered, but stock which I took from my own share to keep a contract with a friend. The letters of Ames belong to this suit, showing that he professed to divert my stock to Legislative uses, and act as the trustee for those Congressmen to whom he presented it; and the memorandum on the back of one of these letters shows that just the amount he took from me he put to the account of the persons thereon named. The names he read to me from a memorandum book, and I wrote them down in the office as he dictated them. They remain as they were put on that letter, many seasons ago, and I repeat that, if I had not got those letters in at the time I put them in, they would not have been in order subsequently."

"How came you to lose your own stock through Ames' confiscating yours?"

Colonel M'Comb: "It happened in this wise: Hamilton G. Fant asked me to take up for him, when I came to New York, $25,000 worth of Crédit Mobilier shares. I gave the order for it, and told Crane, the secretary, to draw on him for the money. They said they did not know much about Fant, and preferred

my check. I got a power of attorney from Fant to make the purchase, but the power of attorney was bad in form, and Crane, the Secretary of the Crédit Mobilier, made out a new and correct power of attorney,—which is a link of evidence in my suit. I got a certified check of my own, and paid for the stock. This check was mislaid in the office; and when, after some time, it was discovered that Fant had not paid for his stock, the Company drew a draft upon him for the amount. His circumstances had meantime changed, and the draft came back protested. The Company now notified me that they expected me to pay the draft, and this led to a search for the certified check, which came to light. At this period I was called away, and was absent some time—some three or four months—attending to matters in a distant quarter. But I had promised Mr. King, of Massachusetts, to deliver to him $25,000 worth of stock, and expected to give him Fant's stock. Oakes Ames, however, would not deliver to me Fant's stock, and, in excuse, showed me in the registry-book that he had disbursed the $25,000 amongst the members of Congress aforesaid. I was, therefore, forced to take of my own Crédit Mobilier stock $25,000 worth at the original valuation, and deliver it to King. My suit is for this stock, and the dividends which it produced. Whether Oakes Ames kept it, or paid dividends in bonds or money out of it to others, is not my business to inquire. I want what is mine."

"How does Fant's name appear in your suit added to the list of defendants?"

Colonel M'Comb: "They had arranged at one time to get Fant on their side, to rout me in the suit, and I put him in with the rest."

"Are not some of the names of the defendants used as mere blinds?"

Colonel M'Comb: "Yes. Rowland, Pohl, and several others are of no note in the Crédit Mobilier."

"Who got the charter for the Crédit Mobilier?"

"George Francis Train got it for Durant, who paid him $50,000 for it."

"Why do the Ames party dislike Durant?"

Colonel M'Comb: "They were jealous of him, and have been slandering him for several years, saying that he is dishonest; that he made away with bonds, earnings, etc. At one time, I was induced to believe these things; but I found Durant had more brains and more honesty than their party."

"Is the testimony of Ames, Alley, and others, in the suit of the State of Pennsylvania for taxes, reliable!"

Colonel M'Comb: "No, it is all false. They swore they made no dividends, when Ames' letters to me assert just the contrary."

"Colonel M'Comb, what does this line mean in the memoranda as published: 'Painter (Rep.) for Quigley, 3,000?' I know who Painter is, and suppose the 'Rep.' means reporter. Who is Quigley?"

Colonel M'Comb: "Quigley is a townsman of mine, in Wilmington, Del. That has been erroneously copied from my memoranda in the *Sun*. The reporter who took it down for that paper must have been nervous, and he has made several mistakes. The names of Painter and Quigley belong to another memorandum. They are interested with me in the canal property between Washington and Alexandria, a piece of property owned and controlled by myself, Ames, Quigley, and some others. The figures 3,000 at the end of each name do not signify shares in the Crédit Mobilier, but dollars' worth of stock. If you look at the published memoranda you will see that no word occurs after these figures. It is true that $3,000, at the rate of profit obtained by the stockholders, would come to about $18,000. Therefore, the $25,000 worth of stock which Oakes Ames says he held as trustee for the Congressmen named would be worth many times its face. I held my suit for this stock in the Crédit Mobilier to be far above $300,000. That represents, as near as may be, the whole of the divided sum, provided Ames paid it to them, set down in that memorandum to the Congressmen implicated. I feel distressed at the publicity given to this thing, on account

of their reputations, and the annoyance it gives to these gentlemen; but I have done all in my power to get what is due me without taking this step."

"Will you give me an order upon your counsel, S. G. Thompson, to look at the testimony taken before the Commissioner, A. W. Harris?"

Colonel M'Comb: "I will, if you get a similar order, or the consent of Robert C. McMurtrie, the counsel for the other side. But I do not want to be a party to any political designs which may be based upon the testimony, and my position as plaintiff is too delicate to take the advance in throwing that testimony open to the reporters. The fact is, Mr. McMurtrie, defendant's counsel, is now in possession of all the testimony; he borrowed it some time ago, and keeps it under the excuse of wishing to read it carefully."

"Where is Oakes Ames?"

Colonel M'Comb:. "He is coming to this city to-morrow. If he denies those letters, I shall feel myself at liberty to let you see them: and, if you can get an authorized denial from him that he wrote them, I will give you an order on Thompson to look at the manuscript."

Colonel M'Comb then said: "What use do you propose to make of all this matter you have been gathering up in Philadelphia and New-York?"

Correspondent: "Print it all to satisfy the wholesome inquisitiveness of the period, pin the responsibility where it belongs, and let people unfairly implicated explain their way out. The matter is certainly the greatest of all Congressional scandals. If Golladay, Whittemore, and such poor shoats are to be expelled for selling West Point Cadetships for a few hundred dollars, don't you think Speakers of the House, Senators, and such magnates ought to be brought to the bar of public opinion for abetting a swindle like the Crédit Mobilier, pushing private mortgage ahead of the Government's first mortgage, and otherwise prefering the claims of a corporation to the rights of their country and the tax-payers?"

Colonel M'Comb: "Well, I have no responsibility in this personal part of the suit; and I tell you now that, if my object was merely scandal, I could produce a letter not yet printed or proffered in the testimony, which would extend the area of implication, draw in other names of persons not suspected of collusion in any gainful matter, and make the present unfortunate disclosure secondary only."

"Has Oakes Ames no feeling for his colleagues in Congress?"

Colonel M'Comb: "No. Selfishness is implanted in Ames on the widest scale. He has the hide of a bull. If he had the sentiment of honor he would do anything,—leave the country, —rather than put the past services of his friends to the test."

"What were the circumstances under which you took that memorandum? Please repeat it."

Colonel M'Comb: "Why, I took it from Ames himself, he reading from a memorandum which he took from his pocket, to account to me for the stock he would not furnish, and, by accident, I made the memorandum at that moment on the back of one of Ames' own letters to me,—the same which has got into the testimony. That is how the thing leaked out. The letter was coerced from me in the course of litigation, and being discovered, the memorandum was made public with it."

"Then the weakness of the evidence is in the fact that you alone wrote the memorandum, and nobody can get the stock-register to confirm your memorandum. At the same time, the very incompleteness of this evidence at law will be moral proof to thousands of men. It lacks the lawyer's arrangement, but what is missing in evidence carries most conviction."

Colonel M'Comb: "Ames might have made a false entry of the names of the Congressmen, or he might have dictated entries of names not on the register. I had no suspicion of such possibilities at the time. We were on fairly amicable terms, members of the same Company, and he read straight on, giving me time to copy the list."

"It seems to me, Colonel, that you are employing a formid-

able array of counsel for a very doubtful consequence. What do Ames, Allen, Dillon & Co. care for the Crédit Mobilier charter now, having worn it out, and having no responsibility within the State of Pennsylvania longer? The Crédit Mobilier has about wound up, has it not?"

Colonel M'Comb: "No. It is still worth three millions of dollars at least, and its charter is worth preserving."

"Are you still a stock-holder?"

Colonel M'Comb: "Yes. I possess six [or sixty, correspondent not certain] shares, and my suit is not to get in, but to get my proportion of what I have paid for."

"Is Oakes Ames worth anything?"

Colonel M'Comb: "Yes. Three or four millions."

While a part of the above conversation was taking place, two gentlemen sat beside Colonel M'Comb and our correspondent, viz: H. D. Newcomb, President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and Josiah Bardwell, an owner of Crédit Mobilier stock.

Colonel Newcomb informed me that Mr. Bardwell invested $50,000 in the Crédit Mobilier, and that his net drawings thereon had amounted to $360,000. Mr. Bardwell is a stout, brown-whiskered gentleman, and he said, pleasantly:

"Gath, you ought to go and talk to Oakes Ames to-morrow. He will talk freely. He don't care."

"How much do you infer," said Mr. Bardwell to 'our correspondent,' "were the proceeds or profits of Crédit Mobilier investments?"

Applying the information derived only a moment before on the other side, our correspondent answered:

"About six or seven for one,—say on an investment of $50,000, about $360,000 net!"

This shot seemed to tickle Mr. Bardwell, and he laughed in a serio-comic way.

"Well," said he," provided that is true, we took a good deal of risk."

"Yes," said another, "I wish I had some of that risk. The

stock and the dividends I don't mind, but I am quite put out that I didn't get some of the risk."

Here there was a general laugh.

Colonel Newcomb said, directly,—no other person at the moment present:

"What surprises me most is, that the newspaper profession, with all its acuteness, did not discover this matter long ago,—four years ago,—it being an old subject of conversation amongst railway men and operators. You will observe that Speaker Blaine denies that he ever received or owned any stock or money in the Crédit Mobilier. My understanding is, that no stock was given, but that the dividends were in the bonds given to the Railroad Company, which in turn became the dividends, etc., of the Crédit Mobilier. A man set down as having an interest would merely be presented with bonds at periods when dividends came to be declared, and some of the earliest of such dividends would clear off his stock of indebtedness."

It was now near midnight, and the company separated. Colonel M'Comb said, before going to bed:

"I have talked more to-night on this subject than I have yet allowed myself to do. Three New York newspaper men have been to see me to-day, and I have refused to speak, being already annoyed at the publication of my garbled parts of evidence, and at the appearance of Ames' letters. There, for example, is the letter of Crane, the Secretary of the Crédit Mobilier, which is omitted. I did not want anything published, and the omissions and the publications are equally annoying. I have told you this to satisfy you that I am merely going straight on to get my dues in a business suit, and am no politician at any time. I shall vote for General Grant, and could never vote for Greeley anyway."

"Why?"

"He is too much of a whirligig. Good-night."

Wondering if Greeley were more of a whirligig than the Crédit Mobilier, which began with Duff Green, passed along to George Francis Train, fell as a family chattel into the hands of

Tom Durant, was gobbled up by Oakes Ames, Sidney Dillon, and John B. Alley, and has finally become a bombshell in Congress, exploding the caucus, our correspondent also retired to his room, made his notes, and composed himself to rest, congratulating himself that he had deserved well of his country.

The above was the first letter published confirmatory of the disclosure from a principal.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CREDIT MOBILIER BROUGHT TO BAY.

Perhaps nothing in American history will bear comparison with the Crédit Mobilier as a drama in which all the human emotions have been played upon from farce to tragedy. The subject is of the grandest area, and the conspiracy within it close and criminal as in any scheme of treason aimed at a great empire. Look at the dates, and see what they imply:

In the Summer of 1862, a Pacific Railroad was empowered by Congress. In 1869 the road was built, and cars were running from New York to San Francisco. In 1872, ten years after the Government exercised its generosity, the chief builders and capitalists of the enterprise appeared like common criminals at the bar of public opinion, and the highest heads in Congress were dragged down for complicity in their crime. Two separate investigations were held in the House of Representatives, and one in the United States Senate. Two members of Congress, Oakes Ames and James Brooks, and one Senator, James W. Patterson, were reported back for expulsion. But public opinion was so far from satisfied, and Congress so wholly demoralized by apprehensions of other exposures, that neither House took definite action, and Congress adjourned under a cloud, and the entire country, which had just passed through a presidential election, was overcast with doubt, shame, and indignation. The two members marked for expulsion died in little more than two months

and within a few days of each other. It is true that one of them was a sufferer from bodily disease, and the other was an old man, but the public superstition connected in their obituary the tragedy and its context, and not all the funeral pomp could clear the stigma from the dead, nor obtain a revocation of public sentiment in favor of the score or more men who had been members and Senators, and had abused the magnificent dowry of the nation. Almost while the funeral services of Brooks and Ames were being said, the United States Government was filing complaint and bill in equity at Hartford, Connecticut, May 26, 1873, in the Circuit Court of the United States, against "The Union Pacific Railroad Company and others," of which a newspaper despatch said:

"This marks the opening of the great legal struggle between the Government on one side and two of the greatest and most extraordinary corporations ever created on the other, and will, beyond doubt, occupy some of the attention of the Courts for ten, perhaps twenty, years to come. It is, unquestionably, the most gigantic litigation on record, and the printed complaint and exhibits appended thereto, twenty-five in number, make a book of 134 printed pages.

"The total sum to be accounted for will, if a verdict be given against all the defendants, be probably not less than $25,000,000, and interests in the litigation may be transmitted, in all likelihood, to the second generations of the posterity of some of the parties defendant."

An examination of this bill shows that it makes defendants not only about one hundred rich individuals but also the following corporations: the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a corporation created by acts of Congress of the United States, whose principal office for business is located at Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, and its President, Horace F. Clark, of the city, county and State of New York; the Crédit Mobilier of America, a corporation created by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, and located in Philadelphia, in said State, and its President,

Sidney Dillon, of the city, county, and State of New York; the Wyoming Coal and Mining Company, a corporation organized under the general statutes of the State of Nebraska; the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, a corporation organized under the general statutes of the State of New York, and its President, John Duff, of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts; the Pullman Palace Car Company, a corporation transacting business in Chicago, in the State of Illinois, and its President, George M. Pullman, of Chicago; and the Omaha Bridge Transfer Company, a corporation transacting business at Omaha, in the State of Nebraska.

Amongst the individual defendants are ex-Congressman Henry M. Boyer, and Helen Boyer, his wife; William Tracy, the executor of Congressman Brooks, deceased; General G. M. Dodge, and Anne M. Dodge, his wife; the widow of ex-Senator Grimes; and very many ex-Congressmen and hitherto respectable citizens.

The United States attorneys claim in one paragraph of this bill that the following extraordinary state of morals and finance prevails in the Union Pacific Railroad Company:

"The Union Pacific Railroad Company is insolvent. The cost of the railroad and telegraph line was considerably less than one-half the sum represented by the aggregate of stock and other pretended liabilities of the company outstanding. The largest part of the stock and bonds of the company before mentioned was issued, in the name of the company, by its managers, not in the interest of the company, but to enrich themselves in a manner and for purposes unauthorized by law. A large majority of the stock now habitually voted upon as of right, in electing officers and controlling the affairs of the company, is stock issued in a manner not authorized by law, and which was never paid for, in cash or in any other thing of equivalent value to the company. A large part of its income is used habitually in paying its managers high interest and commissions on loans, and in paying interest on bonds issued unnecessarily, without lawful motive or adequate consideration.

"The earnings have not been sufficient to pay accruing interest on its floating debt and on the several classes of bonds issued by the company. Ten millions of dollars of its income bonds, so-called, will be due in September, 1874; but no fund has been provided or is accumulating for either new ties and rails or payment of said income bonds. Interest on United States bonds issued to the company is allowed to accumulate without payment, as before stated. The company is insolvent, and obliged to depend on temporary loans to save its obligations and promises from dishonor. Its principal managers treat it as depending on their personal credit to save it from bankruptcy, and make profit by loaning it money for high interest and commission."

The Wilson Committee of Congress showed that the Crédit Mobilier conspirators made at least twenty-four millions of money beyond a liberal profit by contracting with themselves, not only to build the road, but to rob it in every possible manner after it should go into operation. The rapacity and wealth of the conspirators, and the general demoralization of American commercial and political society at the time, involved a wholesale purchase of engineers, examiners, Congressmen, newspapers, cabinet officers, state governors, and judges. Society stood back appalled, unwilling, but compelled to believe the disclosures, and there can be no doubt that Republican Government lost the faith of many thousand men and women.

Let us look at the two railway companies which interlink midway from the one highway to the Pacific.

The Central Pacific Company at the West End sprung out of the needs of California, and the yearning of all the people and capitalists there to have quick and reliable connection with the bulk of their countrymen in the East. The Union Pacific Road, on the contrary, did not aim to give relief to a rising nation of people, by affording them an outlet to civilization, but it was simply a tie which should bind the Central Pacific to the country east of the Missouri. This intervening country was without large towns, and, indeed, without any population

to speak of, except the few herders of cattle, and some isolated band of miners. The Union Pacific Road, therefore, did not promise to become, in a short time, a profitable highway to its devisors. It tumbled into the hands of certain lobbyists and Congressmen, who were much more concerned to make something out of its construction than to build it up into a property, and wait, like the Central Pacific people, for the business to increase, the country to fill up, the mines to grow profitable, and the freights and passenger-travel to yield their legitimate award. The Union Pacific Railroad did not break ground until the 5th of November, 1865,—nearly two years after the Central Pacific had resolutely driven the spade, and looked with courage, almost beyond hope, at the steep sides of the Sierra Nevadas. To build the Union Pacific Road was a much lighter task than to lay the Central Pacific. On the former lines the long level plains and steppes afforded such easy accommodations for railway builders that it is a matter of history how even six miles a day of track were laid when the work had been fully undertaken. The Union Pacific Company laid but forty miles of track up to January, 1866 ; but, in that interval, and after it, the incorporators of the road found out an opportunity to make money more easily than by patient processes.

When the Crédit Mobilier, so called, had been created, to receive the proceeds of the Government bonds, and sieve the same into the railroad through the pockets of the manipulators of the Mobilier, they warmed up, and were able to lay 305 miles of road in one year, 235 in the next year, and finally, to complete the road, for the whole 1,085 miles, by the 10th of May, 1869. The Union Pacific Road retains to the present day 1,032 miles of road lying between Ogden and Omaha. It received a vast subsidy in land from Congress, besides such a stupendous bonded aid that, by the testimony of experts, it was able to lay the whole line within the amount in cash realized from the sale of its bonds, put a large fortune in the hands of everybody who belonged to the Crédit Mobilier, and receive,

besides, the whole of its land-grant, as a clear margin of profit.

The scandals which accompanied the building of this road are, perhaps, forgotten by many of the old generation, and are scarcely known to tens of thousands of the new generation which has arisen since the Pacific was opened. The traveller over the line at this day will observe that, whenever a rich piece of level ground is attained, the road begins to snake around like a great brook which draws water from every spring ; and sometimes the eye is bewildered to see what appears to be another railroad, parallel with that on which he travels ; but the information is soon afforded that it is the same piece of road he had gone over half an hour before. If he asks why it should be so crooked, the answer will be : "That was a part of the job." The Union Pacific Company let out the building of the road to its own contractors, under the name of the Crédit Mobilier ; and they had no desire to make a short line where it was easy laying track, because they received so much per mile in bonds from the United States, and whenever they could build the road for less per mile than the bonded aid, they went winding round and round, like a circle, and put the overplus in their pockets.

"But," you will ask, "was the Government so blind that it could not see that a swindle was being perpetrated upon it in describing three sides of a square to get the distance of the fourth side ?"

"Yes," will be the answer ; "but the road will be examined by persons selected at the suggestion of the Company, and these were induced to report that everything was correct."

All the above is literally true, as any man knows who has crossed the plains. The time between Omaha and Ogden could be greatly decreased had this railroad been laid on the thrifty principle of a responsible organization and honest engineering. Begun as a job, the Union Pacific Railroad soon failed to be of interest to those who had prostituted the Govern-

ment Charity, after it was opened. While the Central Pacific Road, of which it is the receiver, is a splendid piece of property, with its stock jealously kept in the hands of its original conceivers, the Union Pacific has several times changed ownership, President after President going out; and the scandal of its management was so notorious that the Tammany Hall Judges thought it would "come down" easily and pay them black-mail. So Judge Barnard put it into the hands of a receiver in New York, and had its safe broken open with cold-chisels and gun-powder.

At Saratoga, during the trial of Judge Barnard, Horace F. Clark, an associate of this road, was put upon the stand, and asked to give testimony concerning the Crédit Mobilier. He declined to say anything about it, asserting that all he knew was hearsay and not evidence, and refused to bring the books of the corporation, which are now in the city of Boston, within the jurisdiction of the State of New York. Hence the mystery involving the Crédit Mobilier,—which we may call, for short, the ring of Union Pacific Directors and stockholders, who get the bonds, put the road down cheaply, and filch the remainder of the aid Government gives them,—and the difficulty of getting at any of the facts, although the people know that one of the most monstrous and impudent swindles ever perpetrated upon a magnanimous Nation was the act of that Union Directory, of which Oliver Ames was President and Oakes Ames the Congressional Agent. It will ever be a subject of scandal to an inquiring posterity that Schuyler Colfax, as well as his successor, James G. Blaine, kept at the head of the Pacific Railroad Committee in the House of Representatives, this Oakes Ames. He was a large, heavy-set, secretive shovel-maker, from the Taunton District of Massachusetts, who kept his pocket full of free passes over this railroad, and dealt them out judiciously to whoever might be able to do him either good or injury. A member of Congress, and as such obligated to protect the State in its property in the Pacific Railways, Oakes Ames was, all the while, a member of the Crédit Mobilier, and

a brother of the President of the road. He never made a proposition concerning this road which did not become the law or the observance by act of Congress. He carried through Congress a scandalous proposition by which the Government abandoned its first mortgage of this highway, and allowed the private mortgage bonds of the Railroad Company to take precedence, and crowded the Government with a second mortgage. He was able, with the help of the most eminent men in the Republican party, to collect from the United States the gross sum for carrying the mails over this road, while, at the same time, he never paid the interest on the Government bonds as it accrued. In short, the Union Pacific Railroad first begged a loan from the United States of from sixteen to sixty thousand dollars a mile, and then robbed it of the interest on the loan, forced the loan itself back to a contingent place, and pasted it over with another, and a private loan of its own, and then swindled it out of the whole gross sums for the mail service.

During the time that these robberies were taking place, and the Crédit Mobilier could be daily heard to chuckle as it received Government bonds, a great deal of wild and florid gammon was poured out upon the country. Our attention was called to the giant pines of California, whenever we proposed to look down to the ties, and see where our money had gone. If we presumed to ask when the road, under good management, might pay for itself, we were directed to spend no time upon such mercenary amusement, but to look, instead, on the splendor of Yo Semite Valley, and the wonderful apricots in the region of Los Angeles. There was so much drumming, and fifing, and fuss, and palaver, kept up about this glorious achievement (which was the easiest achievement ever undertaken by civilized man, when he had the money in his hands to do it with), that the imagination of the country was carried away from the solid business which belonged to the undertaking, and now, after many years of mystery, a private law-suit

in a secondary city proves that murder must out at last, and that what is so ugly can never be wholly concealed.

The Crédit Mobilier, it appears, built nearly the whole of the Union Pacific Railroad, or 1,038½ miles, which was a little more than the Union Pacific now retains. It really built 1,035 miles, but sold to the Central Pacific subsequently all that portion of the road between Ogden and Promontory, and now owns less, by 6½ miles of rails, than the Crédit Mobilier, its stool-pigeon, built. For this 1,038½ miles of road the Crédit Mobilier got United States bonds, amounting to more than $27,250,000, besides 12,080,000 acres of land. Upon this land were issued 7 per cent. land-grant bonds, to the amount of $10,400,000. The capital stock of the Crédit Mobilier, meantime, was 37,000 shares, at a par value of $100. Exactly how designing and successful this transaction was, has come out in the letter of Oakes Ames to H. S. M'Comb. According to Ames' own admission in this letter, the Crédit Mobilier paid less than $25,700 a mile to build the highway, or, in gross, $25,900,000. The letters from Oakes Ames are valid and undoubted; they are written by him, and appear in his handwriting; they were indited in the due course of business, and are now about four years and a half old. They show the secrecy, the Jesuitry, and the ingratitude of the corporation which could receive such an amount of help, and abuse the Government's confidence; and they show, more than all, that it was a member of Congress who wrote these letters, and he implicated, in all secrecy and seriousness, men whom the country has delighted to honor.

The country owes nothing perhaps to Henry S. M'Comb, who was one of the Crédit Mobilier men, for having been the means of showing up their system of plunder. It seems that M'Comb was a fellow capitalist with Thomas C. Durant and joined Durant's faction when the Mobilier people got to cheating each other. Durant had been a physician in the western part of Massachusetts, but he had too much worldly enterprise for professional life, and took to railroad contracting. He observed

the drift of opinion to be in favor of a railway to the Pacific, and put himself forward in the project, but being a reckless speculator, without conscience toward his creditors, his country, his friends, or his friend's wife, he had no sooner become Vice-President of the Union Pacific railroad, than he sent George Francis Train to Pennsylvania to buy him one of those floating charters by which our modern legislatures empower gamblers to cheat mankind. The name of Crédit Mobilier was derived from a stock gambling corporation which existed in Paris during the reign of Napoleon III. Had the Pennsylvania legislature possessed anybody of general reading, and been particular about honesty, it would have suspected a corporation with such a title. Durant got his charter at such a time as to show that he meditated a swindle from the beginning. He gathered around him a set of loose law-defying contractors, men of means and vigor and associated these with him in the Crédit Mobilier. Then the company moved to New York so as to get out of observation in Pennsylvania, and when one of Durant's clerks by the name of Hoxie, a man without means, had been given by the Union Pacific Company a contract to build 246 miles of road, Hoxie transferred the same to Durant, and Durant to the Crédit Mobilier. At this time the whole Union Pacific Company had paid up but $218,000. The object of getting the Crédit Mobilier charter was to protect themselves individually as partners for debts. As the Crédit Mobilier, they turned around and bought the $218,000 worth of stock aforesaid. The Union Pacific stock was then watered one thousand per cent., and thus the Crédit Mobilier ate up the Union Pacific Company. The Hoxie contract at $50,000 per mile was now fulfilled in a cheap way, at a cost of $27,500 per mile, including equipment. About 350 miles of road were built in this way, of which 58 miles alone netted the Crédit Mobilier more than a million and a third dollars "without any consideration whatever." August 16, 1867, the Oakes Ames contract was made for 66.7 miles, at from $42,000 to $96,000 a mile, the Government meantime paying $96,000, in

all about $48,000,000. The Crédit Mobilier now handed over to Ames the absolute disposition of the Union Pacific railroad. Ames associated with himself an ex-Congressman from Massachusetts named John B. Alley, and Messrs. Bushnell, Dillon, M'Comb, Durant and Bates, the core of the Crédit Mobilier. The chief Engineer, Granville M. Dodge, was bribed with one hundred shares of Crédit Mobilier stock, placed in the name of his wife. The profit under this contract was nearly $30,000,000, in stock, cash, bonds, &c. In the same way the Davis contract was made, on the same terms as the Ames contract, for 125 miles. The committee of investigation, headed by Hon. Jeremiah M. Wilson, reported on the above contract as follows:

Your committee present the following summary of cost of this road to the railroad company and to the contractors, as appears by the books:

Cost to railroad company.

Hoxie contract,	$12,974,416.24
Ames contract,	57,140,102.94
Davis contract,	23,431,768.10
Total,	93,546,287.28

Cost to contractors.

Hoxie contract,	$7,806,183.33	
Ames contract,	27,285,141.99	
Davis contract,	15,629,633.62	
		50,720,958.94
		42,825,328.34
To this should be added amount paid Crédit Mobilier on account of fifty-eight miles,		1,104,000.00
Total profit on construction,		43,925,328.34

It was while Oakes Ames was in the enjoyment of these contracts, that he was a member of Congress, and to smooth his path there, he gave stock in the Crédit Mobilier Company in small sums to a large number of members, and outside people. His method was to hold the stock in their names, privately, but himself trustee, and known as such within the Mobilier Company. It was this very stock which led to a law-

suit in the courts of Pennsylvania, by Henry S. M'Comb. Ames and his clique had fallen out with Durant, and his clique and the latter were discontented to see so much plunder falling to their opponents. M'Comb affected to believe that Ames had never paid the Crédit Mobilier in question to Congressmen, or to put the proceeds in his own pocket. He therefore laid damages at a very considerable amount, and found it necessary to sustain his case, that he should put in the *Transcript* some private letters which Ames had written to him. These letters involved the reputation of Congressmen.

It appears that Ames, being of a dull unsensitive nature, paid little heed to the consequences of such publications, and his coterie, of which the head was John B. Alley, supported him. An attempt was made, however, to get the originals out of M'Comb's hands, and make way with them. It appears that with rare delicacy M'Comb had merely put in copies and omitted altogether the memorandum of names of Congressmen.

Here is the letter of Ames' counsel:

M'Comb vs. C. Mobilier.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21, 1872.

DEAR SIR: On Thursday, the 23d, you have appointed, to close the cross-examination of Mr. M'Comb, and to proceed with your evidence.

Allow me to remind you of promises made by your client at the prior meetings, many months since, to furnish or produce the papers or documents from copies of which he spoke, or referred to, or memoranda taken from them. Some at least were to be sent me next day; none have been sent. He stated the other day that they had been withheld for a purpose. I must ask that you will require him to produce at the meeting on Thursday, if you desire me to cross-examine, the following:

Letters from Oakes Ames in reference to the distribution of 345 shares as gifts to members of Congress:

His books showing the original entries and dividends, or sums, stated to have been received as dividends—April, 1866; July, 1866; September, 1866; December, 1866: and January, 1868.

I would also like to have a copy of Mr. Ames' letter, April 13, 1867, (exhibit No. 2, A. W. N.)

Very truly

(Signed) R. C. MCMURTRIE.

To JAS. E. GOWEN, Esq.

But M'Comb made McMurtrie take copies in his presence, and copy one letter at a time. The manner of McMurtrie when he saw such letters did exist, was that of a man deceived by his own clients.

Ames said to M'Comb, when asked if he did not value the reputation of his friends:

"I don't care whether you put the letters in as evidence or not. Everybody knows that Congressmen are bribed."

After these letters became evidence, it was inevitable that they should appear in print. They did appear in some mysterious way and made great scandal. After a long and most awkward silence, suspicious denials of their validity appeared from Ames and other parties. Ames argued that he had never sold or presented a share of stock to any member of Congress, —a piece of unblushing falsehood, as he has himself shown under oath. The denials of the others were made under a mistaken idea that the thing would blow over after the political campaign, and that meantime it would pass as mere vituperation of the canvass. The names of Grant and Wilson, it was thought, would prove all-protecting;

> Ulysses! name that charms our fears,
> That bids our sorrows cease;
> 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
> 'Tis life, and health, and peace!

After the election was done and Congress met, the word *Mobilier* was raised again, and the quickened consciences of some of the members showed in their troubled talk, and walk, and countenances. A Democrat was now known to be in the case, and the Poland Investigating Committee met with closed doors. The news leaked through the cracks and keyholes. A savage speech made by James Brooks against M'Comb on the floor contemporaneously with a screed of evidence from John B. Alley under oath in the darkened Committee-room, only whetted the public interest. A cry arose for "Open doors! Less white wash and more fumigation!"

Then the sick men who groped their way about the Capital

City would have been the pitied of men and angels but for that speech of Brooks' against the Government witness, which had closed the gates of mercy. The fatal truth, half told, came forth at last from the lips of Oakes Ames. That shovel-iron statue spoke like the sire of Fredolin, cursing his posterity.

It may be asked why James Brooks was put forward by the Crédit Mobilier people to make a speech against McComb. The fact was that Brooks, under the guise of an aristocratic and strictly honorable member of the opposition, had been robbing the Union Pacific Company all the while. He had secured from Andrew Johnson as a Democrat the appointment of Government Director of the Union Pacific railroad and in that position was not allowed to be a stockholder, or interested in any way in the corporation. But with a vicious and dishonest nature he used his power all the more to extort from the confederates stock in both the Union Pacific and Crédit Mobilier Companies, and the very bonds of the United States which he was appointed to protect. Public guilt was never less undoubtedly shown in any government. With his honors, riches, and age all to protect, it may be imagined that Brooks was more apprehensive than any living man of the consequences of an investigation. He was so nervous about the matter that he betook himself to the old newspaper mode of silencing an enemy by ruining his character. This he attempted to do before Congress came together by concerted attacks upon M'Comb, comparing him to Jim Fisk and Judge Barnard. When the Investigating Committee met with closed doors the guilty man heard almost immediately that his villainy had been put in evidence. He could not stand and wait; for he knew that now his only escape was in loud and brawling defiance. He claimed, therefore, the privilege of a personal explanation, and delivered a personal attack upon M'Comb too ingenious to be honest and too cowardly not to provoke response. M'Comb's friends at once demanded the opening of the doors in equity to a witness so grossly, and as they claimed so unjustly, maligned by a member pleading his privileges. There was an agonizing

time in Congress when the proposition was made to open the doors and men of both parties struggled hard to keep them close. But a paralysis had fallen upon the body. They saw the full galleries and knew that all the country was looking in, and although the Committee itself protested that a secret examination would be the best, it was ordained that the public should know all about the matter.

Induced to believe that Mr. Oakes Ames would shield himself and them, several of the members sent him word or intimated in person that they wished him to exonerate them as far as possible. For some days he seemed to desire to do so, but being an old man, of a bluff, ingenuous nature, he finally grew ashamed of duplicity and enraged at the evident disposition to make him a principal and a perjurer besides. He and Mr. Alley therefore changed face upon their dupes and friends and corrected their statements. Mr. Colfax, Vice-President of the United States, and Mr. Patterson, U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, were ruined in the sequel after an agonizing effort to perplex or compound Mr. Ames. Mr. Kelley, Mr. Schofield, Mr. Garfield, Mr. Allison, Mr. James Wilson, commonly called "The Singed Cat" of Iowa, and one or two others were scathed a good deal by the evidence. The Committee reported in favor of the expulsion of Brooks and Ames from the House, and the Senate followed up the report by entertaining another investigation, whereby Senator Patterson was named for expulsion. These proceedings did not satisfy the public and an effort was made in the House to censure Messrs. Kelley, Garfield, Samuel Hooper, and even Speaker Blaine. Against the latter, Mr. Job Stevenson of Ohio hurled a bitter piece of invective, and Mr. Speer of Pennsylvania debated the complicity of two of the others. The whole subject was disposed of by censuring Ames and Brooks, both of whom died of the shock and other ills in little above two months. Mr. Patterson left the Senate by the expiration of his term, seeking in vain afterward to have his transaction and character vindicated. Mr. Colfax went out of office morally ruined and men-

tally wrecked. He had maintained a semblance of purity and frankness for so many years of general consideration that the knowledge of his corruptibility and his painful exhibition of falsehood under oath gave the country a blow.

Some scenes in this investigation may be sketched rapidly just as they were taken in my note book at the time.

The Committee-room where the half-dozen gentlemen who had been appointed to seek out the why and wherefore of the railroad bribery met for one hour or more every forenoon is at the foot of a long flight of dark stairs which lead from the Rotunda to the floor usually called the crypt, or cellar. At the foot of these stairs, a lighted corridor, whose cheerful appearance does not deprive it of a certain dungeon-like look,—probably the effect of the consciousness of the heavy weight supported above, and of the broad and solid walls, and piers, and window-sills in view,—leads to the Committee-room.

Within the Committee-room the atmosphere and air immediately change for the better. A good grate-fire burns under a symmetrical, old-fashioned mantel of white marble, above which is a mirror of the largest proportions. Opposite the mirror is a book-case filled with law-calf-bindings; and down the floor, lengthwise between the fire and books, runs a baize table surrounded with arm-chairs. Nearest the door half-a-dozen newspaper-writers are seated around the end of this table.

At the other end is the Chairman of the investigation, Judge Luke Poland, of Vermont. Merrick and Niblack, the two Democrats, sit to the left hand of Judge Poland, and on his right is Mr. McCrary, of Iowa. These seem to be the chief members of the Committee who are paying any attention to the proceedings. McCrary, Merrick, and Poland do all the questioning.

Next to Niblack sits Henry S. M'Comb, and sometimes Judge Black and Lawyer Smithers occupy a place at his side. Mr. Smith, the official reporter, sits on the opposite side. Next

to McCrary, facing M'Comb, are the two inseparable companions, Ames and Alley, the Massachusetts Dromios.

Around the chamber are half-a-dozen or dozen reporters and idlers. The Court proceeds in the most informal, but in the quietest way, and progress is made slowly.

Judge Poland looks like a French Marquis. He is a tall, aristocratic-looking old gentleman, with full white hair, and full white side-whiskers combed forward. His nose is straight and long, and his profile handsome; but, when he turns his full face, he seems to carry a mouth full of tobacco, and speaks with a sense of apprehension that some of it may spill. His method is courteous nearly to a fault, and slow to irritation; but, as there is nothing of the demagogue or sensationalist about him and as he is what he appears to be, a kind and generous old gentleman, all look with confidence to his return of the facts in their spirit. Alley began by talking down everybody, and was interrupted at no time, except when he was slavering Ames all over with praises, when Niblack said:

"Mr. Alley, how many monuments do you want to have erected to Mr. Ames?"

Persons coming into the Committee-room for the first time are wont to say:

"Who is that fine-looking man across the table?"

"Henry S. M'Comb!"

"*That* M'Comb! Why, I expected, from what Brooks said, to see a monster."

Yes, a man in the o'er ripe prime of life, alert, rosy, cordial, perceptive, and so unusually handsome as to imply a social importance chiefly, whereas there is an engine at work all the while within the man, and half-a-dozen different fly-wheels. Not a fully educated man, he compensates for it by native graces, and the acquaintance since boyhood with people of culture at home, and men of power throughout the country. In the social, intellectual, and material scale, M'Comb is the superior of anybody who has lost time seeking to impeach him.

Oakes Ames is a very large man, of the type of a Yorkshire

manufacturer, gnarled, spectacled, with great, bent shoulders, a slow walk, and prodigious limbs and feet. He will probably weigh 280 pounds, and he looks to be 6 feet 2 or 3. He has strong, coarse, brownish hair, and bristly beard around the long, sternwheeled shaft of his jaws. His forehead is low, and the nose seems to be half of the face. The eyes behind the spectacles are small, and of a slow, searching look. Ames came to Congress with the soul of a commercial traveler, and, if expelled from it, would feel no particular inconvenience or loss of self-esteem. The shovel which his trip-hammer beats into shape is scarcely harder, and, as the man grows old, he rusts, but is too rugged to decay. A monument to Oakes Ames ought to be made of scrap-iron, and John B. Alley would be the solitary mourner over it, and, unless watched, *he* would peddle away the monument piece-meal.

Ames made small bones of telling the most of what he remembered about Congressmen, and, but for Alley, he would probably have remembered considerably more.

Alley sat by his side all the while, lifting or lowering his brows suggestively, as Ames helplessly looked around at him for counsel. He was thirteen years the junior of Ames, who was nearly 70 years of age.

Alley was a shoemaker in boyhood, and he is now the proprietor of the best house in Lynn. He is proud of his money, and holds to it with the desperation of a cannibal husbanding his last corpse. He is a short, demure, white-headed man, and has an endless tongue, which testifies all manner of hearsay, and covers time with space, to the exclusion of information, and to the prejudice of more modest and less doubtful evidence.

Alley has enormously profited by Ames's contracts, and he appears in Ames's letters as the incorrigible opponent to every dividend to outsiders. He was the chief adviser to Ames's course toward M'Comb, and he is really on the spot at present as the principal and counsel of Ames. He may say, with Sir Giles Overreach:

"In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a Justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness or error,
Run myself finely into a premunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of it; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion. So he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not!
Friendship is but a word, I must have all men
Sellers, and I the only purchaser!"

We have no remark to make upon Senator Patterson—who is a good sort of commonplace man—described by Senator Nye as "a little college professor," except to remark that New Hampshire is the jobbingest State in the Union, and this city is overrun with its spawn. They are claim agents, "counsellors," strikers, land rats, and water rats.

At the latter part of the week the meek-faced Boyer of the town of Norristown, where Hartranft hails from, might have been seen moving around the hotels. He and Brooks belonged together to the Union Pacific Railroad Committee, and both are implicated, Boyer as trustee, and mayhap thereby hangs a tale.

Does the Democratic party wonder why it possesses no confidence? Here are a Democratic editor at the metropolis and a Pennsylvania Democrat, both Congressmen, tied up in national securities, and of course the intimidated creatures of the Administration side. During the last campaign, when the Greeley journals were pushing the Crédit Mobilier scandal, Brooks was running around the Fifth Avenue Hotel nightly saying "M'Comb's character is bad on the street!" He kept up this senile speech, and alleged that the Crédit Mobilier talk was not righteous ammunition for the canvass, thereby doing his part to cripple the candidates. Greeley is in his grave, but Brooks lives. What a commentary is this on the value of life!

A fat man, square everywhere below the head and outside of the heart, and named Bushnell, came before the committee

last week to say that his children's children would honor him for building the Pacific railway. The correspondent had no difficulty in putting this person down as one of the "stalls" for Ames and Alley.

Unless we are incorrectly posted, this very person gave his check for two hundred shares Crédit Mobilier ($20,000) on a bank where he had no funds, and he palavered the check along, saying he would attend to it, arrange it, &c., until he had actually collected all the stock, bonds, and cash dividends for two years, just as if the check had been paid. The reason was that he was necessary to Ames, Alley, and Dillon. Moreover, as gossip in the committee-room says, $112,000 worth of Government certificates and $400,000 worth of first mortgage bonds, (partly charged to one Shaw, according to the notable book-keeping of the Crédit Mobilier,) which were traced into Bushnell's hands years ago, are yet unaccounted for by him. This man, nevertheless, says that Congressmen ought to have moral pluck and admit their Crédit Mobilier, and he says that $50,000 worth of his stock in the Crédit Mobilier was recently thrown out of bank on account of the present investigation. Which bank? The same he gave the $20,000 check upon?

Bushnell struck us as a blower. When we heard him talk we wondered whether his monument—they all expect monuments and "children's children"—had not better be constructed on the pneumatic principle, of wind.

For the half dozen or eight members of Congress who, in a moment of weakness or temptation, accepted this Crédit Mobilier stock from Oakes Ames, there would be no severe expressions from anybody except for their precipitate denials. Mr. Schofield merits no sympathy on the ground of meekness; for during the campaign he was stigmatizing this and other charges as a "Greeley lie." Mr. Colfax's situation is most pitiable of all; for he denied outright that he had any stock, denounced correspondents for merely intimating as much, and yet, by the testimony, seems to have done the sinister service for the

Crédit Mobilier of "blocking the game" of an investigation and inciting even the pernicious Ames to exclaim:

"In Colfax's case don't you think the investment paid?"

And then that idiotic explanation read before the committee by Mr. Colfax; that assumption of childishness; that touch of the immaculate conception when he still professed not to know what the Mobilier was; that shallow beseeching of somebody to cross-examine him! The man disarms us by his littleness. Go, Schuyler Colfax and let us forget thee! This stage of public life is too large for such puppetry as thine.

Mr. Dawes has a robust explanation, which acquits him of anything mean except his evasive denial. Mr. Blaine was too sagacious to sell out his prospects so cheaply. Of two or three other members, Ames took advantage and turned their poverty into a public temptation nearly disastrous to their reputations. Mr. Kelley is one of these men; but in view of Ames' testimony that he is still the latter's debtor for $1,000, how unnecessary was this explanation of Mr. Kelley:

"I have never owned a share of stock in the Crédit Mobilier of America, nor has any member of my family, either directly or by the intervention of a trustee or agent."

Well did Hamlet say that playing on such stops was easy as lying.

In General Garfield's case Mr. Ames seems to have taken advantage of a man in distress, and to have secured a loan by an entangling investment. As soon as Garfield discovered the cheat he returned the money.

Mr. James Wilson of Iowa, who has been doing a good deal of something in this city since he left Congress, and who was so touchy as to his honor that he made a great speech once in the House, saying that he had never received any imputation but one, and who proved his peace of mind by persecuting newspaper writers, this friend of Billy McGarrahan, has been the subject of inquiry in this case, and we suggest that he now accept one of those three Cabinet positions which the President offered him. He would seem to need some such extension of confidence!

Mr. Allison has made himself mysterious by a denial. When Peter denies his Crédit Mobilier the cock crows thrice for dividends!

Henry Wilson has been the victim of a wedding gift. At the fine old gentleman's silver wedding, the anniversary of honorable domestic years, the Ames gang strode in and put Crédit Mobilier stock on the plate. To defame a well-spent life by such a testimonial proves the brutality of this crowd. Why did they not put their hands in their pockets and subscribe any honest currency which they might have possessed? As it was, they might as well have given another man's gold watch to the old couple.

The youthful Painter, who has been hanging on the verge of the newspaper profession for ten years or more, affecting to know how to spell, and proving that he affects it only to job, appears in this case as a striker for Crédit Mobilier stock. He not only got twenty shares, but, says Ames, "was in a high dudgeon that he did not get fifty." He had failed to strike Durant for this amount, and appears to have got it out of Ames only by proffering his malignant services to defame M'Comb.

The three persons who appear to constitute the central directory of the mortal remains of the Crédit Mobilier are Messrs. Ames, Alley, and Brooks. Mr. Brooks' speech in Congress against M'Comb has reacted upon himself. We leave him to deal with the evidence which has developed since his speech, and if it be brought home to him that, as a Government director, he took interest in the Union Pacific railroad, and as a Democrat demanded stock to "take care of the Democratic side," he should receive that generosity he meted out to M'Comb. On cowardice and cruelty sympathy is thrown away!

Mr. Alley has labored very hard here to prove himself a parsimonious toady and an example of grasping contemptibility. To look at him and hear him talk is a surfeit. He has voluntarily put himself beside the principal in this matter, and his screed upon M'Comb was that of a vulgar slanderer whose ignorance could not estimate the effect of a coarse action.

As to Mr. Bingham, who met the charge with that old-fashioned shaking of the head and jabber about a licentious press, reading meanwhile a piece of blunt acknowledgment, he fell over his own ingenuity directly; for he wished it made a part of the record that he had introduced a bill in Congress obligating the Company to protect the national interest. A correspondent promptly forwarded a question as to whether the said security for the Government's interest was not appended to Bingham's bill in the Senate and returned to the House in the form of an amendment? Mr. B. slunk a perceptible slink and confessed the soft impeachment.

Mr. Bingham then qualified his rhetorical allusion to "a licentious press," by saying that he meant by it only the editor, who attributed to him $20,000 worth of profits in the Crédit Mobilier.

Let us see.

The dividends in Crédit Mobilier were eleven hundred per cent. prior to 1870. If Mr. Bingham got but $6,500 he ought to bring Oakes Ames to account, for the man Bushnell says that any member who had the stock promised to him ought to demand it.

Go, John A. Bingham, and take Bushnell's principals at their word. They sold you for a Chinaman and gave you but one-third of what you were entitled to.

We looked at Bingham giving his testimony before that meek and courteous chairman, old Judge Poland, and recalled the time when Bingham himself, conducting the McGarrahan investigation, tyrannized over witnesses in the interest of the Micks and O'Shilleys. Poland, mavourneen! Thou art nothing less than a gentleman of the old school.

In our judgment Messrs. Dawes and Garfield came off victoriously in this matter. The miserable Ames, who seems to have been a public money lender, took advantage of Garfield when in need of money to tie him up in Crédit Mobilier. Of Mr. Dawes he took advantage when the latter wanted to buy some Cedar Rapids stock.

Ames richly deserved expulsion, and without it all this investigation would have been for naught. The following railway jobs he conducted successfully through Congress, and some of them were accompanied with better endowments than the Union Pacific: namely, Sioux City, Iowa Falls and Sioux City, Cedar Rapids, Union Pacific, and finally that magnificently endowed Eastern Division of The Union Pacific. He came to Congress to job in railways, and gave all his time to it.

Mr. Glenni W. Scofield's statement has a measley and hardly convalescent look. When a man says he "does not remember receiving any dividends" and does not remember what his attitude was on legislation affecting the Union Pacific railroad, we regard him in the words of the same poet we have quoted, as follows:

"With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
We learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness
On Oakes Ames who hath won him.
Who suffered once those dividends
To public shame to blind him,
But gently led the blind along
Where Jerry Black could find him."

The ugly fact has come out, that Jacob Harlan received $10,000 from Thomas C. Durant, that chief of sinners and gallants, to elect himself Senator from Iowa. And mark! Harlan had been the Secretary of the Interior during the time that the Union Pacific wanted work done in that department. If we are to believe the gossip on the street, Mr. Harlan got from this interest not merely $10,000, but $30,000.

But where is the Rev. Dr. Newman, who wrote the circular letter and had it lithographed with the caption: "Dear Sir and Brother," and asked the suffrages and lobby devotion of all the Methodist preachers in Iowa for Harlan? Did he get none of the Crédit Mobilier, or was his portion passed through his countenance and melted to brass to swell the cadence of the chimes? If we were a Senator we would hoist the reverend lobbyists, at any rate, out of our wing.

James Brooks would have received plenty of sympathy had he respected another man's character. When a man plays it fine he must have some of the *naïveté* of an artist to give dignity to his misses. Mr. Brooks has changed his flag-ship two or three times during the action. Once we heard him appeal to the Deity in a rather blasphemous way to say that he had never had a share's worth of interest in the Crédit Mobilier or Union Pacific.

On the whole we sum him up to be a *parvenu*, who has made most of his money in this sort of way, and has dissipated his nerve. His political positions have generally been those of a pompous dough-face, extenuating the rebellion, while filching from the Union. He subscribed $10,000 to the Union Pacific Railroad, and has drawn $300,000 from it, including his commission as the salesman of the Pacific Railroad telegraph line. He is reputed to exist now as a director in the Union Pacific by the use of the shares he received as dividends on Crédit Mobilier. He opposed the Union Pacific road until he was "let in," when he became its oilman, and greased the Democratic side, or professed to do so.

It was an awful picture to see this sickly man examining Tom Durant as to the high patriotic necessity of the Union Pacific Railroad, while feebly requesting old Judge Poland to lug in Jeems, Lazarus, and Fagin to prove McComb not a credible witness. Death and reputation seemed at work in our friend, and Durant so sympathized with him that he said:

"By Jupiter! I must let up on that man. I don't want any male corpses laid at my door-post untimely."

Durant did let up, covered Brooks' tracks as much as he dared, and proved himself the magnanimous materialistic Bohemian that he is.

No two confessions were alike. Henry Wilson sentimentalized his error over by expressing his notion of the vileness of imputations. He called his Maker and himself face to face in his closet, and attempted to butter Oakes Ames over with humble praise.

Henry Wilson, beware of the fate of Schuyler Colfax! Hypocrisy in the Vice-President is a garment of gauze. The oft iteration of poverty as an excuse for simony becomes at last disgusting. This country calls on no man to be an ass in order to serve it with spirit; and to perceive and apprehend a case of bribery bottomed on public robbery is the duty of a Senator.

When a man has been ten or fifteen years in continuous public life, and still affects not to know what the Crédit Mobilier is, we set him down as a fraud. If he does not know, away with him for stupidity; and if he does not know any more, while mysteriously receiving the dividends, we classify him with Cowper, of whom the poet said:

> "That while in darkness he remained,
> Unconscious of the guiding,
> All things provided came without
> The sweet sense of providing."

Poverty is not a plea in rebuttal of a direct charge of peculation, for it may be the concomitant of profligacy. To talk about the deceased members of one's family in a whining way, and offer to sell out one's goods for thirty-five hundred dollars, seem to us to be overrating the credulities of men. Mr. Wilson bought that Crédit Mobilier stock in January, 1868, and parted with it at the close of the same year. Now, between these dates above, four hundred per cent. dividends were declared.

Mr. Wilson says that if ten thousand dollars were due him, he would not touch a cent. of it. Where does this leave Messrs. Bingham and Hooper? Ah! Messieurs in Congress, "thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

We heard Wm. D. Kelley's long-winded harangue, delivered with all the resonance of an unending tune in a negro meeting-house, with compassion not wholly unmixed with wonder.

A person who pretends to be the great statesman of the period, and to know whys and wherefores, from the Sutro tunnel up to sublimated potash, and to be still so stupid that he did not know the difference between a loan and a purchase,

is a candidate for the asylum. Where is the shame of these people, to sit in the presence of such satirists upon human nature as Ames and Alley, and tell these forgetful reminiscences? Mr. Kelley makes a great point that two thousand dollars could not buy him. We do not know about that! The picture he drew to the point of satiety about his renewals, protests, mortgages, etc., did not reduce the timeliness of any two thousand dollars. He certainly made himself appear a sufficiently impecunious victim of Oakes Ames. Said Mr. Kelley: "For largely more than a quarter of a century I have advocated the Pacific Railway."

Let us see.

We acquired California in 1847, twenty-five years ago. Did Mr. Kelley start the project of a Pacific road before we had any population or right on that coast? These touches of rhetorical egotism are entirely unmeaning. Mr. Kelley is neither a saint or a hero, and we prefer to let him slip with the apology that "Oakes Ames did tempt me and I did eat."

While Congressmen wriggle and writhe and say that it was noble-minded to own Crédit Mobilier stock, read the letters of Oakes Ames! He expresses his opinion of these men, and shows why he wanted them in the contracting company. With the stock in their pockets they were his. And here is a singular passage in one of his letters:

"In view of Washburne's move to investigate us I go for one bond dividend in full. I understand that the opposition to it comes from John B. Alley."

Now, why did Alley object? Because he had parted with his stock!

He had sold 250 shares Crédit Mobilier at $200 per share to Peter Butler of Boston, December 5, 1867. He had expected to pick up more stock for less money, but he found in New York that nobody would sell. He therefore availed himself of his position as trustee to resist a dividend. Durant, knowing Alley's rapacious motive, proposed to buy him up, which he did, as the following receipt will show. Alley thus got 250

shares of stock, and of course he changed tactics and received a dividend:

(Copy.)

T. C. Durant having sold to me a call to take from him within ten days from this date two hundred and fifty shares of stock of the Crédit Mobilier of America, in case I do not avail myself of that privilege I promise to return to said Durant the memorandum conveying said privilege on his return to me of this paper.

(Signed), JOHN B. ALLEY.

New York, December 12, 1867.

THE MANNER OF RENDERING TESTIMONY.

Our opinion of the committee conducting this investigation is enhanced by its behavior during the last week. Incisive questions were proposed by McCrary and Niblack. Judge Poland, whose error is slowness, and who examined these speculators as if they were of the blood royal, also addressed some pertinent inquiries to the witnesses. The question asked by McCrary of Kelley as to the tone of the letters of Oakes Ames, was of the sort which should have been put among these proceedings more frequently. Mr. Merrick has preserved watchful and discriminating behavior during all this investigation, which probably accounted for Bingham's blustering way of reading his evidence to Merrick, as if the latter had intentions on him.

There have been too many statements made in these proceedings—written statements, not in the form of legitimate testimony, and artfully contrived to evade admissions. On some of these there has been no cross-examination whatever. Colonel M'Comb stood up and answered orally, and took no advantage of the lax rules of evidence accorded here. A flagrant case of libel, in the form of testimony, not wholly unlike forswearing—to call it by no graver name—was that of John B. Alley. His evidence was prepared by R. C. McMurtrie of Philadelphia, a lawyer always resident in the Quaker City. Mr. Alley said that he had prepared his testimony, and submitted it to a distinguished New England jurist, who had told

him that to omit a word or a line of it would be to his prejudice.

"Who is that New England jurist?" was asked by Judge Merrick.

After a pause Alley replied:

"Mr. McMurtrie."

As Alley was under oath when he said that his adviser was a distinguished New England jurist, and as he named McMurtrie, never a New Englander, where is Alley's veracity? And four-fifths of the said testimony was mere slander, such as such a creature could pour out on M'Comb.

P. S.—SATURDAY'S TESTIMONY.

"Very eloquently said, Mr. Wilson!" remarked Judge Niblack satirically, after James Wilson had quoted several thousand words laudatory of the Union Pacific road, and its construction "amidst bands of hostile Indians."

Everybody who has passed over the Union Pacific road knows that no Indians are to be seen, and that the construction is over gently rising slopes and acclivities nearly as adaptable to track-laying as the level prairies. The only startling thing about the road is its crookedness, after reaching the three hundreth mile, where Durant ceased building and Ames began. The new crowd, commencing their career with consistent rapacity, made the road serpentine, and often bent it back on itself at level and fertile places to get more land and more bonds.

Wilson's testimony, as we understood it, made him claim a great deal of credit for saving the Government half the charge of mail transportation over the Union Pacific railroad, whereas the original bill saved the Government the whole charge.

Mr. Wilson said that he had made $3,000 on his stock, the full salary of a member of Congress for about eight months, or all the working time of Congress for a whole year. He did not remember any dividends, and the manner of the sale looked very awkward. Mr. Wilson is now in this city, seeking to

locate railroad lands about one hundred miles off the line of the Burlington and Missouri railroad. Judge Poland pertinently asked whether Wilson sold his stock to qualify himself to be a Government director of the Union Pacific Railroad, which he is at present. This evidence was full of solicitude for the Government twenty years hence. The quantity of singe about this cat amounts to a sheepskin.

Boyer, the young chap from Norristown, was in Congress just four years, between 1865–69, and got 100 shares of Crédit Mobilier (25 being for *Mrs.* Boyer). He was on the Pacific Railroad committee with Brooks, and at 1100 per cent. increase, his profits were $110,000. The New York *Nation* says the profits were 1500 per cent., making, if true, $150,000 profit. Pretty good for the young fellow by the name of Boyer! The Norristowners will have a little family legend on this sudden wealth for many generations. This was mere plunder from the Treasury and the public lands of the United States. Yet "he had the right to do it."

Mr. Colfax came with counsel, and again and again sought to break the rampart of the old man's confession.

"You've got the stock, and you know it," said Ames, "So what's the use of getting around it?"

"How could I own it and not be aware of it?" said Colfax, "Why didn't people tell me?"

"Why," said Ames, "nobody ever told me I owned my own hat!"

The fact was that the Vice-President had taken a quantity of the Mobilier Stock, drawn the dividend, and put them in bank, so that the bank-book, the cheques paid by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the testimony of Oakes Ames made a complete, serried, and simultaneous narrative. It was irrefutable. It broke down the dignity of his office. It was crushing.

To a young man concealed on a committee-room sofa, enter Oakes and John B. Alley, diligently toadied by two newspaper-reporters.

Ames grunts, and fills a whole leather sofa. Alley takes a

chair, grunts, and stows away his coat-tails, to save them from wear and tear.

Alley : " Oh, dear ! Ames, I knew that great heart of yours would get you into trouble. I knew that great heart of yours would be our ruin. I told you that your generosity was too abundant, and your impulses too noble. Didn't I tell you so ? I want these gentlemen to hear it said."

Ames : " Oh, Alley ! I can't remember everything you remind me of. I believe you did say something of that description."

Alley : " You hear him admit it, gentlemen. Ah ! Mr. Ames has a foolish, noble heart. He wants to be doing good, even when it is dangerous to do so. That scoundrel M'Comb now gloats in his distress. Mr. Ames is a persecuted hero, and, as I have often said before, deserves a monument as high as the shaft on Bunker Hill."

Here enters an old whining Virginia Railroad man.

Old Whiney : " Meister Ames, I called to see if you wasn't going to help me out with your subscription to the Catoctin & Occoquan Railroad."

Ames (very gruff) : " No. Pretty time to ask me for a subscription. Go to M'Comb. He's got plenty of money. He is ruining me. I believe he's a friend of yours ?"

Old Whiney : " No, Mr. Ames, I don't think highly of Mr. M'Comb. He refused to help me with my enterprise."

Ames : " What's that ? M'Comb's a d—d scoundrel, is he ? Alley, remember that !"

Alley : " Yes, Mr. Ames, I believed, by looking at Whiney's intelligent head, that such must be his opinion. He says that M'Comb is a scoundrel, gentlemen " (to the reporters).

Ames : " Whiney, come around and see me to-night. Maybe I can let you have ten thousand or so in your enterprise. But remember to remark to your friends that, in your opinion, M'Comb is a scoundrel."

We need not prolong these little sketches. After a very long examination, conducted with all frankness by both the

Poland Committee and the Wilson Committee, the former reported Brooks and Ames for expulsion, but made no recommendation in the cases of the other members, whose statements they declared to be painfully contradictory. A great debate ensued, lasting more than two days, and heard by enormous audiences in the galleries and on the floors. The corrupt interest triumphed, and Brooks and Ames were merely censured. An attempt was made to censure also Messrs. Hooper of Massachusetts, Kelley of Pennsylvania, Garfield of Ohio, Bingham of Ohio, Dawes, Butler, and others. However, Congress, satisfied that the people lacked the interest and indignation to make it any penalty, not only laid the whole matter on the table, but, as if to show that corruption was the organic law of the land and of the American Congressman, immediately turned about and increased the pay of a member nearly one-third, and made the provisions of the act apply to the Congress just expiring. This most scandalous action was worthy of a body of men which has become diseased and corrupt by the advantages of war, and has wholly lost its own self-respect and the confidence of the country.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WORST OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

Talking with an old and veteran observer in lobby matters yesterday he described to me some of the celebrated females who have operated here during the last twenty years.

One of these goes by the name of "Comanche," after a celebrated iron-clad which was built on the Pacific coast during the war. A claim for relief was brought, of course, and the amount demanded was not far from $200,000. All the appliances of the lobby were duly brought to bear; the conductor of the enterprise was a fine broth of an Irishman, and he agreed to pay the woman called "Comanche" a fair compensation to be based upon her influence. "Comanche" at once took rooms at the National Hotel, and, having conquered everything at that end of the city, came on to Willard's. She was large, voluptuous, and made herself particularly pleasing to the head of the Ways and Means, and the head of the Military Committees. It was not very plain that she possessed other than bodily endowments, and the presumption has not been contradicted that she had only one manner of accommodation which was pretty sure to make an obligation. After spending a full year at this apprenticeship, "Comanche" presented a bill to the master of ceremonies for $20,000, one-half to be paid to a gentleman in the lobby, for whom she had a fondness. The claim was paid in full to the shipbuilders, but poor "Comanche" got only $4,000, which merely paid her hotel bill, so that subsistence and no more was the reward of all this accommodation. "Comanche" raged and threatened, but the ship people

merely said: "What are you going to do about it? We have got the money, and you may write an account, if you want to, of the sort of work you did for us, but that would be to destroy your own character as a witness."

"Comanche" is still alive, and a frequent visitor to Washington, but she has grown large and portly, and is pretty well forgotten in the lobby.

Another well remembered attempt to introduce female charms as an active influence in the National Legislature, was that of Colt, the fire-arms manufacturer, who wished to have his patents extended. Being a large, gross man, he thought that the coarsest expedients would be the most effective, and taking a house on C street, a few blocks from the Capitol, he maintained from time to time such prepossessing company, that the scandal was instantaneous and did much to defeat the relief required.

A celebrated lobby character around Washington in 1871-2 may be called Mrs. General Straitor. She is said to have been a handsome castaway in one of the Southern towns, who infatuated General Straitor when the Union army occupied the place. He was a drinking man whose remainder of days were not increased by this mésalliance. His widow, however, got the benefit of her marriage certificate, and his well-known name, and his army companions brought her on to Washington where she was put forward to influence the Interior Department in the matter of Indian contracts. The celebrated Perry Fuller, and one of the Western Senators, paid Mrs. General Straitor's household bills, and provided her with a sideboard. She retired from the Capital City possessor of her own establishment in New York, and it is said that she is the protégé of a retired politician. Mrs. Straitor was a dark eyed lady, with a bright complexion, very elegant in figure and dress.

No woman of her period was more notable in Washington, than Mrs. Lucy Cobb. She was remarkably handsome, and inclined to voluptuousness. Her eyes were dark, and her form just over the limits of delicacy. She was uneducated,

and of rather low origin, and began her public career by keeping a cigar shop on the avenue. In some manner she became a favorite at the White House amongst the Secretaries and doorkeepers, and, it is said, of the President himself. At this time, the procuring of pardons for officials in the late rebellion was quite an avocation, and the rumor gained ground that Mrs. Cobb could get a pardon where anybody else would fail. She probably picked up a few hundred dollars in this precarious way, and more by less professional methods. Policemen, folders, pages, and Congressmen all knew her, and she would walk through the Capitol unannoyed by the stare of people, and was able to make her way into almost any of the committee rooms. Her late career has been comparatively indigent and unnoticed.

Among my acquaintances is a young practising doctor of this city, and with him I frequently make the round of his patients. Last Summer, during the recess, he stopped for me one afternoon, and we drove over toward "the Island," the flat, swampy, unsocial part of the town.

"I have a bad case," he said, "down here in Murder Bay, ('Murder Bay' is the gulfy street of the street-walker) and I must stop a minute on the way there at the —— Department."

At the —— Department the doctor sent his name up for a certain clerk. The clerk came down—a shabby, sickly being, with a limp walk, an attenuated form, a haggard face.

"How's Eliza?" said the doctor.

"No better!"

"Did you buy the medicines according to my prescriptions?"

"No!"

"Why not? I told you they were of vital importance. The girl will die!"

The sickly clerk threw up his head, as if it pained him to carry the distresses in it.

"My God!" he said, "I can do no more. My salary is anticipated for eight months. I paid sixty dollars for a hundred the last time. I have exhausted the last friend, and

pawned my last and least possessions, my shirts, my boots. My very comb and brush I pledged last week for twenty-five cents. The girl will die any way. So will I! Doctor, my God! what can I do?"

The doctor drove away to a drug store and paid for the drugs himself, saying, "this is another privilege of a physician!" Then we drove to Murder Bay and the doctor said to me:

"Come up here. Everybody knows the doctor's gig and will take you for a physician."

We passed into a house of lost women. It was bright day. A few negligent, half-dressed females were lounging in the parlors with a "lover" or two, the privileged pensioners of the day. The mistress of the place, cold-faced as a fish, showed us up into a dismantled room, where on a bed, unmade apparently for weeks, in the odors of liquor, smoke, and dyspeptic exhalations, a young girl lay.

The doctor threw up the sash and let in the sky and the wind. The girl turned over and said through her baked lips:

"Have you seen Jim?"

"Yes! he has sent these medicines."

"Where did he get money? He has pawned his comb and brush, and my wedding ring, that was to have been, went before them, kept to the last by a crazy superstition. I heard him threaten to steal, for he's got chances, and they say everybody steals in the government."

"Jim didn't steal anything," said the doctor. "I bought the medicines."

"I won't take them," said the girl. "They will make me well. I shall get drunk again and come back on you for more medicines. A little of this money would get me a dose that would cure me for good. Oh! Doctor," cried the girl, "do buy me *that* medicine. I have prayed with Miss Betty (the housekeeper), I have offered the black woman all my hair, every lock of it, to get me a little."

Her voice softened and became indistinct. I know that the word was—"poison."

The doctor and the girl remonstrated with each other in suppressed tones. I could see the pleading, imploring eye of the girl, her hand upon the doctor's coat, wrestling with him for the gift of death. Merciful death! How holy it would make this shamble! The girl was of a good, round buxom figure, country-like in accent and expression, very young, not above sixteen, she afterward said. Her hair long, and combed from time to time with her fingers, was of a golden-flax color. The sin of despair and not the sin of folly was expressed in her eyes. Her oaths were crude and awkward, as if just learned. It was deep degradation all taken at a plunge. The doctor after awhile turned to me and said in his professional way, partly business, partly sweetness, as I had sometimes seen him mix honey and aloes, pill making:

"This is a hard case. I never had but one other like it. This girl was engaged to be married to the young fellow we saw at the —— Department. He was too poor to be married, but he sent her money to come and visit him. In a freak she came on; both of them got out of funds here. She overstayed the period of her visit; became the subject of scandal at home, in Ohio, received the denunciation of her parents, and her lover seduced her finally, under promise of marriage when he got a little ahead. I have no doubt he meant to marry her, but then he never got ahead, rather retrograded, got behind more and more, had his salary hypothecated, and fell in debt so deep he couldn't feel bottom. They were turned out of their boarding-house, floundered about awhile, and became so poor they could not "move." Quarrels ensued and hot words. Eliza here pitched into Jim for betraying her. He accused her of running him into debt and being the author of his misery. She fell upon the town. He raved, but couldn't help himself. Rum came in as a natural colleague. And this is one picture of "Life in the Departments." The next will be "Jim in jail or hanging himself."

"No!" said the girl, "there'll be another picture before that. Oh! Can't a good soul in pity give me a bottle of laudanum. I'm of no use to nobody. I am a misery to myself.

Anybody will give me liquor. Nobody will give me what I want—to die this night!"

Blasphemy came in to curse despair. The delirium followed. I went away with the sound of cursing and love making in my ear, the gig still standing at the door.

When I saw the doctor again, after some time; for I had quitted the city during the hot months, I asked him the fate of the girl.

"Died drinking rum!"

"Where's her man?"

"Turned out of the departmen! Loitering along the sunny side of the Avenue, a wretch, a relic!"

In Washington there are several men and partnerships which make the business of lending money to clerks to anticipate their salaries,—shaving the same from thirty to fifty per cent. It is said that these work in collusion with the Dep- ment paymasters.

Gambling as practised in the old days has ceased at the Capital; poker has succeeded it.

Poker is the extreme development of the American speculative character. Poker is the American arena. In former days they constructed coliseums for vast combats upon which a nation could look down. In modern times, coming to the democratic spirit, the game of poker has been invented. That is the American Coliseum. All the struggles between Tiberius Cæsar and the gladiators are reproduced when a man like Hon. S. sits down to try a game of chance, five cards dealt all around, with a table of five. The pack of cards costs forty cents. The Coliseum in our time would cost twenty-five millions. Such is the pure democratic institution."

Said my informant: "Poker is the best test of magnificent character. I have played poker for fifteen years, and I suppose that between the hospitality which the game involves, and the direct losses which stand upon the die of the cards, I have lost fifty thousand dollars. No money which I ever spent gives me less concern than that fifty thousand. There are a

number of first-class men here—bold, brave, cool-headed—who love poker as a pursuit. Bob S., recently appointed to the most important office in the gift of the President, is perhaps the first poker player in the national councils. S.'s power as a poker player lies in his imperturbable look, his love of the game, his boldness to hang on and fight out the chances not only until midnight, but until the morning dawn, his thoroughly regardless way of counting his losses, and his endurance—the game absorbing every sense until it is finished. On the whole, S. is both the most eminent and the most successful poker player of national reputation in America.

In Washington there are few or no gambling houses, but poker is the social statesman's resort. It was different in other days. Old times at Washington showed horse-racing and dueling; later came in common professional gambling on L street and on Sixth. After tolerating these nuisances for many years, on Wednesday, October 26, 1870, Joseph S. Hall's saloon was closed up by Marshal Sharp after a seventeen years course. This was the last notable faro bank in Washington.*

The telegraph has advised you of the murder of McCarty by a rival gambler named Darden, near Willard's Hotel, Washington. These characters belong to the political period, inasmuch as they have moved beneath the surface of Washington society since the time of the war, and have frequently appeared above it.

Darden is a type of the Southern sporting man, heavy, secretive, without social pretension, and in the way of nobody except those who wish to try fortune with him; but, like his kind at the South, he goes armed and is more ready to kill than to quarrel. He has long fluctuated between Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore, keeping the society of sporting capital-

* Henry A. Wise gives in the life of S. S. Prentiss a scene at a public dinner in 1838 where Webster made an inebriate speech on the Union, many weeping in a maudlin way, until a Kentucky member "in a perfect frenzy seized an empty champagne bottle and crying out: "Reform or Revolution! Liberty or Death!" threw it at Webster's head. A faro bank scene in this book illustrates the morals of the time as well.

ists, and generally running a game or a table at one or more of these places. His den in Washington was a few doors from Willard's Hotel, and during the day he might be seen at his door or in the liquor saloons of the vicinity, a florid, quiet, watchful man, of burly size, and with the appearance in his heavy blue eyes of one who kept late hours and drunk deeply. Nature and habit have stamped upon his face and figure the Southern gamester's guise; he is more than 40 years of age, dresses plainly, and his craft is to him a profession—a bad profession, but with its régime of "honor," and to be maintained inside of its condition by "square" conduct.

Jack McCarty, whom Darden killed, was not up to the gambler's mark of manhood, a plausible New Yorker,—young, handsome, and affable,—with the nature of a thief and the address of a gentleman. He wore better clothes than any man in Washington; generally a superfine white overcoat with a black velvet collar, a large and valuable ring, diamond studs, and boots and linen of irreproachable neatness. Kid gloves, and a hat perpetually new, added to this outcast's splendor; his raven hair and moustache called attention from his pale, cowardly eye and white-livered skin. He subsisted upon the proceeds of the shame of fallen women, with whom he lived continually, not as one infatuated, but as one despotic and avaricious. About one square from Darden's gambling house, McCarty kept a brothel, a pair of rickety brick houses, separated by an alley and a gate. It was ostensibly the habitation of McCarty's woman-creature, a person to whom he had once taken a fancy and given this establishment, watching over its management himself meantime, and spending all his nights there, while by day, in elegant attire and profuse with money, he loitered around the Capitol, the Departments, and the hotels, seeking the company of unsuspecting gentlemen whom he eventually decoyed either to this den or to some gaming-table over which he had control. This despicable life, set off with the carriage, the amiable audacity, the dress, and the liberality of a seeming gentleman, was, for a time, so successful that

Jack McCarty could keep the company of Representatives and Senators. During the impeachment trial hundreds of visitors to Washington conversed, walked, and drank with this presumptuous man, whom they do not now confound with the unfriended corpse descended to its gutter with a gambler's bullet in it.

He began in New York, and venturing once to give some impudence to a lottery banker,—the imperious M. C. S.,—was driven bodily out of New York city by bruisers in Stanley's employ. At Washington he put up at W—— Hotel, and fell into the company of guests promiscuously. Too handsome to escape curiosity, he was at last ordered out of the house, but the acquaintanceship he had formed, and his usefulness as a guide and protector in low resorts, kept him above the surface until his decease.

Six months ago some of the gamblers of the city, and some indignant people into whose company McCarty had insinuated himself, had the man arrested for maintaining a house of ill-fame. The sickening details of his daily life were remorselessly revealed; how he abused the female inmates of his den, because they were not more industrious at their calling; and how he kept men of family prisoners there, refusing them liquor to alleviate the relapse from drunkenness, until they signed away check after check, and at last were kicked out beggars. All this, be it remembered, at the central spot of the American Capital, and more or less interwoven with affairs of public business!

McCarty, it is said, blackmailed his former respectable acquaintances to give bond and pay expenses for him in this extremity, and, although found guilty and remanded for sentence, he in some manner escaped and took to the street, full of resentment against Darden and the gamblers of Washington.

One night, within a stone's throw of the dens of both, these dark merchants in the passions and frailties of human kind closed their careers. In hate and violence they rushed furiously together, and the more agile and incensed McCarty

practised the "science" in which he had taken lessons at many a prize fight, upon the head of his older adversary. Speedily the pistol of the Southerner equalized conditions. The one man, with a face gashed and streaming blood, stood a graduated murderer above the tumbled carcass of his enemy, whose miserable soul had not far to descend, so deep in hell had been his birth and his youth. In the rich attire which had always distinguished him, the agony and the death embracing in his handsome face, Jack McCarty went out of infamy by the appropriate door, too base to point a moral or adorn a tale.

We may thank God that some of the old social conditions are gone which made vice take credit to itself. The country contiguous to Washington used to be inhabited by fox hunters and idlers of good family who often used the old churches for their places of rendezvous.

The vengeance of democracy, which has finally been satiated upon the broad estates and great manor houses of the planters, was long anticipated by time upon the established church, and the fate of many of them in Virginia reads like a tale of feudal blasphemy. Of one of these churches, once full of the fashion and vanity of the Easter weeks, the tale was written as long ago as 1838, by Bishop Meade, that it was said by the neighbors not to have been used for the last thirty or forty years. Thus deserted as a house of God, it became a prey to any and every spoiler. An extensive brick wall, which surrounded the church and guarded the graves of the dead, was torn down and used for hearths, chimneys, and other purposes, all the country round. The interior of the house soon sank into decay, and was carried piecemeal away. For many years it was the common receptacle of every beast of the field and fowl of the air. It was used as a granary, stable, a resort for hogs, and everything that chose to shelter there. "Would that I could stop here!" says the chronicler, "but I am too credibly informed that for years it was also used as a distillery of poisonous liquors; and that on the very spot where now the sacred pulpit stands, that vessel was placed in which the

precious fruits of Heaven were concocted and evaporated into a fell poison equally fatal to the souls and bodies of men; while the marble font was circulated from house to house, on every occasion of mirth and folly,—being used to prepare materials for feasting and drunkenness—until at length it was found bruised, battered, and deeply sunk in the cellar of some deserted tavern."

Washington used to develop in the slavery days a strangely faithful, ceremonious, and peculative kind of Statesman's servant.

I saw a venerable negro in his full harness one day in 1868 at the house of an official. He had waited upon no end of great people from the era of Monroe down. He knew me as a visitor merely, at the house of his "boss." The boss went out, temporarily.

"Gath," he said, "get into a talk with Cassius. He's clever as you make 'em. Take him on the sober side!"

"Come in! Cassius. Cassius, I would like to have a little private talk with you. Do you know my business?"

"Yas, sir! you write for the papers and things!"

"That's what's the matter! It is in your power, Cassius, to be of great service to your race and mine. You can do this by telling me the truth. I know that you are a shrewd man; you have saved some money; you have political frames of mind. All your life is not a monkey-life, as most people believe. The problem of the black race which troubles us, even now that you are free, will trouble you and us much longer, unless we understand each other. You are a salaried liar, Cassius! You dodge and skulk for your master, swear he is not home, keep away 'bores,' 'bag' cigars at his parties. I have watched you. You are a Washington servant, no worse than many other grades of white politicians. It is a low life, Cassius!"

"Mr. Gath," said Cassius, "you're severe!"

"Am I right?"

"You ben lookin' at me, sah!"

"Now, come! what are you colored people up to?"

"Mr. Gath," said Cassius, "de laws of human nature are

juss de same! Skins may differ, as de poet says, but affection or human nature never waries. For de lass twenty years de culled people of de Destreek have had ringleaders—intelligent men, who keep 'em adwised. I was one of 'em. We chieftains could read, and we did read. We consulted. We found foce (force) was out ob de question. We so adwised our people. But we saw that de Norf and Souf must go to war some day, and it was plain dat in some way we could get mixed up in de war. As to end ob dat war our hearts was troubled. We thought de Southern man would win. He was de fighting jackall.

"It proved contrariwise. But it was so ordered dat de black man's help was necessary. Dat necessity, sar, saved us, brought us out, and we air now on our pins.

"Mr. Gath, dere are mo' culled people going to school now in de Destreek dan whites. In no cullud quarter nor family is dere objection to schools. All is enthusiasm; de same cannot be said of Berks county, Pennsylwaney, and some oder white destreeks. Dere never was a people dat hungered and fursted for education like de American citizens of African descent.

"Mr. Gath, we're savin' money. De money-puss controls. Dere are some tolabul rich men in de Destreeck.

"Sar, we know what is impossible. As to socially pushin' among white folks, it is not congenial to either color. As to marryin' into 'em, where is de use? A good mahogany face. is to my mine de color ob de gole-paved streets. We can't prevent licentiousness altogether. Neither can you. Nature draws de dividin' line between de colors. Sometimes a nasty imagination will cross it from boff sides.

"Lassly, sar, it wouldn't improve your idee ob my sagacity to say dat I took cigars and brandy from my boss. Consider, sar, dat I don't do it. But, if you want to pursue dese questions in social science furder, come to my house of a Sunday, and I will give you a cigar quite as good as de boss's, and perhaps, by accident, de identical brand! De Lord dat created men wid inalienable rights, give 'em, also inalienable perquisites."

Another vice of the old by-gone days in Washington was dirt. This was, probably, the cause of the celebrated National Hotel disease in Washington in the year 1856, whereby President Buchanan and many public men were made seriously ill, and several lingering diseases and deaths ensued.

Returning from the city to Capitol Hill one night, I encountered a celebrated hotel clerk, by name Unsworth, who gave me some news *apropos* of this disease:

"Benson's dead!"

This Benson was the proprietor of the National Hotel, and he was a man from Delaware, hailing from the state capital of Dover, who migrated to Philadelphia, to Atlantic City, and, finally to Washington, keeping, generally, large caravanseries, so that his death affected, paragraphically, many thousand people who had execrated his coffee, praised his Indian slappers, and left carpet-bags in lieu of unpaid board bills upon his premises.

Benson was dead, and what a savory flavor arises about the memory of the man who has for many years sustained a big tavern in a thoroughfare city. He has been hospitable to ungrateful millions, and they remember him not, except for lingering dyspepsias which he presented to them as his business card. When the great day of judgment comes, and they call the name of certain among hotel keepers, there will be a stir and a sensation, and perhaps apprehensions about the resurrection of the body, of which they were so great afflicters. Taverns seem to have changed very little since the beginning of the Christian era. With Benson's death in our mind, the keeper of a vast gravy-table, and a honeycomb of cheap bedchambers in a political city, how easy it is to make a secular conception of the Inn at Bethlehem, where there was "no room" for the poor carpenter and his wife. You can see it all: the property-holders going up to be numbered by the Internal Revenue Officers; hackmen with camels at the front door, flourishing whip-handles; the gorgeous hotel clerk with a pen behind his ear, snubbing Joseph, and the poor carpenter turning about to say in sore spirits:

"There is no room for us in the inn!"

History repeats itself! Clad in a little brief authority, the hotel clerk was probably the same being in the first as in the nineteenth century. Benson's death has always been a large matter whenever a tavern-keeper died.

But this Benson kept the National Hotel—the place where the mysterious disease raged about the period of James Buchanan's inauguration, but not while Benson was proprietor. Many persons are supposed to have died with this disease, and others retained the seeds of it through suffering years, some of which latter class live yet, unconscious of the cause of their pain. All sorts of theories prevail with regard to this local epidemic—or, to speak correctly, this *endemic*—a popular one being that it was occasioned by pro-slavery demons, who poisoned the food or cisterns in order to kill Buchanan, and throw the government into the hands of Breckinridge; but this theory, I apprehend, never obtained credit with philosophic people.

I replied to my informant, when he said that Benson was dead, by saying:

"I wonder if anybody ever guessed what made the disease at the National?"

"I know!" said Unsworth. "I was the superintendent of the wine-room there at the time, and a few weeks previously had been superintendent of the whole house.

"You see, Guy, of Baltimore, came down here, resolved to make the National the best hotel, for table accommodations, in the country. I was employed at $75 a month to keep the wine-room. Guy paid good wages, and kept perhaps three hundred persons employed about the place. As long as he was himself, the hotel equaled his expectations; the bill of fare was one of the best and largest ever seen in America; and the National did the great business of the Capital. That was the reason Buchanan and so many leading people stopped there."

"Well! Guy took to drinking, and was on the eve of losing

his mind, as he afterward did lose it, entirely; and, seeing that he would soon be unable to attend to the place, he came to me and asked me to exercise general superintendence till he was well enough to make other arrangements. This I did, out of regard for him, although I was quite disabled by the work I had to do. The hotel gradually lost its system and order, changed proprietors, and a person from the North came on to be the superintendent. He resolved to reduce expenses, and had me muster the waiters, and others, to discharge the superfluous, and to cut down the wages of those retained. The first thing he did was to cut off the seven waiters whom I employed for no other purpose than to clean the filth and waste from the lower part of the building.

"You can have no conception of the amount of offal, and corruptible matter which accumulates in the larders, kitchens, and sewers of a large hotel. The National, in particular, is an old, soggy, rotten house, stuffed with dead rats, pierced beneath with a complex system of sewerage, and the slope thereabout is slight, so that the refuse in the sewers cannot run off easily. Hence, it makes vapors and odors, which escape, generally speaking, through the valves and taps at the street curb-stones.

"At and before the time of the National Hotel disease, two things happened to make all the gases and vapors ascend by night directly up into, and through the house. First, the people in the neighborhood complained of stench, and headaches arising from the open sewers, and the authorities of the city had all the valves capped. Secondly, the force was taken off which had been used to clean the basement every night, and, in a little while, the bottom of the house was like a graveyard, filled with decaying bones, carcasses, and offal.

"It was a very mild winter, and, as long as the nights kept cold, nobody was affected; but, in the warm weather, the vile air, like a mist of stench, climbed up the corridors, and went rambling about the house. People would come to breakfast in the morning and be seized with diarrhea, which would prey

upon them. The rumor of the disease filled everybody with fright. The head cook, a Frenchman, came to me and said:

"What is ze mattare, Meester Unswort? zey say I poison ze people. I do not know nothing about it at all. What is zis? *Mon Dieu*, will you tell me!'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I'll tell you.'

"I took him to the basement, and told him to lean over one of the valves, while I lifted the cap. He drew a single breath and fell as if I had knocked him down.

"Nobody who slept out of the house took the disease. I got my meals there, and slept out, after I discovered the symptoms. And I escaped the disease."

This I suppose to have been the true matter with this ancient hostelry: untimely economy, and the march of dirt. It is the property of one of the Calverts, descendants of a Lord Baltimore, and it is now alleged that he means to erect upon the old site, the largest hotel edifice in the country. In this old rookery died Henry Clay.

To refer to "the worst of Washington" without saying something of the demoralization slavery inflicted upon the place, would be to own its cause for effect.

Slavery preceded the District, but its penalties were tightened by the growing antagonism to it.

In 1827, a committee of Congress reported that the legal presumption was that persons of color going at large in the District, without any evidences of their freedom, are absconding slaves. The testimony of no free negro or mulatto, was received as evidence in the District. "The Capital," says Henry Wilson, "early became a great slave mart. There grew up a race of official and unofficial man-hunters, greedy, active, dexterous; ever ready by falsehood, trickery and violence, to clutch the black man who carried not with him his title to freedom." In 1816, John Randolph moved the appointment of a Committee to consider the expediency of putting an end to the slave trade in the District. Judge Morrall also charged the Grand-jury that "the frequency with which the streets of

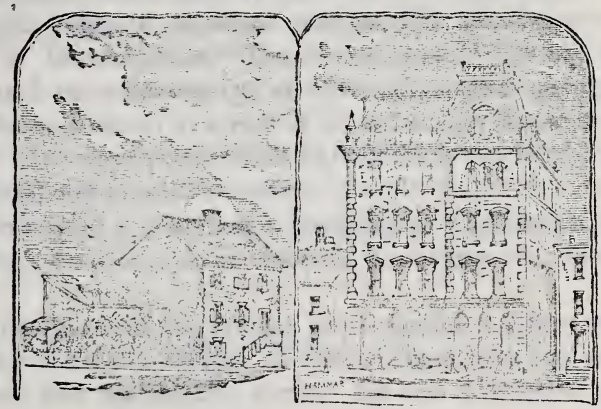
the city had been crowded with manacled captives, sometimes on the Sabbath, could not fail to shock the feelings of all humane persons." The Washington *Spectator* in 1830, denounced processions of negroes hand-cuffed and chained in pairs, moving through the streets. Nevertheless, slave-traders were licensed by the City Corporations for the paltry sum of four hundred dollars, and in 1836 it was enacted that any free colored person at large after 10 o'clock at night, should go to jail. The malicious zeal of the Washington and Georgetown authorities to oppress free negroes, and serve the interests of slave-holders led to a counter feeling, and a strong anti-slavery spirit grew up which was helped by some outrages committed on white visitors who patronized the Northern anti-slavery papers. Petitions against slavery were poured in upon Congress, and many strong scenes happened in the Capital. Mr. Rhett of South Carolina, on one occasion significantly calling upon the entire delegation from all the slave-holding states to retire from the Hall of Representatives and to meet in the room of the Committee on the District of Columbia.

As early as 1829 a convention for the Abolition of Slavery met at Washington, and about 1835 Benjamin Lundy established there his paper, called "The Genius of Universal Emancipation", thereby forestalling Garrison who had designed to print "The Liberator" at the Capital. Mr. Lundy, who was the Peter the Hermit of "the agitation," got nearly a thousand names to a memorial against slavery which was presented in Congress by the people of the District. I have recently found a copy of this memorial, which relates amongst other things, that a free colored man had been arrested on suspicion of being a runaway, and although nobody claimed him he was sold for life by the District authorities for the payment of his jail fees and sent by a slave buyer to Louisiana. "We blush for our country," say the petitioners," while we relate this disgraceful transaction.

In 1835 that persevering apostle, Lundy, established at the Capital his paper called "The Genius of Universal Emancipation."

The corporation of Georgetown in 1832 made it penal for any free person of color to take "The Liberator" from the Post-Office, and non-payment of the fine involved sale into slavery.

In 1816 the American Colonization Society had been organized at Washington and it was for forty years the social opponent of the Abolition Society, standing upon national and orthodox ground and requiring no better opposition than the excesses of speech and the heterodoxy of religion and the denunciation of the Union by the Anti-Slavery leaders. The fine edifice of this Society still stands on Pennsylvania Avenue, but its utility is for the present over.



COLUMBIA SLAVE PEN. FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS BANKS.

The slave pen or jail of the District of Columbia was a small two story brick house with an attachment like a kitchen which contained two barred windows. It was a more modest and more innocent looking structure than the celebrated slave pen at Alexandria which was gutted out during the war. The sources of supply for the District trade were the large plantations in the old adjacent parts of Maryland where the land was so exhausted that it hardly gave sustenance, while meantime the proprietors hunted, fed, and frollicked just as in better days and found the most spontaneous and reliable of their resources to be the increase and marketableness of dusky hu-

man nature. It was not uncommon as well for Congressmen, Bureau officers, and the loitering gentry of Washington to so embarrass themselves at the gaming tables as to be obliged to sell their body servants. The demand for slaves was such in the South that slave buyers were as widely ubiquitous and vigilant in the streets as horse jockeys. They dressed in such a manner as to be known to everybody, and were apprized of the straits, needs, and temptations of everybody holding a slave. In 1850 there were about 3,700 slaves in the District and three free negroes to each slave, but in Maryland there were more than 90,000 slaves.

Slavery languished along in the District of Columbia until April, 1862, when it perished nine months in advance of the Act of Emancipation. The Senate passed the bill for compensated emancipation (at an allowance in the aggregate of $300 for each slave) by a vote of 29 to 14; the House stood 92 to 39. The appropriation was $1,000,000 to pay loyal owners and $100,000 to colonize slaves.

Drunkenness of a gross sort is declining in Washington, but we have had many notable instances of its ravages even in our day.

When the juices of the rye get possession of a clever man they make a lunatic asylum of him. There was one man here whose face looked like death. He was a Senator and man of past prominence. He came to Washington a drunkard, known to be such, I suspect, to the people of his State. Much was expected of him, and he began fairly. But rye whiskey flows straight toward a man's moral courage, like a wrecker that first puts out the lighthouse lamp. Being drunk half the time he sub-divided the drunken half into licentiousness and gambling, while the sober half was classified into remorse and soda water. Once he joined the Congressional Temperance Society, and like a poor weak will, outlived all self-denial, he became an Apostle before he had got quite sober. He made a speech of such fervid good intentions that you could smell the liquor in them. Nature means to let no man

make capital either in vanity or enthusiasm out of her broken commandments, and she struck down this vaunter of a temperance he had not yet begun to live, like St. Paul smitten from his horse. He read his poor wife's glad gratulations aloud, throwing his hearth open to the crowd, and went down from applause to stupor, treating his good intentions. A few weeks ago he went upon a long debauch of the lowest sort, leaving his family in despair. His State delegation compelled him to come to the impeachment trial under threat of procuring his expulsion. There he sits among his recollections, still drinking to keep alive. His complexion is saffron; the ligaments of his cheeks are seen through the skin; his hair is as dry as if its oils were burnt out with alcohol; his "lack-lustre dead blue eye" shows like melted glass. The papers from everywhere come to him with upbraidings. He cannot see nor reason sanely upon himself, but, sitting in the Senate, beguiles the time with reminiscences of that Cyprian, who, jealous of the rare prize of a Senator, sits yonder in the gallery now, looking upon him with a smile in her heart.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAND OFFICE AND ITS REVOLUTIONS.

Senator Carl Schurz, whom nobody will deny to be a pure, educated, and traveled gentleman, expressed, in the American Senate, in 1871, the well-accredited belief amongst the people, that politics as it is must be congenial only to knaves.

Schurz's original and quoted charges at that time were that "office brokerages" existed here; that Bishop Hughes formerly had one Livingstone kept over two administrations as Appraiser at New York, at a loss of two millions a month; that Grant had, in seven days, appointed one man, through successive rejections, to five offices; that Colonel Murphy has had fifteen hundred applications for office; that John Morissey had put a man in the Treasury Department in a picked place; that in the New York Custom House it is the rule and not the exception to take bribes; that five Collectors of San Francisco have been defaulters; that from twelve millions to twenty-five millions of dollars are lost annually by frauds in the New York Custom House; that every change of Collector of the Port there costs the country ten million of dollars through confusion and disorder; that in one judicial district there had been three changes of United States Attorney in two years, and that these three were now defending criminals they prosecuted while in office, "with all the secrets of the Government in their possession;" that "rings" existed in the Departments to keep down the quotum of work per diem,—benefit associa-

tions in the interest of the lazy; that Senators are in the habit of recommending men to office and then privately writing letters against them; that Secretaries are threatened by Congressmen with voting against their appropriations unless their men are rewarded. Schurz put this question, and answered it mildly:

"'Can a Congressman, under the present system be entirely innocent?' That question has been addressed to me by an intelligent observer, and my first impulse was at once to say, 'certainly he can.' Yes, I believe he can; but I declare, sir, when you survey the whole field, when you study the influences of the present system upon the frailties of human nature, you will admit that it is exceedingly difficult for him to be so. The system is a hot-bed of that peculiar kind of corruption which is the more dangerous as it does not appear in the palpable, gross, and unequivocal form of money, but appears in the seductive shape sometimes of an apparently honorable political or personal obligation. It insinuates itself like a subtle poison into those crevices of the human conscience which are opened by the expansion of generous feelings."

Schurz referred to Lincoln's saying: "We have mastered the rebellion, but this office-begging army will, in time, become more formidable in time than the rebellion itself."

This speech of Senator Schurz cannot be condensed here, being in itself a dense condensation of evils. Nobody objected to it, except some of the old reprobates of politics, who lie, like dead nerves in the head of the government, insensible to anything. No man can read it and expect, afterward, to see reform and decency under our present system any more than there can be happiness in a family where the women are wantons and the men rob. Schurz proposed a Civil Service Board of nine Commissioners, who shall divide the country into territorial districts and hold examinations periodically. The President shall nominate and the Senate confirm them; the only appointments exempt from the examination shall be

Cabinet and foreign Ministers, Judges and clerks of the courts, and officers of Congress.

Since that time we have had a fancied Civil Service, apparently intended to bring the reform into contempt, and to head off such speeches as the above.

Both houses of Congress may be said, without scandal, to contain a very considerable minority of corrupt men. Of their working majority a comparatively small portion comes under the head of constant and steady jobbers ; but in each of the big committees these same professional advocates of jobbery have prominent places, and they balance in influence all the rest of Congress. Such men have, from time to time, thrown a little piece of spoil into the way of some more scrupulous colleague or friend on the floor, and the scrupulous man is in more distress lest that one *peccadillo* may come out than the full-blooded jobber about all his villiany. This was a part of the situation in 1873.

A long recess takes place between the 4th of March and the following December. During that interim the public press will have the calmest opportunity to make a grand inquest of the nation upon the hundred or more great corruptions which equal the *Crédit Mobilier* in venality. Although the Congress to come contains a large proportion of jobbers, many of these will probably find their occupation gone, because the land-grant system has no legs to stand upon any longer. A change of the officers of the House of Representatives will accomplish a good purpose ; and one of these, namely, Bill King, of Minnesota, a notorious lobbyist, and the Postmaster of the House, has voluntarily taken himself out of the way, having secured an enormous contract on the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose bill he helped to pass.

Another officer of the house, Sergeant-at-Arms Ordway, of New Hampshire, whose office has been a bank of deposit for Oakes Ames and other schemers, proposes with diminished chances, to make another run, and he is said to rely upon the power which he holds over certain members, whose financial

transactions he is said to have control of. To Ordway will be opposed Jee Dwyer, a henchman of the Delano clique, and this selection will be out of the frying pan into the fire. While there are several excellent officers on the House side, attentive and industrious, particularly in the document rooms and the folding rooms, at the same time the doorkeeper's department and part of the clerk's department and a majority of the committee clerks have touched the silver of the schemers, and wait for each new session to come about to lay by an unearned penny.

The Ways and Means and the Appropriations Committee, and two or three other important committees are esquired by men who know the full value of a wink or a word, and of whom it will be impossible to expect anything better. It ought to be the rule that a chairman of committee is to be judged by the character of his clerk as well as by his own ; for the clerk is the officer of the watch, and if he hold over from Congress to Congress he will obtain, with ordinary method, the run of the Committee. The clerk lately before the Ways and Means Committee, on the charge of having offered his services to a brokers' combination for $500 a month, and $5,000 when the bill in purchase passed, used to be so indispensable to General Schenck that when Schenck put through his bills he would have the man by his side to compute for him and supply points and figures.

The office of Speaker is so exceedingly powerful that the caucus fashion of naming the man has come to be of very doubtful propriety. We can see now that it was not until Schuyler Colfax had left the chair altogether and retired from the House that his little acts of consideration for envelope-makers, shovel makers, iron makers, express companies, &c., were found out. Without a perfectly high-minded Speaker and absolutely honest men at the heads of the four or five leading committees all legislation will inevitably be diseased.

Apprehensive that their misdeeds cannot be hidden much longer, a great many members and Senators are now making

the point, through their political organs, that a public man has a perfect right to own railroad stocks, &c. If this point be admitted the tone of Congressional life would at once be set ten degrees lower than heretofore ; for up to this time it has been to such an extent dishonorable to hold stock in affairs requiring recognition of any kind from Congress, that men like Mr. Colfax made a profound secret of their investments under this head.

Among the schemes which need perfect ventilation as soon as the coming Congress meets, are the whole series of Iowa Railroads, the passage of the additional subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the passage of the Texas Pacific bill, the facts under which such railroads as the Cairo and Fulton had their land grants extended, the combinations which exist to force the railways on the border of the Indian Territory through that region and extort land grants at the expense of the civilized Indian, and also the manner of building the Central Pacific Railroad, and the sums of money which it has paid to Senators from California and Nevada, and perhaps from some of the Eastern States.

From this list of jobs it will be seen that the matter of subsidies in lands and moneys has involved the major portion of public corruption. There are two States of the West in which the land-grant system has wrought complete demoralization of political sentiment, and captured the press, the Legislature, and finally, the Land Office at Washington city.

Prior to the time of the building of the Pacific Railway, measures were made to open railways across Iowa as feeders of the great overland line. From Council Bluffs to Dubuque, from Sioux City to Burlington, the public men of Iowa were brought into accord with these railroad enterprises, the money for the same being to a considerable degree supplied by Oakes Ames, Samuel Hooper, and Eastern capitalists, until finally the railroad interest brought a man from Iowa to preside over their land affairs in Washington, and the belief is a growing one

here, that the Land Commissioner is nearly as much of a railroad instrumentality as Hubbard, or Allison, or Wilson, or Harlan.

Meantime the State of Kansas found its way into land swindling through the Kansas Pacific Railroad, whose attorneys afterwards occupied the same relation to the Northern Pacific Railroad. The State of Kansas has suffered even more than Iowa from railroad rapacity and corruption, and the horrible sensations aroused by Caldwell's and Pomeroy's elections were the legitimate deductions of the Kansas Pacific corruption and three or four other railroad jobs in the bleeding State. It ought to be out of the power of any caucus or party organization to bridge the present excitement over by any mere recess. The next Congress will be called upon to take the positive step of disbanding some of these railway companies and confiscating the property they have acquired from the Government, unless meantime some one of these bloated corporations should fail of its own rottenness or absurdity, and so precipitate a general panic in wild-cat railway securities. The like view is entertained by some shrewd observers, who have indicated one of the great new roads of the West as probably destined to collapse. Many critics believe that some wholesome panic or calamity of this kind is essential to purify legislation and bring Congress back to some modest and careful principles of government. The bounteous and profligate spirit of the old Federal party, which took advantage of the earnestness of the country at the outbreak of the war, has clutched it ever since, like a horse leech, and must be chastised if we are to have any comprehensible institutions and preserve the character of the Republic.

President Grant, who is not a politician, has been led into endorsement of such schemes as the James and Kanawha Canal and the Tennessee and Coosa Canal Company. It is well known in this city that both of these enterprises are in the hands of two or three unscrupulous claim agents, some of whom were formerly renegade office-holders, and their scheme

of securing an endorsement of bonds merely means a grand wholesale steal, and the distribution of the largest part of the plunder around Washington city. Washington itself has been transformed into a depot for claim, county, subsidy, and experimental attorneys who reside here permanently, are numbered by hundreds, and have been recently recruited by some of the most learned legal prostitutes in the United States. These people make a corrupt atmosphere about the Capitol, and through the departments and other influences extend to what is called "Washington society," which during the past Winter has been at the same time unusually brilliant and equally hollow and corrupt. Women have come to adopt the business of jobbing agents, and many of these, with the consent of their husbands, use society to obtain an influence over public life, which is rapidly undermining the whole fabric of public spiritedness and statesmanliness. It is not an uncommon thing to walk around Washington and have this or that house pointed out as the proceeds of a jobbing intrigue, where the successful attorney or conspirator entrenches himself, or herself, as a durable feature in social life, and must pursue the same line of business hereafter in order to support the extravagance of the social establishment.

Not even the Courts of Justice have escaped contamination, for the lobbies of those Courts approach in dishonesty the lobbies of the Capitol. This remark is not confined to any particular Court, it embraces the commissions as well as the Courts, and has taken the form even of international scandal. Crude, open lobbyists, in the yearly pay of great railways, are admitted to the tables of people considered to be of the highest social consequence, where can be heard descriptions of last night's game of poker, of the shrewd tricks played upon verdant heads of Bureaux, and jests are freely made between men and women upon the success of their neighbors and acquaintances in operations scandalous to good morals and true patriotism. The Crédit Mobilier exposures were requisite to show that not even the lobby was perfectly aware of the height to which ras-

cality had reached during the last ten years of almost universal speculation.

The Land Office records show that about 180,000 square miles of the best land in the public domain have already been promised away to private corporations, equal in extent to the six great Western States, which are to be represented in the next Congress by twelve Senators and sixty Representatives.

While the Pennsylvania Railroad is alleged to control, directly or indirectly, in the present or prospectively, above 12,000 miles of road, which represent above $500,000,000 of stock, the Central Pacific Company of California threatens to become the sole carrier for all that coast, and the Union Pacific Railroad must inevitably fall into its hands, unless anticipated by the Pennsylvania road, which may undertake to build from Salt Lake to the Western coast. These enormous operations in land and railways, inevitably concentrate in time into a very few hands, and the Central Pacific may be said to be the personal property at present of only four or five persons. Corrupt bankers, corrupt manufacturers of iron, and corrupt railroad speculators divide equally in these schemes, and the bonds precipitated upon the domestic and foreign market by the stimulation of the land-grant system make a perpetual carousal at the Capital City, where a portion of the plunder is divided and the extravagance of social life widened. Amid such vast speculativeness the integrity of parties has been blotted out, and for years past a portion of the democrats have shared with the republicans in plunder of all sorts. These democratic plunderers may be traced into almost all the States, to Kentucky and Wisconsin, to New York and Indiana, to Missouri and to Alabama. The National Convention is a mere farce, manipulated by these jobbers, who undermine both parties; and it appears probable, from recent developments, that the Louisville Convention of Bourbons, as well as the Baltimore Convention of liberal Democrats, were both controlled by agents or principals in railway swindling.

I propose to make a portion of this description plain by

detailing some of the railroad operations which apparently emanate from Iowa, and are traced to the Land Office in this city.

It has been a frequent boast among railroad men and their agents, that both Secretary Delano and Commissioner Drummond were put in their present position through railroad influence, because that interest was determined to control the Interior Department so long as a single land grant remained unadjusted. It was known that they were both more or less connected with railroad enterprises, and the railroad interest had confidence in them, and used its influence to secure their appointment. The opposition to Secretary Cox, which ultimately resulted in his resignation, is said to have come from the same quarter. Repeated efforts were made to manipulate him in their interest, but in vain. Hence, they determined to get him out of the way. His action in the McGarrahan case was a mere accident, and perhaps pretext to cover the conspiracy which had already virtually secured his removal.

Whether it was a vain boast of the railroad men that they would control the Department needs no answer to those who are acquainted with the administration of the affairs of the General Land Office since Delano and Drummond were placed in charge. It would seem that nothing has been wanting that was calculated to make good their prophecy. No demand made by a railroad company is denied, be it ever so absurd and unlawful. Their agents and attorneys have full sweep of the Department, with free access to its files and records, while the attorneys for settlers are inconveniently restricted in the privileges of the office. The utmost diligence is used to despatch the business of the railroad companies, although the business of the settlers arising under the Homestead and Preemption laws, is more than a year behind.

Willis Drummond is a man of about forty-three years of age, of a tall, somewhat slender figure, probably six feet in height, with black hair, full black whiskers and mustache closely cropped, and a pair of roving black eyes, which denote a person of sagac-

ity rather than of wisdom. He has a dark complexion and irregular features, which make up the *ensemble* of a face that would hardly attract the gaze of the poet. A person of slow perceptions, he is the slave of strong prejudices, and withal so obstinate as to suggest the stubbornness of the bull that will not get out of the way of the locomotive. After a service of several years as Commissioner, he has not acquired even a tolerable knowledge of the public land system. As a consequence, he is compelled to rely almost wholly upon his heads of divisions, and when they take a position he fights their battles, whether right or wrong, and usually succeeds, by dint of perseverance and unyielding doggedness, in sustaining them. He is, therefore, well calculated to perform the service required of him by those who put him in position. It is said that he served in the army during the rebellion, rising to the rank of major, after which he settled at McGregor's Landing, on the Mississippi River in Iowa, and entered upon the practice of law. Mixing himself up with politics, he drifted into the position of Supervisor of Internal Revenue, in one of the districts of that State. He became also a director of the McGregor and Western Railroad, which brought him prominently into the notice of such men as James F. Wilson, W. B. Allison and others of the Iowa land grant speculators, who recognized in him qualities that eminently fitted him for the style of Land Commissioner they were seeking.

It is to be noted that by far the largest part of the mischief wrought in the Departments by the railroad interest was the work of this meddlesome, active, and corrupt nest of Iowa politicians.

By an act passed in 1856, donating lands to that State to aid in the construction of railroads, four lines of road were authorized. In view of the fraud and corruption that have grown out of this subsidy, it becomes, at this late day, a serious question whether it was not a curse, both local and national, rather than a blessing. These are the railroad fellows who have their grip upon the vitals of the Interior Department, and whose agents boastingly declare the act.

One of the first acts of the Delano-Drummond *régime* favorable to this interest was the re-opening of the claim made by the Burlington and Missouri Railroad Company, one of the four roads above referred to, which claim had been settled adversely by Secretary Browning. The decision of the latter, having reversed that of his predecessor, Mr. Harlan, was concurred in by Secretary Cox. Nevertheless, Mr. Delano reinstated Harlan's decision giving to the company named a million of acres not granted by Congress. A narrative of some of the antics of Mr. Drummond in connection with this case may serve to illustrate how strongly the railroad companies are entrenched in the General Land Office. This will involve an account of the vicissitudes of a newspaper correspondent in that office, while there seeking information for the benefit of the public. He has stumbled upon the trail of the Burlington job, and proceeded to work it up as rapidly as possible, in order to prevent the consummation of the scheme in Congress. His letter was published in one of the leading New York papers in December, 1871, and it fell like a thunderbolt among the railroaders in and about the Land office. Their game was up for the time being. Although their bill was prepared to confirm to the company title of the land involved in Delano's decision, yet it would never do to present it to Congress until the storm had passed away. Then there was hurrying to and fro, and diligent search in spying out the recreant clerk who had given out the information. If there was a traitor in the camp his head must come off, and that quickly; for otherwise there could be no safety in pursuing their unlawful schemes. A day after the appearance of the obnoxious article the following order was posted on the doors of the General Land Office:—

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 1, 1871.

It is ordered that attorneys and other agents be prohibited from examining papers and files in the custody of clerks, or from conversing with the clerks in regard to claims or cases in their hands for examination or other

official action, without written leave or direction from the Secretary or Assistant Secretary of the Interior, or the head of the proper bureau; and that if any attorney or agent shall hereafter violate this order, all further official communication with him shall be suspended.

The clerks and employés are prohibited from giving information to any one in relation to the business of the Department, or any of its bureaux, or of the condition or progress of any claim or case, unless instructed to do so by the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary, or the head of the proper bureau; and any violation of this order will subject the offender to immediate dismissal.

COLUMBUS DELANO, Secretary.

One trick of this circular is in its date. It was posted on the day following the publication—namely, December 19,—but dated back the 1st of the month, so that it would not appear to have been occasioned by the exposure.

The order has been rigidly enforced against all but railroad attorneys. About the time it first appeared the correspondent referred to asked for permission to see the papers in the Burlington case, which was freely given, for he was not suspected of being the author of the offensive article. During the past Summer, in order to refresh his memory and for the purpose of examining a paper which he had not seen on the first occasion, he called upon the Commissioner, and the following conversation occurred:

Correspondent: Dr. Drummond, I understand that before Secretary Delano rendered his decision sustaining the claim of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company to lands outside of the limit of their grant in Nebraska, he wrote a letter to Judge Hoar, requesting that gentleman's opinion as to the proper construction of the grant made to that company in the act of July 2, 1864, and that Judge Hoar, in response, gave his opinion, which is on file, with the papers in the case. If you please, I would like to see the document.

Commissioner (with a greatly perplexed air): For what purpose do you wish to see it?

Correspondent: I wish to satisfy myself upon some points in question relating to the Secretary's decision.

This was going directly to business. The Commissioner knew his refusal to show the document would be placing a weapon in the hands of his antagonist which might be used with considerable effect, and that on the other hand he would be little better off after allowing the paper to be scrutinized.

Commissioner (hesitatingly): I don't think the papers are in this office; I think they are in the Secretary's office.

Correspondent: I was under the impression that after the case was settled by Mr. Delano's decision the papers were sent to your office, which I understand to be the proper place to file them.

Commissioner: I will see where they are.

A messenger was sent for the head clerk of the railroad division, who had custody of the papers, but that clerk was reported absent, whereupon the Commissioner suggested that the correspondent call at another time. Agreeably with the suggestion he presented himself on the following day, apparently to the annoyance of the Commissioner, who, nevertheless, summoned a clerk, and after a whispered conference, said, "The papers are in the Secretary's office, and I have no doubt he will let you see them."

Wending his way to that part of the building in which the Secretary's office is located, the correspondent entered the room of Mr. Sturgis, who has charge of the railroad branch of the Secretary's office.

Correspondent: Mr. Sturgis, Commissioner Drummond tells me that you have the papers in the Burlington case, and that you will let me see them.

Mr. Sturgis: Are you an attorney in the case, sir?

Correspondent: No, sir; I write for the press.

Mr. Sturgis: Ah! What is the name? I see I shall have to speak with the Secretary.

A card was given and Mr. Sturgis disappeared. After a short absence he returned and indicated that permission had been given by turning to the files and affecting to search for the papers. His search was soon brought to an abrupt close

in a manner which might indicate anything but a disposition to produce the papers. He said that he was ignorant of their whereabouts, but that his assistant, who was then absent, could no doubt lay his hands upon them, and that, "if you will call again, I will try and have them for you."

Not to be baffled by weariness of these delays, the correspondent presented himself promptly on the following morning, when he was told by Mr. Sturgis that the papers were in the Commissioner's possession. Returning to the room of the latter, the following ensued:—

Correspondent: For two days, Mr. Commissioner, I have been vainly striving to get sight of Judge Hoar's opinion. Upon my first application you said that the clerk who had charge of it was absent. I called again yesterday and was told by you that the Secretary had the papers. I am here now for the third time, with information that you have them.

Commissioner: These papers emanated from the Secretary and are not a part of the records of my office. I do not feel authorized to show them without the Secretary's permission.

Correspondent: Permit me to remind you, Mr. Drummond, that when, some months ago, I asked permission to examine the papers, so far from raising the objection of the want of authority, you promptly and freely accorded me the privilege. This decision gives away public lands valued at five million dollars. Certainly you will not deny the right of the people to know upon what grounds their property has been disposed of?

Commissioner (excitedly): I have nothing to do with it. I did not make the decision. I still say I do not feel at liberty to show you the papers without the consent of the Secretary.

Correspondent: Very well; I will try to obtain his consent.

Retracing his steps to the room of Mr. Sturgis. Correspondent: Mr. Sturgis, the Commissioner says that the papers are not technically a part of the records of his office, and that he has no authority to show them to me without an order from the Secretary.

Mr. Sturgis: Oh, tut! tut! the Commissioner must paddle

his own canoe. The papers belong to his office now, and we are not responsible. If any trouble grows out of his showing you the papers he must bear the onus.

Another trip through the long corridors brought the correspondent again to the Commissioner's room. When he entered Mr. Drummond was engaged with others, and endeavored to escape the crisis by attending to everything and to the business of everybody else that would serve as an excuse to delay the production of the much-sought-for document. In this way nearly two hours passed, half of that time being consumed in hearing arguments *pro* and *con* in a contested case. After the office had been cleared the Commissioner, turning about, faced his untiring persecutor with a frenzied grin, which seemed to say, "Curse the villain!" The latter sat upon a sofa near by with a face expressive of the most profound resignation.

Correspondent (laughing): Mr. Sturgis says that you must paddle your own canoe—that his office disclaims all responsibility.

Commissioner (immeasurably perplexed): Well. you only want to look at them, do you?

Correspondent: That is all I have asked for, sir.

The clerk was then summoned and directed to snow the paper, but received special instructions not to permit a copy to be taken. So, through the trickery and bad faith of Commissioner Drummond, the better part of three days was expended in the effort to see a paper that should be open to inspection at all times.

As already stated, the above order is a dead letter so far as the railroad attorneys are concerned, but is rigidly enforced against all others. The same correspondent states that on one occasion, while he was engaged writing in the General Land Office, he saw attorneys for settlers enter the room, each presenting to the head clerk his written permission, describing the papers he wished to see, and then taking his seat at the table and waiting until they were brought to him, not being permitted to handle the files nor molest the cases containing

the records. On the other hand, he saw railroad attorneys and agents enter the room, and, without passes, select from the files such papers as they wanted and examine *ad libitum* the records of the office without being questioned. The Washington agent for the Iowa railroad is Mr. William T. Steiger, an eccentric old philosopher, having an odd theory as to the instability of the earth's crust, together with an ingenious crustometer, the product of his own invention, by which he demonstrates that Washington City is sometimes shoved into blue ether 1,200 feet above its normal altitude. Until recently he has occupied a room in the Interior Department, assigned to him as an office. His business is to see that the settlers get as little land as possible.

He may be seen in the bookkeeper's division, spying out defects in the entries of poor, ignorant people, who have been unfortunate enough to settle within railroad limits, and causing them to be slaughtered like sheep by the unwilling pen of the canceling clerk, so that their land may inure to the railroad grant under a pernicious ruling of the Department. At another time this diligent seeker after railroad honors and railroad pelf may be seen in the pre-emption division, following up with savage yelp the miserable pre-emptor, the favorable location of whose land stimulates the greed of the never-sated, conscienceless jobbers. He is to be found also in the patent division, urging to increased efforts the hard-worked and weary clerks who prepare the parchment for his capacious maw.

There is one practice in which the Commissioner indulges that should not go unmentioned. When a case which has been decided by him is appealed to the Secretary, Mr. Drummond goes before him and argues and wrangles with the persistence of a pettifogging lawyer in support of his own decision. Probably a parallel case would be that of the judge of a court appearing before a tribunal superior to his own, and arguing in support of a judgment rendered by him. Why the Secretary does not push this meddler into the hall needs answer. Come to think, we *are* answered.

To show the corruption of these gamblers in the wealth of the public domain and the future of Iowa, it may be mentioned that several years ago, through the Jesuitry of certain Iowa Congressmen, the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad got possession of the Dubuque and Sioux City road, and then bent it out of its line, which was to strike the Pacific Railroad at Columbus, Neb., down the east side of the Missouri River, to connect instead with their own road, and thus control both railways. Thus the Chicago and Northwestern Road in Iowa and the Iowa division of the Illinois Central, so called, and the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad are all three the prize of the same gang. The lawyers for this gang passed the Rock Island Bill through Congress, and expect to pass also a similar bill for the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad.

To explain. The chaps who got control of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri River Railroad let in the three Congressmen—Wilson, Allison, and Hubbard. It occurred to them that the more northerly road, if prolonged into Nebraska direct, would be a rival feeder to the Pacific Railway. Aware that a ninth of the road was held by Wilson, and a ninth by Allison, they visited Wilson first, and said, "We want your ninth to capture the Dubuque and Sioux City." Then proceeding to Dubuque, they said to Allison, "We want your ninth to do the same."

"I can't do it, upon my soul!" exclaimed Allison. "My Dubuque people would kill me politically if I sold them out on the certainty of a short line to the Pacific; but I will run down to Sioux City and pick up Hubbard's (the third Congressman) interest and let you have it."

This was done, and Hubbard was deluded with the idea that after his ninth of the stock had been used to capture the Northern road he could get it back from Allison, taking Allison's ninth interest.

Three-ninths make one-third. The three treasonable members of Congress had fixed the fate of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, and one of the tools and agents had been the Dubuque Congressman. The road fell into the hands of the

Cedar Rapids and Missouri River people. Then, instead of building straight across the Platte River, the conspirators had a route surveyed down the west side of the Missouri, over a rough, irregular country, and by collusion with the Land Office their survey was rejected as impracticable. Of course they surveyed west, down the east side of the Missouri, southeastward toward the Cedar Rapids road, and through the noblest part, of course, where ten rich sections a mile meant a principality. Here, also, they could build for $16,000 per mile. This diverted survey was accepted, and by the diversion the stock of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railway fell down so flat that the conspirators picked up the remainder of it. If you will take up your railroad map to-day you will therefore see that the Sioux City and Pacific Railway—the only extension of the Dubuque and Sioux City—curls about backward, gobbles up a kingdom of goodly land, and becomes a mere parasite of the Cedar Rapids and Missouri Road, and finally expires at Fremont, Neb.

For doing a part of this work both Wilson and Allison were arraigned in a Cincinnati newspaper in 1868, and they both delivered speeches in Congress consigning the slanderer to perdition. Wilson said he had hoped to leave Congress "without a smell upon his garments," but he has been an "attorney in the departments" ever since, and goes by the name of the "Singed Cat." Allison, covering his tracks like an Indian, has been elected to the United States Senate for six years.

Before concluding this chapter, let me note the contents of that heterogenous department, the Interior, where the inscrutable Delano presides. It has been for many years the hive of scandal in Washington, beset with attorneys, "rigs," right-handmen, and half-breeds, who sell out the patrimony of their red brethren.

The Secretary of the Interior is provided with one assistant-secretary, a solicitor, and a chief clerk, and his office proper is separated into eight divisions, viz.: Public Documents, Dis-

bursements, Appointments, Indian Affairs, Public Lands and Railroads, Pensions, Indian Trust Fund, and Superintendent of the Patent Office Building, giving employment to about 80 clerks, messengers, mechanics, watchmen, and laborers.

These divisions correspond, to some extent, with the principal Bureaux of the Department, entitled the Pension Office, General Land Office, Patent Office, Office of Indian Affairs, Census Office, and Office of Education. In addition to these, the Metropolitan Police of the District, the Insane Asylum and the Capitol Extension are under the supervision of this Department.

The Pension Office is presided over by a Commissioner at a salary of $3,000 per annum, and contains about 270 clerks, 22 copyists, and 32 messengers and laborers, and 59 pension agents are distributed throughout the States.

There are employed in the General Land Office under the control of a Commissioner, who also receives a salary of $3,000, 145 clerks, 11 copyists, 6 messengers, and 9 laborers. In the work of surveying the public lands there are engaged 17 surveyors-general, assigned to special districts, each provided with clerks and draughtsmen. The registers and receivers of public lands number 82 respectively, and their offices are located throughout the Southern and Western States and the territories. The Surveyors-General and Registers and Receivers report to the Commissioner, in whose office are filed the maps and plots of surveys, and the returns of the local officers, showing the disposition made of the public lands in each district. Of late years the adjustment of land grants to railroad companies has greatly increased the business of this bureau, and has given rise to much scandal respecting the partial and unjust course pursued by the Commissioner and the Secretary in favor of these companies in their numerous contests with pre-emption and homestead settlers.

The Patent Office occupies greater space in the building than any of the other bureaux, the model-room alone taking up one entire floor. The Commissioner of Patents receives a

salary of $4,500. There is also an Assistant-Commissioner, at $3,000, a chief clerk at $2,500, 3 examiners-in-chief at $3,000 each, 23 examiners at $2,500 each, 22 assistant-examiners at $1,800, and a like number of second assistant-examiners at $1,600 per annum each. About 265 clerks, copyists, etc., comprise the remainder of the force employed here.

The office of Indian Affairs is controlled by a Commissioner, who is assisted by 37 clerks and 5 messengers and laborers. To this bureau is assigned the important duty of directing its numerous superintendents and agents in their intercourse and dealings with the Indians, who are scattered from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, and number about three hundred thousand. There are eight superintendents.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HUMORS AND CLOUDS OF CONGRESSIONAL LIFE.

If you had been a member of Congress, elected to go to Washington for the first time in your life, there would probably be, combined with a good deal of self-gratulation, some curiosity in your mind as to what the Capital was, and how you should live there.

In this mingled largeness and dependence, had you come here on Saturday, prior to a rainy Sunday a few years ago, you would have asked to be carried home within twelve hours, and buried amongst the ranks of the people.

One Washington Sunday that I remember! Such a day for squalls, and drizzle, and snow without purpose; cold that had not the stamina to make anything freeze, yet was too mean not to keep one chilly; damp, and mud, and the sky scowling; and the wide, miry, rutted "Avenue" almost absolutely forsaken. It was like some awful days in camp, which your army friends remember yet with a desolation they can never tell.

At 4 o'clock, or after dinner, I called on some friends at the hotels, and they already wore that look which married men away from home exhibit when sober, blank, fidgety disgust—the belief that life is a fraud, and Government a swindle.

In one room at a big hotel I found a Governor and two of his prime Council, from a region far west of Chicago. A little sullen fire burned in the grate; the tapestry carpet had neither nap nor figure; greasy and faded "rep" curtains made the place dusk; one old lounge with a creak in the back hid itself

between the window and the old bier of a bed, and the two Councillors lay upon it. The gas was lighted in the daytime. I thought it was an upholstered purgatory. All of the inmates, family men, with children, with homes, they waited there, telling stories and matter, every one of which thickened more the cloud on the brow, from their mere masculinity.

The Governor jumped up at last.

"I don't want to drink a drop. I said I wouldn't when I left home. But I'll take a drink because this is so infernally blue."

There you have the Congressman away from home, flying out of atmosphere into appetite.

Down stairs I found a gentleman of large capital or large ostentation, with a couple of parlors for which he probably paid twenty dollars a day, a servant of his own, and a sideboard for anybody; on the sideboard cheese and crackers, brandy, true Espagnola cigars lying loose, whiskey, and a bright fire which he poked up himself to keep the ceiling lively. The host was a man, rich, large, of easy temper, of a gold seal, of the business world. What job he had, if any, I know not; but in the politest and most enjoyable way he kept everybody at peace, announced that he was fixed for the session, and always at home to friends. Some attorney perhaps, in a vast interest, who has come early, come to stay, and come to win. To this gentleman, no doubt, the whole Congress was a parcel of smart boys, who would have to be encouraged up to the appreciation of the justice of his claim. Home had no strings at his heart, used as he was to those distant transactions. And these are the men who have their way with legislation, sooner or later, unless the angry clamor of all the presses and people be suddenly and authoritatively heard.

Again, I passed part of the evening at the house of one who is a Senator, and rich enough to keep a fine house here, as well as one in his own State. There were his pictures, his fresh silk furniture, the low grates in which the fire shone like one of the flaming great figures in his carpet afire; and his wife was

by to make it all look like real home—not Washington home. I marked how satisfiedly and reposedly his homeless visitors seemed to be in this goodly place, and it made me think that it would be a cheap, as well as magnanimous thing, for every Congressional District to secure for its Representative a home.

Monday was, if possible, a meaner day than Sunday—snowing a sort of parboiled, still-born snow,—a snow that had no quality of itself but whiteness, and that not long. Through a rain as dishonest as the snow, and a wind that was merely atmospheric bad temper in motion, the slippery, shivering procession of notabilities and sight-seekers took the only two streets that are traversed here, F street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and dribbled along towards the Capitol. What comfort is like a horse-car's, particularly if you are impatient? and so holding to a strap like grim death, you are set down at the foot of the Capitoline terraces, and in a few minutes have passed the leathern wickets set in the deep portal. Up through echo, and shadow, and carved places you go, up polished steps and under stained windows, until the clear, lucid light of the lobbies shows you all the many people walking, scraping, hob-nobbing, hurrying in there, and suddenly the doorkeepers at the chamber doors grow obdurate; admittance to House or Senate is refused; it is 12 o'clock, and simultaneously the Senate and House of Representatives enter upon the second session of the forty-first Congress.

At the same moment the Supreme Court, after opening its regular term, is forming in body with its officers to pay a visit of honor to the President, and the President has already despatched his Secretary to Congress with his message.

The entire Federal Government in all its Departments is, therefore, in motion; and the good order, business promptitude, and the clear American republican simplicity with which the work was begun, was very impressive. It looked to be, and it was, genuine, popular government as perfectly realized as any man, not a Utopian, could expect.

In the House of Representatives, precisely as the point of

the minute-hand overtook the hour-hand at noon, the Speaker, Blaine, dropped his gavel, and called upon the House to come to order.

Immediately beneath him the Chaplain, Butler, raised his voice in such prayer as made the occasion reverent. Then the long roll was called over by the slim-bodied Clerk, McPherson, —and tolerably exhausting work it was—and the fine presence of the Speaker again arose to declare that there were sufficient members present to make business legal.

At this junction the nation, as a business house, disappeared, and the two political parties who divide the country between them came with alacrity on the carpet. The blessing had been said, and the proprieties finished; the knife and fork and regulated gluttony were in order.

The House thereupon waited till half past 1 o'clock, when, after a crossing of duck-guns between Garfield and "Fernandy" Wood over some little matter, Captain Horace Porter, modest as a singed cat, moved up to that part of the house without existence, that goes by the fabulous name of "Bar," and presented the President's message in the original English.

It took an hour to read the President's message, and it was listened to, by some, with indolent interest, by many with attention. To show how the partisan feeling was the predominant one, it is only necessary to say that the portion referring to what side shall control the politics of Georgia was the only part applauded.

In that message, thus rapidly read, the State and the needs of the nation were recited, and had there been more character in the scene it would have been worth describing: the Chief Magistrate's panoramic view of his country unrolled before the Legislature.

Due respect was paid to the message by handing it over to the printer, and then another patriotic confab occurred over the suspended Alabamians. Of course the Democratic side

was routed in a whiff, and then four "Delegates" from Territories came up, bearing these singular names:

Chaves, Cavanaugh, Nuckolls, and Pelucius Garfielde, with an *e*. Nuckolls looks to me like an hereditary case of bad spelling, but before Pelucius Garfielde with an *e* I fly, as before some antique statue.

A Delegate is a sort of Congressional tadpole. He can swim and dive, but he cannot croak. He has no vote upon what he has been talking about. He says, "My voice is for war," but that is all of him that is. He is cruelly endowed by Congress with the power to put his nose into every question, but his hand nowhere. He disobeys his Bible every day, which says: "Let your conversation be yea! yea! and nay! nay!" while, according to the rule of Congress, he has everything but a yea and nay. Besides, he is subjected to the indignity of being sworn in after the regular "members," like a negro Methodist, who is allowed to speak in class-meeting after the poor white trash have finished. This kind of second-hand Congressman I commiserate. He is like Shylock, invited to Bassanio's dinner: "To smell pork; to eat of the habitation; to buy with them, sell with them, talk with them, walk with them, and so following; but not to vote with them."

Take another scene of note in the House of Representatives: the re-election of the Speaker at the beginning of a Congress:

One Saturday, at 12 o'clock, while the fate of the offices of Admiral and Vice-Admiral were trembling in the balance of the yeas and nays, a wooden angel descended in the form of Speaker Blaine's gavel, and stirred up the waters, floating the Admiral to dry land. Immediately Speaker Blaine, consulting some memoranda under his table, cleared his throat, elevated his voice, and made a little speech to the Representatives of posterity, who had, meantime, all taken their seats to listen.

The Speaker, who wears a blue coat, which, with his military statue, adds to his many graces the presumption that he once "fit into" some great war, and who is alert, as Colfax

used to be, but with a manlier, wordlier sort of dash about him, is one of the Mark Antony school of orators.

"A plain blunt man,
That love my friend * * and only speak right on."

Yet underneath, Blaine is impetuous without impetuosity, and the depths of him are as still as the Irish Sea. He makes no speeches which are not carefully pre-arranged, and inclines to the practical and sober ideal of manhood. Blaine has really a boyish nature, a spontaniety, and an excessiveness of health and good humor which are the main elements of his popularity amongst other politicians; but while he is yet of less reputation before the people than a dramatic use of his position might have obtained for him, he appears to be making very sure steps toward a renown of more longevity and reality than if he had gyrated by the way, attached himself to all the secret societies, and played the daisy in the public walk.

The Speaker, as above described; the galleries crowded thick and black, and the steam of their suspirations making them look thick and foggy; the lobby doors showing through the glass how many hundreds were unable to enter for want of room; the ladies' gallery, full of the wives of new members and of wondering constituents, in queer bonnets, who expected to see said members make a speech directly after roll-call; the floor a decorous, compact mass of Representatives, every member of the new Congress in his place, and the retiring members, officers of the Executive Government, officers of the Supreme Court, Senators and privileged guests, standing behind in a half-circle.—to these, Mr. Blaine, in the pause after he had rapped with the gavel, made a speech, just long enough to give that dear, delightful flavor to the occasion, so necessary to satisfy ladies and stranger constituents. He said, in short, that the Forty-first Congress had had its day; that its record had passed into history, freedom, law, and the *Congressional Globe;* that it was composed of generous members, and that the opposition was entitled to his gratitude, and so

forth, and so forth, a good deal like our old valedictory speeches at college, only more so,—this was the little speech of the Speaker of the House. When he had adjourned them without day, they all clapped hands, Ku-Klux and sentimentalists together, nobody observing William Mungen, whose public history is made up of a fiddle and his one minority vote refusing to endorse Blaine as a fair public officer; and it seemed for several minutes that the country was indeed safe, that the constitution had proved to be in less danger than was supposed, and that the eyes of Europe and Delaware had not gazed upon us in vain.

At the end of the speech the House and the Chair half emptied themselves, and the Speaker, it was ascertained by my diligent assistant, stepped into the smoking-room and lighted a cigar, and between the whiffs perused that other unexpected speech he was to make within ten minutes before the next Congress. I request you, unless it be absolutely essential to the completeness of this chapter, to make, on no account, any reference to the fact that the second speech was already prepared. The American patriot would lose faith in his institutions should he suppose that the third officer in the Goverment could deliberately prepare a speech for an occasion altogether spontaneous. The patriot's notion has been immemorially fixed that, whatever is done by design is contrary to his earliest lessons as derived from his parents and his school-books. To him Washington rides forth to save the country from an original impulse, mounted upon a fortuitous war-horse, accidentally saddled, and fights a battle upon an unpremeditated site, inditing his victorious despatches in the very pitch of the action. To him, Messrs. Webster and Hayne, hearing some incidental references to their respective States, rise peremptorily up from the profound contemplation of their country and thrill all the school-readers and good citizens in the land. To him, Mr. Blaine must be spontaneous or nothing, gushing or fraudulent. It will not, therefore, be perhaps proper to print anything intimating that Mr. Blaine was duly nominated by

caucus two or three nights before, that his speeches, both to commemorate his retirement from one Congress and to congratulate himself on his promotion in the other, were all cut and dried, and that the last minutiæ were prepared, including the designation of those who were to nominate and second him, the tellers who were to pass upon the election, and the member who was to administer the oath.

While Mr. Blaine is in the smoking-room, the Clerk of the House, McPherson, a slim, quiet, sandy-haired gentleman, once a Congressman, and always both an editor and a politician, is reading the roll of the members-elect of the Forty-second Congress. Even this adherence to law had passed under the party spectacles, the dominant organization ready to take advantage of any irregularity or dispute, but, fortunately, no such collision had occurred as had marked the morning session of the Congress just defunct, when, on some sly proposition of Mr. Dawes, to change the rules of the House for the disadvantage of the increased Democratic representation in the next Congress—a dodge determined upon in one caucus, and detected within five minutes in the other caucus—an almost demoniac scene ensued, James Brooks brandishing his umbrella as if it were a blazing torch, and not an article of gingham, and Mr. Eldridge crying in a loud voice what was ascertained to be the word "Revolution," but which some interpreted, from his hungry, not to say ravenous, manner to be the word "Hash."

During the roll-call of the new Congress, I noticed the grim way in which the fresh ex-members looked upon the newly elected strangers already snugly ensconced in their old seats. There, also, in the outer circle, the advocates of defeated bills looked on the smart legislative scene with countenances of defeat and melancholy. Many a wife lost her trip to Europe this summer by the failing of some measure advocated with all dauntless energy by the husband in the lobby. Many a little home, perhaps, which, for two years, had been within the perspective, almost within the grasp of some defeated claimant,

now passed out of sight forever. Many a gorgeous imperial dream of some deep mind, to be developed through government aid, some line of steamships to be launched, some railway to be endowed with bonds and land, was broken by the sharp gavel which struck the conclusion of the old Congress. And there they were, the broken hearts of the lobby,—members, after all, of our common humanity, and at their firesides as beloved as the noblest,—looking in upon the arena with dim eyes shining in their working faces, and all the vividness of a new and less illusive future etching its hard outlines into their souls.

The clerk, who was, for the time being, the supreme authority of the House of Representatives, passed some running criticism upon the semi-legal form of many of the returns, and there was a little sparring between the two vigilant parties, which watched the motions of each other from the opposite sides of the House. When it was all done, nominations were in order for permanent officers of the new Congress, and at once Austin Blair arose. Why did Austin Blair, in particular, arise? He was a slim, thin, not very healthy-looking person, and with a voice not remarkably sonorous, and yet not a man on the Republican side hastened to be in the advance and say what Austin Blair, in a very nonchalant and uninterrupted way, said at his personal leisure:

"I nominate James G. Blaine, of Maine."

The explanation is, that Austin Blair was President of the Republican caucus, a body known only in the customs of parties, but as entirely unknown to law as is the Ku-Klux clan to the laws of Georgia, or the Skull and Cross-Bones Society to the Faculty of Yale College.

In the same ministerial, legatory way, Fernando Wood, President of the Democratic caucus, rose on the opposite side, amidst general silence, and, using the name of the Democratic party, proposed George W. Morgan, of Ohio.

When it was all done, Morgan and Poland of Vermont, at the order of the clerk, went out in a very unpremeditated way

to discover Mr. Blaine. There was great anxiety in the gallery amongst the constituents for fear Mr. Blaine might have lost himself. Apprehensions were entertained that he had strolled off some considerable distance with his little boy, missed the high honor of a re-election, of which he could have had no suspicion whatever, and brought to a full stop these United States. The Committee, however, by the merest accident, found Mr. Blaine somewhat in the posture of Cincinnatus at the plow, reposing in the adjacent smoking-room; they prevailed upon him to hearken to the inexorable call of his country. He took one glimpse of the little speech, seized the soldier of Chepultepec by one arm, and Mr. Poland, who appeared, by his buff vest and blue coat to be a soldier of the Revolution, by the other arm, and he walked up the middle aisle of the House with that expression of resignation suitable to one to whom public life is distasteful, and the highest happiness to be found only on the banks of the Moosemaguntic ook, or in the hermitages of Skowhegan. He ascended the chair; he struck the desk with his gavel, and he made an extemporaneous speech, better, if possible, than the shorter one with which he had dismissed the old Congress. It was greeted with clapping of hands, and it endorsed all the sentiments of the hour. He recognized the necessity of an opposition, and believed in party lines. He intimated that the present opposition was big enough to compel justice, and said that he himself was a partisan. In short, this nappy speech contained no extracts whatever from the Farewell Address of Washington, which antiquated document decried the baneful influence of party spirit, while this superb enunciation was devoted to recognizing parties as indispensable and politicians as paramount. The House knew this to be the fact, and the slapping of hands was very hearty. All the old officers of the House were re-elected, and thus, forty-one times repeated, the Congress of the United States, which began its existence eighty-two years ago, was organized in as decent a method as is possible in modern States, with every appearance of loyalty and law cheerfully rendered, and with one of the

handsomest Speakers it has ever permitted itself to keep round the House.

I shall have no time to describe the President, in that rich and gaudy room in the Capitol devoted to his use, and occupied by him only a few minutes each year, signing bills as fast as they were presented, and besought meantime by a crowd of people, fearful that their particular bills might be left over; the savory lunches, and liquors, dispensed the night before in the committee rooms; or the incidents in the long night session in the Senate, when work laid by at the proper hour had accumulated and had to be pushed along, even at the loss of sleep. On the whole, the old Congress retired, and the new one took its place, with every evidence of the fact that the Federal Government still commands the deepest interest of all, and that the State is in no danger of expiring by neglect.

But now let us take a look at the Caucus itself,—say the Senatorial Caucus.

The Republican caucus is a sort of Council of Ten under the Council of Thirty—an irresponsible and unrecognized master of the Senate. It meets by private and written notification, in the marble-room or in the reception room in the rear of the President of the Senate, and determines upon the policy which the party shall pursue upon any measure.

Whoever goes into caucus must abide by its verdict or be dishonored, like the man who gambles and then must pay up, though it be plucking bread from the mouths of his wife and children. He must obey the party behest, conscience or no conscience. And hence, oh! poor patriot who dwellest afar, and once in a lifetime comes to Washington city and listens to the whole of a debate, supposing, in all thy simplicity, that the Senators listen to the argument and vote as they are affected. Go to! The debate is nothing; the caucus has often fixed it all beforehand. This it is to have exclusive party government.

Through our State legislatures and in the House of Representatives the caucus system is maintained, generally on party occasions, but liable to abuse. The Southern Republicans or

carpet-baggers have gone into a separate caucus as a sectional wing of a party, a thing which the Southern secession Democrats never did before the war, and in this way they once defeated Judge Hoar for Attorney-General. Caucus of this kind is nothing but conspiracy to manipulate the legislature and the State.

Suppose a member or a Senator bolts caucus; what are the consequences? He forfeits his right to meet in the private sessions of his party again, and one might as well be in limbo now-a-days as in no party. A Senator from Missouri a few years ago urged amnesty and Republican government in that State; the immediate faction which controlled the Executive determined against him; he persisted, and the offices filled by his friends were all vacated; he returned to the Capital; the magistrate who was willing to receive courteously folks of the Democratic party would not admit his fellow-soldier and co-partisan; his colleagues in Congress who had acted with him were also cut from the list of the faithful and their brothers-in-law disturbed in their snug post-offices. Thus it happens that party defection to the majority makes one more homeless than to be in the minority.

The party-power is a terrible mystery in this Democratic country, and none feel it but those in public life. It has a national committee with a presiding secretary sitting in the Capitol edifice. Thence assessments are ordered for election purposes upon all the office-holders at will, ten per cent. being no unusual levy. The New York custom-house alone yields for party purposes in this way annually tens of thousands to control elections in far-off States. A late member of the Cabinet rebuked this system, and he was remitted to private life.

I witnessed the whole of one grand movement of a great party upon a refractory chieftain in the impeachment and trial of President Johnson, and it was a more terrible scene than the trial of Judas Iscariot might be before the College of Cardinals. A master punishing his slave could have proceeded with no more deliberate and conscientious zeal. Not one person of

the opposite party countenanced this movement. It was purely within the political organization which had nominated the offender, and while the opposite party opposed it on party grounds, even they appeared to think it a defensible measure.

I had generally been a Republican, though a protesting one in cases where citizen rights were unnecessarily invaded; and as it had appeared to me that President Johnson was a barrier against the settlement of the Southern question, I believed that on the whole, he ought to be set aside.

But, when I arrived at the Capital, I found that nobody, except, perhaps, Mr. Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, was excited over Johnson's "policy," as he called it. It was his abuse of the party patronage which was the unforgiven sin. He had disobeyed an act of Congress, of doubtful validity, taking away from him the power to make AD-INTERIM appointments, or those made between sessions of Congress. This was a challenge to every member of Congress in the regular caucus ranks that off might come the heads of HIS post-master, HIS revenue officials, HIS clerks, and HIS brothers-in-law. As I did not care for anybody's brother-in-law, or any clerk, or any post-master, and knew that in many cases Johnson could make no worse appointments than were made, I began to have objections to defacing the gallery of chief magistrates and confirming a huge historical scandal for any such customary piece of tyranny. As the Republican Congress had refused to give us a decent and permanent civil service, though backed up by every good Republican in the land, I saw no special right they had to make a transient civil service for their own uses, and say that their President should not be as unjust a ruffian as they. I said this, and was at once kicked out of the party. This gave me no concern. I had been kicked on paper a good many times, and, as the king of Italy remarked, "an excommunication could excite no terror in a man already certain to go to hell." So I said to a very amiable and able Senator:

"What is the use of this trial? You have simply fallen into your own snare. You nominated Mr. Johnson at Baltimore, and must take your misfortune with philosophy."

"Oh," said he, "had he been elected by the other party we shouldn't have impeached him. We have a right to impeach our own President, because he is a renegade, and a party renegade is also a renegade to his country."

"God help us!" I said. "Then we shall have but one party in this country, if nobody can go out of it. The Vice-President whom you chose prior to Johnson, Mr. Hamlin, left the Democratic party to come to ours. Besides, how can you hold these views and sit in that jury of impeachment, sworn to impartial justice?"

"Oh," he replied, "you can't construct a Senate of politicians into a court."

I sat there, during all those long gala weeks, and saw this caucus jury sit upon the term of a President, elected by the direct electors of the people. I saw the anxiety of every member of the House to make a speech on the subject. I saw the picked members of Congress borne down in dignity, learning, and eloquence by the attorneys of the people, some of whom we had never heard of by name. As the trial drew near its end, and it was manifest that Congress had not made a case before the Senate, I heard the low, awful mutter of baffled placemen, saying, "Who cannot perjure himself in that Senate must perish." I saw the great party newspapers, like the Missouri *Democrat*, which afterward leaped widest from the party track, come down from their towers and gate-ways amongst the politicians, and cry, "Right or wrong, he who cannot vote for Mr. Johnson's conviction may as well understand that his public life is done."

And, amidst that howl and hiss of faction, the like of which I never beheld on any battle-field of the war—for it was the battle of the camp-followers—I saw the doomed seven stand in the focus of hate, and say the calm, judicial words, NOT GUILTY.

Perquisites is another queer feature of loose Congressional life. Let me give an illustration from a public officer's lips.

While I was raking over some of the old documents in the crypt one day the chief doorkeeper of the House, Buxton, came in. He told me that he had about one hundred persons in his employment, of whom the greater number worked in the Folding-Room, which lies in the vaults of the Capitol. There the documents of a durable character, which are printed and bound in immense quantities for distribution amongst the constituents of the members, are folded and counted by 70 or 80 boys and men, working on time or by the hundred. Adjacent to the place for folding are great rooms under the foundations of the Capitol, which are often packed to the ceiling with books. Some time ago a number of Southern members of Congress wanted to distribute copies of the Agricultural Report, &c., amongst their people, who, according to Mr. Buxton, were "hungry for government reading," having been deprived of it for seven or eight years, because, when the Rebel Representatives left the Capitol, they forfeited their books.

Here is something omitted in all the histories of the Rebellion. Amongst its terrible consequences was the loss of the Patent-Office Reports by the rebellious people, and such other sweet delusive compositions. They got at one room, in which it was believed about 3,000 Agricultural Reports were stowed away.

"And would you believe it?" said Mr. Buxton, "so deceptive was that little alcove that we got 10,000 Agriculturals out of there."

"What is the greatest number of copies of any one book printed, Mr. Buxton?"

"Well, sir, the Agriculturals! About 670 copies of them go to each member. That seems very big don't it? But, bless you, they don't make a show in some districts. In some of the agricultural districts of Texas, for example, there are 23 counties. What can a Representative accomplish in such districts with 670 copies? There have been as high as 750 copies per member of some books struck off."

"How many departments come under your charge, Mr. Buxton?"

"Well, sir, I appoint the Pages, the Doorkeepers, the clerks of the Document-room, and the hands in the Folding-Room."

"Your's must be the best position here, is it not so?"

"Oh, no! I think the best office is Sergeant-at-Arms of the House. He has the appointing of more than half of the police, and the amount of money which passes through his hands to pay witnesses, members, etc., makes the place quite lucrative. There was some excitement about the amount of his fees during the last Congress. Instead of giving him 10 cents a mile as formerly, he was restricted to the necessary expenses. In my judgment, the change was in the interest of the Sergeant-at-Arms; for, in the South, 10 cents a mile will not pay messenger's expenses, whereas now the Sergeant-at-Arms can make a contract with a man to go to New Orleans or Texas, and that must be settled for under the definition of expenses."

There is scarcely one of these utility departments under the Government which does not merit curious inquiry and yield instruction. Very often a document which has been exhausted, and the type distributed, must be entirely reset to serve some subsequent purpose. The Commissioner of the late Census found himself under the necessity of using about 200 printed copies of the Census of 1860. He applied to Mr. Buxton for them, and said it was absolutely necessary that they should be had. The Chief Doorkeeper found that he was keeping for dead or departed members a sufficient excess of all the volumes of the Census to give the Commissioner 250 full sets. At the same time, so jealous are Congressmen of their property in public documents that frequently, when there are thousands of books lying in the vaults, not a single copy can be spared to satisfy a new member, all being accredited to members of former Congresses, who have left these books on free storage and design to recover them. Mr. Elihu Washburne, for example, has 40 boxes of the more valuable class of public documents now under the Capitol. They are safe from fire, and they cost nothing to take care of them in this vast depository.

"A member often comes to me who wants some book," said Mr. Buxton, "and I tell him none are to be had of that kind, and then he goes down into the vaults and sees thousands of the same book lying around, and thinks me very disobliging. I am merely keeping the quotum for absent people."

Said I, "Mr. Buxton, when one man receives 650 copies of a single book, does it not strike you that the franking privilege is an imposition?"

"Why, my dear sir, the abolition of the franking privilege will do no good, as long as you print so much. The Government's contracts with the railroads cover an indefinite amount, and the matter of transportation is nothing after you have struck off so many volumes. If there is any error in the business, it is in printing so much. But the railroads can charge no more for carrying one thousand tons than for twenty tons. At the close of the last Congress, we sent down to the Baltimore and Ohio depot several thousand bags of books, and choked up the mail cars and baggage cars. The railroad officials cried out against it, and said they wouldn't carry off so much mere freight, disguised as mail matter. Said we: 'Yes you must. Your contract calls for you to take away just what we send. We want these books off our hands, and want the space here for other work;' and they had to take them as fast as we sent them, although it added very much to the length of their daily trains. Some of the books published here really make enormous piles. Look at the Ku-Klux Report. There you have thirteen volumes bound in black cloth, and filling nearly as much space as Appleton's Cyclopædia. When we begin to bag up those books and send them off under the members' franks, it is a lively scene around the depot, down there."

"Mr. Buxton, I observe that each member of Congress has a box with his name printed upon it. Do those boxes go as mail matter?"

"No, sir; those boxes have to go as express-matter, and be paid for; but, then, a majority of the members of Congress have express-passes presented to them, which covers everything

in the Lord's name which they choose to send home. A Congressman is deadheaded on telegraph wires, freight cars, and in passenger cars. He very seldom pays gas-bills or taxes. Those boxes are used by many of the members as being more secure and more easily handled than a trunk. Each member has three boxes. As they are strongly made and provided with a powerful lock, they cost about five dollars a piece. Two of these boxes are designed to carry documents, and the third is intended to transport flower-pots, plants, shrubs, boquets, &c., from the Congressional Public Gardens."

It was at such perquisites as the above that the repeal of the franking privilege was directed.

But let us go further and call your attention to a form of extravagance which approaches in audacity, as well as voracity, the river and harbor grabs.

This may be called the abuse of national house-building, which is now reduced to a science here, and is provided with all the modern conveniences and encouragements of a special bureau.

When a new Congressman comes to be chosen, the people are apt to crowd about him and say:

"Mr. Snipps, we want an improvement down in Tippecanoe. We haven't had a new house put up these twenty years. A poor house is very badly needed, but as the United States Government won't build that for us, we should like to have a custom house, post-office, mint, assay office, marine hospital, or quarantine. Your colleague, Jobbs, over in the Bumblebee District, got seven custom houses for his people last year. One of them at Pokeville cost half a million, though they only asked forty thousand dollars to begin with, and now they are holding a revival meeting in it alternate nights with a euchre club. Such an idea would be a great moral improvement for Tippecanoe."

Congressman Snipps, who is a new-comer to Washington, feels resolved to do all he can for the people of Tippecanoe; for the Congressman, like many great philosophers, supposes that

if you can get several millions of money from somewhere else to build what you don't want, the value of our Republican institutions will increase in proportion. Some half dozen other towns in Snipps' district would also like improvements at the national expense, and Snipps, as he approaches Washington, is siezed, perhaps, with some forebodings of the difficulty of getting any appropriation at all.

But Snipps' fears are without foundation. In the United States Treasury he will find a most accommodating gentleman, by the name of Mullett, whose special business it is to facilitate bashful members in the art of house-building.

Mr. Mullett goes by the title of Supervising Architect of the Treasury. He is a slender, wiry, anxious-looking gentleman, a professional architect, and possessed with a vaster ambition and a vaster field than Michel Angelo. Inigo Jones, his great prototype, was no more than a mound-builder to him, for Mr. Mullett is the absolute architectural controller of more than two hundred buildings, costing from $25,000 to nearly $7,000,000 apiece, and when Snipps approaches him to make some faint application for counsel and suggestion, Mr. Mullett explains his prerogatives in the language of his yearly report:

"As the duties of this office are not generally understood, I have thought it desirable, Mr. Snipps, to give the following brief synopsis of them: They now embrace the purchase, sale and supervision of all real estate belonging to, or under the custody of the Treasury Department, excepting lighthouse property. The preparation of designs, estimates, and specifications for buildings; the supervision of their construction; the repairs and improvement, the furnishing, lighting, and heating of those already completed; and the construction and supply of all vaults and safes used by the Department."

Mr. Mullett's office is magnificently emblazoned with cartoons of innumerable structures which he supervises, and in the adjacent rooms two score of draughtsmen are designing, planning, and improving for the benefit of such rural constituents as those of Snipps. Snipps sees all through it in a min-

ute. He sees that he is asking for nothing out of the way. He perceives that everybody, in fact, has asked before him. Taking one wide, wild survey of the magnificent pagodas, temples, arcades, mausoleums, palaces, and coliseums, around him, he cries:

"I see! You are ——"

"I am!"

"Mullett?"

"Tis he!"

As they are in the act of embracing, perhaps, the spacious doors of the grand chamber swing wide, and the Congressman of many terms, Redeyefer, of the Bucks District, steps in with a business stride.

"I want a house or two put up in my destreck," he says, "the people of Fodderton lost the only available barn in the place, for temperance meetings, and now they want me to get them something on the toploftical order. Grub City wants a Custom House, as the Collector there says he could see a sail once or twice a quarter, if he had a high house to climb onto. Goodyear would like a quarantine, as the people are well down with the fevernager, and they think that something of a Post-Office, on the Gothic or Assyrian, might encourage the onhappy youth there to learn how to read and write. As for cipherin, they're the best constituency in the world."

A deputy architect takes both gentlemen through the spacious gallery of art. Mr. Redeyefer looks over the illuminated architectures, like Mr. Legree buying a darkey in the market. Mr. Snipps, newer, resembles a rural gentleman selecting the kind of photograph he might like.

Says Mr. Redeyefer:

"What kind o' thing is the Vatican? One of my constituents hez a daughter who has been all over Europe, France, and other countries, and she says the Vatican flattens 'em all out. It would be a kind of delicate compliment to her, you see,—and her father votes our ticket straight every time!—to build the Vatican in Grub City."

"The preacher in Tippecanoe," adds Mr. Snipps, "says that Solomon's Temple is the properest form of idee for our Post-Office. That, or the Sphinx."

"Oh! sho!" exclaims Redeyefer, "that air Sphinx was on the Asiatic order of arshytecter—a sort of Corinthian, you know! What you want is an edifice more abstruse for a Post-Office: the Pizanthian or the Mansard!"

Immediately Snipps runs off and consorts with him twenty other Congressmen more desperate than himself, all bent upon having a new house built in some close-voting section of the district. Or, perhaps, some one influential constituent has a corner lot which he has saved up in the heart of his town, to the detriment of its growth, paying taxes with dogged avarice, in anticipation of selling the same to the Government for a costly edifice which shall improve the real estate lying round about it. These twenty Congressmen resolve to join in with any clique, ring, tariff, or river-and-harbor set, which will exchange votes with them, and the obliging Architect of the Treasury, proud of his art and the exercise of it, has no mind to discourage anybody who wants a fine edifice set up with these words beautifully engraved over the portal: "A. B. MULLETT, ARCHITECT."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TILT AT SOME OF THE GREAT AND LITTLE GOBLINS.

I have neglected to sketch a familiar character around Washington who has of late kept his head under cover, by whom I mean "The Striker," the man who hears of a claim, grant, or bill of value, about to pass Congress, and who opposes it in order to be bought up.

Let me take, as a familiar case, the passage of the appropriation of seven millions of dollars to buy Alaska, pursuant to treaty. There was some opposition to the bill because Mr. Seward, who asked for the money, as Secretary of State, was not on good terms with his party at the time; therefore the Russian Government employed Robert T. Walker and Frederick P. Stanton, Attorneys-at-Law, to move in the interests of the appropriation.

It is a commentary upon what sort of a whispering gallery Washington is, that no sooner had Walker been retained than some eavesdropper found it out. Mr. Stanton says that in July of last year, while the appropriation was pending, a person named Painter came up to him and said that to his (Painter's) knowledge Mr. Walker had received a large amount of money to secure the passage of this appropriation.

"Now," said Painter, "I have some friends in Congress—not to mention my two newspapers, both daily—who are opposed to this appropriation. But if Mr. Walker will retain me, I will be able to influence them to vote for it. What are your terms with Mr. Walker?"

"Quite intimate!" said Stanton.

"Then I wish you would see him, and ask him to employ me!"

Mr. Stanton says that he had a wholesome knowledge of the power of certain newspaper folks to mar anything, and he, therefore, in the interests of his clients, saw Walker at once. Mr. Walker replied in strong terms that he would bribe, purchase, or conciliate no man, and this answer, softened and emasculated, Stanton returned to Painter. The latter was not appeased, and he again sent to Mr. Stanton a person named Latham, and Mr. Stanton, anxious to keep the peace, so fully satisfied Latham that there was no money in the case except a lawyer's fee, that Latham professed to be convinced. The appropriation was finally passed by the House, General Banks being its champion. Soon after the adjournment of Congress, Painter came again to Stanton and said:

"Have you heard that Robert J. Walker was robbed night before last in New York?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know all about it. He had his pocket filled with five thousand dollar notes, and was on his way to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to divide them amongst the members who voted for the appropriation."

"I do not believe anything of this," said Mr. Stanton. You are mistaken about it, Painter. No money has been paid for anybody's vote."

"I know all about it," said Painter; "the money was passed through Rigg's bank, in denominations of five thousand dollars, and I am going to have an Investigating Committee called to look into it. I must be let in or I'll bust it!"

This, stated with positiveness, alarmed Stanton, who believed that there must be some conspiracy or underplotting that he had not been informed of. The papers were already filled with allegations and inuendoes on this matter, and Mr. Stanton, feeling that his character might be called into question, hastened to speak to Mr. Walker again. Walker was also mys-

tified and alarmed, and he exclaimed that "Before God, he knew nothing of any such bribery of members of Congress!"

The newspaper charges continuing, the threats of an investigation being multiplied, and Latham still coming round with "feelers," Mr. Stanton at last brought himself, unwillingly, down to a conviction that he had met a cardinal case of personal baseness, and that all these charges and publications were parts of an original scheme to extort money from himself and Robert J. Walker. Therefore, when he again met Painter, some days afterward, he said:

"Well, Mr. Painter, did you defeat the Russian appropriation, as you threatened, sir?"

"No," said Painter, "but I was lied to about the money. Instead of there being merely a lawyer's fee in the case, there was a big pile distributed, and I'm going to get even with the people who lied to me. I shall have an Investigating Committee on it."

"I assure you, Mr. Painter," said Stanton, "that your motives are understood, and whatever be the issue of these attacks you have made upon our characters, yours will be revealed to the public to your sorrow."

Then Latham came round again with a "feeler," and so did others, saying that Painter regarded his conversations with Mr. Stanton as private interviews, and if Stanton exposed him he would "break him up." The Alaska Investigation Committee was meantime formed, and it was too late for the authors of it to escape the falling of their own trap. Mr. Stanton says that he suspected from the manner of putting questions, and ruling out evidence, that there was a mysterious somebody to be shielded, if possible. When he had testified, *Nemesis* was swift to send his evidence round the country, and as promptly came Mr. Painter's denial either that there was a word of truth in what had been testified, or that any such testimony had been given. Mr. Stanton in the interests of the public conscience, prepared at once to confirm and reiterate his testimony, resolved to test the limit of mendacity in controlling

the press and a committee of Congress. Immediately Latham turned up, begging Mr. Stanton to be quiet; for, said Latham,

"Painter has not denied a word of your testimony. He admitted to me that it was all true, and cried over his predicament."

Nevertheless, Mr. Stanton wrote out some questions, which he wished the committee to put to Latham, to settle the issue of veracity. When Mr. Stanton went to enter the room of this committee he found Painter blocking up the door. The latter took Mr. Stanton aside and said:

"I never denied the statements you made, Mr. Stanton. It is my enemies who have circulated these despatches, making the denial to prejudice me with you."

He began to blubber, and Stanton was so touched that he was on the point of withdrawing the paper he had brought.

Judge of Mr. Stanton's indignation when, the same afternoon, he saw the original despatches; deadheaded in Painter's number, which had been sent to New York papers over the Western Union wires.

Mr. Stanton then gave up that he had come to an extraordinary condition of man!

I asked Mr. Stanton if he had been molested since by anybody in Painter's interest. He said that he had observed Mr. Congressman John Covode, to have ceased to speak to him, (Stanton,) and that he had received intimations from several members, and at least two Senators, saying that they would regard it as a personal favor if he (Stanton) would withdraw his testimony before the committee, so as to give the committee a chance to report without using Mr. Painter's name.

This is Mr. Stanton's statement as I have noted it down, excepting and adding nothing. It is undoubtedly a just statement. It shows that all this expense and scandal about Alaska, which will probably cost the government five or six thousand dollars to pay the committee and Sergeant-at-Arms and print the report, was contrived by one person to get a hand in a supposed job!

The following verses illustrate the above kind of character:

THE STRIKER.

Slouched, and surly, and sallow-faced,
With a look as if something were sore misplaced,
The young man Striker was seen to stride
Up the Capital stairs at high noontide,
And as though at the head of a viewless mob—
Who could look in his eye and mistrust it?—
He quoth: "They must let me into that job,
Or I'll bust it!"

What it was that troubled him so
How shall we innocent visitors know?
Perhaps a scheme of subsidy great,
Or perhaps a mightier project of state;
A plot, perhaps, some widow to rob—
Whatever, whoever discussed it,
Unless Mr. Striker was "let in the job,"
He would "bust it."

Wonderful youth! such power to keep
In a land where Justice ne'er is asleep;
To stagger the councils of state with fear,
Or stop the growth of a hemisphere;
The time-piece of law to crush in the fob,
Or by violence re-adjust it,
And, lest he be "let" into this or that job,
He can "bust it."

Striker! in thee no species rare
We see ascending the Capitol stair.
All the ages and States of eld
Some similar hound or highwayman held;
Some Herod, who 'ere Heaven's babe might throb,
In the cradle would strangle or thrust it,
And, unless he were "let in" the holiest "job,"
He would "bust it."

Another plan of strikers, eavesdroppers, and people reckless and mean in the enjoyment of power, is to start investigations, in order to compel revelations useful to themselves. The worst instance of this was the seizure of telegrams at the close of the Impeachment trial.

To imagine a genuine case of happiness, as a telegraph operator relates it, you must see General Butler let loose upon several barrels of telegrams. He is all activity. He has blank subpœnas, and sends for folks by the wholesale. Being himself familiar with speculations, his inquisitiveness is whetted to the sharpest edge. He penetrates all their aliases. Coming to the following despatch he feels that he has struck a live mystery :

"Pete, sell! Go one straight! Raw egg! Charge to my account. Ditto this end. (Signed) Looney."

"Now," says General Butler, "answer me, why do you sign yourself 'Looney ?'"

"I don't sign myself 'Looney'"

"Ha! Sirrah! Look there!" says the General. "Spell that! What is it? Quick!"

"Why," says the man, "that ain't Looney; it's J. W. Ney."

"Silence!" says General Butler," I know you, sirrah! I know you!"

After considerable ciphering, the General proceeds :

"Now, Looney, who is Pete ?"

"Pete Hurley, my pardner! All that is said here is : 'Pete Hurley, sell out my account and take a drink,' just as I am doing at this end."

"But what is this about raw eggs? Why eggs? Answer on your oath, why eggs ?"

"Eggs and sherry!" says Looney promptly. I wonder you don't keep 'em here!"

Stand by.

"Sergeant-at-Arms," says the General, "answer, Looney, on your oath! Where did you get the margin to put up, and how much did you buy ?"

The General then, by successive references to the Sergeant-at-Arms and stern interlocutions, gets to the bottom of this incendiary matter, which Looney only wished to conceal

because his transactions had been so ridiculous that he was ashamed of them.

And the telegraph, in our day is trusted and sacred as the mails, bearing its private burden of grief, sudden poverty, the shame of one's daughter, the folly of one's wife, has been for nearly two weeks in the custody of a man with boundless inquisitiveness and fearful memory.

What is the defence of the General, when twitted with this :

"The English Government," he said, "seized even the mails at the time of the Chartist riots."

Perhaps so! but that was the desperate device of a Tory ministry, to retard the suffrage, and this was an inquest to remove a President who stands in the way of universal suffrage. Altogether this Impeachment trial has shown surprising morals in New York and Washington—a President's drunken speeches, a guano job, a whiskey ring, wholesale seizure of telegrams, copious use of spies, and the manners of General Butler.

The abuse of special legislation is as true of Congress as of the State Legislatures. In the latter the hawking of charters passed to sell is a well-known practice, particularly in Pennsylvania.

I was told, in one of the greatest railway offices of this country, that the Stanhope charter, so called, which was obtained from the New Jersey Legislature by the piecemeal solicitation of small turnpike and milling licenses, had been peddled all over the country amongst railway capitalists to find a buyer. The persons who conceived it and carried it out expected to get a large price for it, just as did the Washington lobbyists who obtained the Baltimore and Potomac charter from Maryland.

"Why did not your Company buy the Stanhope charter?" said I to the railway's Vice-President.

"Because our counsellor told us that it would be decided illegal, in intent, in the Jersey tribunals, and we would buy

lawsuit with it. No! we have learned by sore chastisement to operate upon the Legislatures in our own way, and they can't cook up charters to sell us."

The States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, and of the South generally, have Legislatures which are the silent partners of a few—sometimes only one—railroad man. He treats the members as partly privileged creatures, and pays them with a free ride. They are hardly allowed the freedom of his acquaintance, except now and then in his Director's car, and at such times, generally, to hear long-winded harangues about the comprehensive plans of his railroad system. Mere dogs and Dives, and the cheapest mendicants at the great man's crossings, they now and then submit conspiringly to his rival's propositions, or, in extremities, contrive a scheme of their own to peddle with. No railway corporation can be honest and direct with Legislatures so servile or so corrupt, and hence such charters as the Crédit Mobilier, the Stanhope, and various others are passed to sell, and bought of political speculators on the street. Neither do the great Railway Kings want to have free railroad laws, but prefer to possess Legislatures or buy their privileges under anonymous names in the public shambles.

Such Legislatures elect nearly all the United States Senators in the East and Coastwise States. And hence the Senate is rapidly growing to be a sort of General Ticket Agents' Convention,—to hold the seats for six years. What are the prospects of good and genuine government if these things be admitted?

No man for his heft ever had the faith of small families as fully as Mr. Colfax. Yet he testified to having owned this kind of stock while in Congress:

Seven-thirty bonds, ...	$5,000
One share New York *Tribune*, ...	$6,000
Lake Superior Iron Company stock, . . .	$5,000
Western Rolling Mill stock, ...	$5,000
Receipts at the door for a railway lecture, .	$12,000
Adams Express stock, ...	$5,000
Alton and Terre Haute Railroad bonds, . .	$5,000
Credit Mobilier stock (*denied*), ...	——?

Such were the proceeds of the pocket-book of one of the most virtuous members of Congress in his day. A thousand readers may cry out, "What was to hinder him from holding such stock?" But there will be a sigh and a reply from hundreds of cottages where the cotter's family believed that young Colfax never carried anything more worldly than some Sunday-school tickets and his necessary expenses.

Congress, like a pack of gamester's cards, is stocked. It is full of stock, good, bad, and indifferent. The pockets of the most promising are filled with coupons, free express tickets, and an installment of the wages of Protection.

A part of the remedy for railway corruptions in the East is a general law on the railroad subject, such as Ohio possesses, by which the little and the big road will have equal legal protection and encouragement, and the Legislature be put out of the temptation of lobbyists.

In the West the railway system is complicated with the land question, and the subject of excessive local taxation. The Hon. Sidney Clarke described to me, recently, the condition of Kansas, plastered three deep with county obligations to railways, and yet the State Legislature is a passive instrumentality in the hands of two or three Railway Kings. At the same time, the farmer's corn is 15 cents a bushel, and large cities are languishing by reason of over-stimulation under railway influences.

Kansas appears to have been the corrupt offspring of belligerent Freedom, debauched, like the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, while all the soldiery of Protestantism were away fighting out her cause.

The first ensnarer of this young State is said to have been Tom. Carney, a trader and shaver who became Governor, and got the maggot of the Senate on the brain, soon after the rise of the war. This is the same man who took $15,000 from Cadwell for getting off the track in 1873. Although beaten in politics, he is successful in business, and has become a wholesale grocer in St. Louis.

Mr. Pomeroy was also a wholesale grocer in the important article of bonds,—not to mention vocal praise. He fell into the practice of all Kansas Senators, of being possessed in fee simple by somebody else. Gaylord owned Pomeroy, just as Leon Smith possessed a good deal of Caldwell, and Jim Legate of Carney. Mr. Legate attempted to sell Mr. Pomeroy's vote for $100,000 in the Impeachment trial; and Mr. Gaylord, his brother-in-law, is a New York metropolitan at present, with a clear million. Pomeroy lives at Atchison, nominally, where he has a large farm, over which roam herds of Angola goats, trained to utter religious sounds, and further stupefy and seduce men of prayer in Kansas. These goats utter a cry which is said to sound wonderfully like the word "Amen," and many of them do continually cry the same whenever Mr. Pomeroy is known to be at home, so as to convey an impression of his orthodoxy. He lives, however, in fact and intention, at Washington City, with alternations of Massachusetts. He married for his third consort a very agreeable and spirited Massachusetts lady, of gracious fortune in her own right, who is well thought of at the Federal Capital by all sorts of people.

In bearing, worldly tone, and understanding, Pomeroy is the superior of anybody we have seen here from Kansas. To look upon, he is baldish, large, cheerful-faced, and looks like the proprietor of a large hotel who was fond of having a clergyman for a guest. His most statesman-like motion is the picking of his teeth and the writing of his autograph. He bears no malice, is always gladdened to have an opponent make it up and be neighborly, and deprecates agitation, journalism, charity outside the party, and all other such dangerous precedents. He holds it to be a more beautiful act of one's life to kick a Democrat out of his seat than to expose a party associate who has stolen into it. In like manner, he would hold the door to prevent scandalous witnesses looking in upon a good man temporarily in temptation, and, if necessary to compose the good man temporarily, would have the door held upon himself. In short, a well-regulated, bodily-enjoying, morally-squint-eyed man is

Pomeroy, without indignations, talents or anything more than a business love of money. He holds that whatever is is right. He went to Kansas when all the youth and fortitude there were alert to compete with armed slavery, and the weapon which he grasped was a bag of beans. The wind naturally resident in the bean—as too many inventors know who have sought to extract it—took Pomeroy into politics. He came in, and went out on his belly. With him retires the nearest approach to Falstaff, who has been in the Senate since Humphrey Marshall or John M. Clayton. They possessed none of Falstaff's dishonesty, and Pomeroy none of his wit; but there was a veritable humor in the latter's utter want of moral nature, and easy assumption of it. Like Falstaff, he was once a general, and Phillips' letters on Kansas show him parading around in this title.

In Massachusetts, Pomeroy had been a member of the Legislature; this fact, the generalship, and the beans put him into the Senate in the same combination with that great Border Ruffian of the North, Jim Lane of Kansas. His first term, like the second, was distinguished by that close attention to committee-business, and postmasterships, and perfect indifference to individual expression and national influence, which seem to be the surest roads to re-election now-a-days. In 1867 he beat Carney and A. L. Lee—the latter a general, subsequently, in Banks' army. The only acts recorded of him in twelve years, according to McPherson's political histories of the Rebellion and Reconstruction, have been: February 1, 1865, to substitute the word "condition" of rebellion for "state" of rebellion; in January, 1865, to admit the Senators and Members from Arkansas—a moral off-shoot of Kansas in Republican politics; and April 19, 1870, to make Georgia "the Third Military District," and so prepare it for an election in the following November.

This is his record, except that he voted "right" and steadily with his party on every question, from Stultification to Santo Domingo. I do not believe that he would have ever sold his

vote on the Impeachment trial; he was too good a party man and too arrant a coward. Inside that party line, where meanness could creep and be covered, he was like a jackal, preying under the cover of darkness. But the spirit of a martyr to the faintest degree, he never possessed. He lost twenty-six pounds avoirdupois in two days, when the Legislature of Kansas passed articles against him for bribery; and, when he arose to talk in the Senate, the other day, it was like Falstaff after the Prince had cut him: "His nose was sharp as a pen, and 'a babler of the green fields, and 'a could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked."

Caldwell came up to the Senate by the good, broad, shameless road which Carney and Pomeroy had made. They had walked the pave until any timorous nymph could venture to face it; the first step is half the journey, but twelve years of Pomeroy might have made all Kansas Caldwellian.

The present accession "on the town" was gristly, little, and with no naturally immoral constitution. Nature did not contribute to his longevity those burly hips and shoulders, that back of the neck, and perfect flatness of foot, which she gives to her legitimate jobber in politics. He was scrawny, and the color of his hair was like the leaves of the nubbin-pine in winter,—brittle and undecidedly red. It might have been seen with half an eye that Caldwell would slip up in politics, being too vulgar and direct at it. He kept no amen goats, exuded no oil of the soft evening before the Sabbath-day, and looked out of place with a bandana handkerchief. He was, in truth, a wandering express clerk from Pennsylvania, who appeared in Kansas just prior to the war, and settled in Leavenworth City. Having some aid from the East—variously stated by himself to be derived from Cameron and Scott—he picked up money in speculation, and, in company with an uneducated but adroit team-contractor named Leonard Smith, he shared in the profits of the overland trade, from Fort Leavenworth to the Plains, being first book-keeper, and ultimately General Superintendent of the Overland Freight Company. They are so given to slan-

ders in Kansas politics, that there is no reliance to be placed upon the charge that he undid his employers by peeping at their proposals, nor that he claimed to be a cousin of Simon Cameron, nor that he said Tom. Scott would back him for the Senate to any amount. The business of freighting to the amount of two millions per annum gave Mr. Caldwell "claims" on the Quartermaster's Department, of course. Nobody ever worked for the Government who was not entitled to "relief." Some years subsequently, these claims, and the decline in Leavenworth real estate, some experience which he had in getting possession of the Delaware diminished reserve lands in 1866 (price $2.50 per acre), and interests in a couple of railways, started Caldwell upon the race for the Senate. He proclaimed his intentions in the autumn of 1870. In two months he "fixed" the Legislature by taking the advice of Leon Smith, going boldly into the market for votes, and startling public impulsiveness in Kansas by stating that the pecuniary resources "behind him" were illimitable. The average man out there is said to run for the Legislature from his youth up, and it was fashionable to sell one's vote when successful, in order to show a peaceful and accommodating mood, and keep real estate steady.

Mr. Caldwell paid away, as has been shown by the testimony and by the blank-books, $88,091 *which have been discovered.* He made his campaign in just three months, bought the bosom-friends of Mr. Sidney Clarke, bought High, Low, Jack, and the Game, and was elected at the dropping of the hat.

He was not a natural politician. He was menaced by all the other defeated candidates to whom he would not make contributions in an eleemosynary way. Moreover, his Leavenworth property declined. Crédit Mobilier came in *malapropos* and aroused the country. He found Carney and all the set poking his cheeks at him. And, in the hurly-burly, despite the earnest intercessions of "pal" Harlan, the great forerunner and progenitor of Caldwell, Mr. Pomeroy was ostracised by the Legislature on the paltry showing of $7,000 cash in hand. For this small and perfectly innocent consideration, Mr. Pomeroy was deserted even in Kansas.

Thus was the winter of the discontent
Made red-hot summer by this sum of York

(shillings understood.) Mr. Harlan and myself do not believe this story. We quote the hymn to ourselves, beginning:

Bribes, idle bribes, we know not what they mean:
Bribes, from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Kansas fields,
And thinking of the beans that are no more.

Harlan, an Ex-Senator says thus, in the Daily paper, which he publishes:

"It is about time for the opposition press to discover that the people are heartily sick of this cry about the corruption of those members who were inveigled into the purchase of Crédit Mobilier stock. The amount they received was too ridiculously small for such a noise."

This is the first time we ever heard of the young lady's apology for her foundling applied in State questions:

"Please, sir, it's such a little one!"

For otherwise is the treatment of people who impose upon the public credit, and the credulity of mankind in other countries. General Fremont never received any indictment here for using the name of the United States to sell bonds in Paris, but the particulars of the sentence at Paris of Fremont and those interested with him in the negotiation of Memphis and El Paso, have been brought by late European mails. The opinion of the Court is described as having been clear, compact, and well-written. One of the points taken as clearly proved was, that out of the 20,600,000 francs which had been subscribed to the spurious bonds, 18,599,000 francs had been distributed among the promoters of the scheme as commissions, and paid out for bringing the bonds into public notice. The sentences passed were as follows: Gen. Fremont, Probst, and Auffermann to five years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Crampon to four years years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Gaudree-Boileau to three years' imprisonment; Lissignol

to two years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Poupinel to one years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine. Fremont, Probst, and Auffermann were not present, and were declared fugitives from justice. The confiscation of 50,000 francs bail for Probst was ordered, as well as the guarantees given by the others accused, and all the prisoners were condemned to pay damages to the plaintiffs in the civil suit, and the costs of suit. The only case for which there is any sympathy in Paris was that of the Baron Gaudree-Boileau, Fremont's brother-in-law, and this because he had returned the proceeds of the sale of his share of bonds, and claimed that they were given to him by Fremont, in settlement of old family claims. The Baron Gaudree-Boileau was formerly Consul-General at New York, subsequently Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary of France at Peru, and a man of high position and general respect.

Another class of frauds is the sale of lands voted by Congress for Agricultural Colleges to rings of politicians.

A gentleman who had Arkansas State scrip to sell, came to see me one day, and asked why it was that the Land Department refused to arrange for the delivery of cash on Agricultural College scrip, until a certain man in Cleveland, Ohio, (by name George P., or "Pop-corn," Lewis), had been accepted as the best bidder for the said scrip. If the scrip sells for 90, and the Cleveland man offers but 90, why is it that the facilities for delivery are tightened on the man, unless he goes to Cleveland?

Here we have another Ring, perhaps.

We hear very little of such abuses in the huge annual reports of the Heads of Departments.

At the time of the year when persimmons drop, and sausage appears in the market, the annual reports creep out of the government printing office. We are full of these thick documents, stitched together generally without indices, and brought into the world before their time. Some of them, like the Agricultural Report, are made up of cheap essays, advertised with a plate of a college, and they smell of green beans and dried apples. Others, like the Treasury Report, are the loose

presentations of business men, separately interesting, but bound together without agreement or design.

These reports are generally called together sometime before the Secretary writes his essay, each subordinate head of bureau contributing his quotum, and each part is sent in the green leaf to the printer, who hashes it up amongst his compositors, and, after much expenditure in corrections and proofs, it is sent to the Secretary, who reads it, and thus becomes aware of how little he knew before. When the Secretary has read two or three dozen of these reports, he becomes a formidable man to meet on the street, for he forthwith tackles everybody on the subject-matter of them, and, if you will watch him carefully, you will see that he is merely practising what he has got by rote, upon you, to see whether you can suggest anything. He talks all round the universe in this way, until he is satisfied that he has found some convictions. With these convictions he proceeds to bully everybody, and, by passing his report to and from the printers several times, it is finally licked into a sort of literary shape. By the gospel of finance thus revealed to its apostle, the convictions of a great party are defined. Every time the Secretary writes a report, he feels more learned, and consequently more dogged. In course of time, he grows to affect a supreme contempt for criticism, although he himself criticizes foreign nations, Adam Smith, and Amasa Walker. The larger number of our administrative statesmen are of this pattern—politicians who have come up through the surface on a party trap, and, by rising to dizzy heights of conspicuousness, are suddenly precipitated on all fours into administration.

The provincialism of our Congress has been referred to, in a former chapter,—its disregard of the nation in its rapacity to get local privileges. As I have referred to the public men of Kansas, I may also say something of a still more remote and provincial class of public men at Washington, "the sun-downers."

The politics and politicians of the Pacific coast are below the grade of their occasion. There is no man of them who

has mind enough to propel a dummy engine up the smallest grade of the Pacific Railway. The universal opinion of Californians, that I have seen, is conclusive upon this point. None of them are equal to the question of Asiatic labor, nor to any similar question which is now prominent in the minds of the capitalists and merchants of California.

Senator Cole was a courtly, cautious man, of wealth and ambition, and in the Lower House he would make an industrious factor for his constituents. He is honest, modest, and self-respecting. Nature made him well, but somewhat between the period when she cast her large guns. He is a well-built man, of the medium height, carefully dressed, with black eyes, hair, and beard. His home and family are models for those of other legislators. Emergency might make a strong character of him, but whatever vigorous traits he possesses, are subordinated to vigilant self-restraint, and, indeed, one is often unaware that he sits in the Senate at all for months at a time. He is of New York extraction, and of Irish and English mixture. He went to California at twenty-seven years of age, worked awhile in the mines, and was sent to Congress for his good habits as an offset to McDougall, the gifted drunkard, whom he succeeded.

Casserly, Cole's colleague, is a great improvement on the grain, manners, and acquirements of Conness, whom he succeeds. Yet he is not up to the demands of a State like California, and in the publicizing of him a good schoolmaster seems to have been spoiled.

He is so rich as to be called very rich. I am told that the wealthiest individual in California is not worth above ten millions. The leading men of California are mainly either original or secondary emigrants from New York State,—sharp business people, dashing salesmen, good shipping clerks, but in public life managers rather than salesmen cast in the mould of Seward, Seymour, Van Buren, and Fenton. Collectively, they make a strong crowd, but when you ask them to produce individuals with minds and spectacles that look beyond the

horizon, they are not apt to respond according to the terms. I am not sure that California has ever produced a single man of positive political eminence. Broderick is held in less repute by those who know him in California than we have believed. I have been making inquiries of Californians for a good while as to the height of his intellectual measurement, and they never respond with enthusiasm, though always saying:

"He was a good, warm-hearted fellow, who stuck to his friends. The man that killed him made him famous."

The Senators from Oregon rank a little above and a little below California in intellectuality. Corbett is scarcely the peer of either Casserly or Cole. He is a reduced copy of Cole in some things, is only 42 years old, and socially is a refined little man who made his money by keeping a store at Portland, Oregon. His birthplace is Massachusetts. His education was meagre. He became a Republican by tradition and conviction early in the struggle, and was sent to the Senate without chicanery. There is no particular reason why Oregon should send any great orator here, "to hear no sound save his own dashing," and Corbett is a pleasant, trim, chirping little man to come out of the woods, as daintily as if out of a bandbox.

In George H. Williams, now Attorney-General, who lives in Portland the same town with Corbett, we have a stronger type of man than any we have been considering. He has been Chief Justice of Oregon, and is a lawyer of sound and heavy mind. His birthplace was Columbia County, New York, and he was afterward a Judge in Iowa. He has a tall, stoop-shouldered structure, and a rather muddled, obtuse, lowering look, with a frown and a bushy eyebrow entangled together. When he comes to work, however, you see that he is a solidly-poised, well read, immovable man. But he gives no indications of a new type of man, such as the Pacific slope might be supposed to model. In short Oregon and California are failures, politically. There is no man in Congress who is equal to the inspirations of his coast, its canons and pine trees and cataracts: nor to its destinies, Austria, China, Alaska: nor to its peo-

ple, that strong vanguard of the new nation who are to spangle the western coast with such maritime cities as Italy established in the fourteenth century.

It is in the sparsely settled little State of Nevada—the seven months' child of State, admitted to the Union before it was grown, and not up to its growth even now—that we find the first sparks of political genius and no scrupulousness. Stewart and Nye are both New Yorkers, born within fifty miles of one another; but Stewart is only forty-two years old and Nye is fifty-four. They live respectively at the neighboring Virginia and Carson cities, twelve hours by rail from San Francisco. Nye, or Jim Nye, as he likes to call himself, is a strange specimen of what New York politics can do with a poetic nature. He is partly Irish and partly French, in origin, a man of large frame and appetites, a native orator, with a most impressive appearance, hair long, luxuriant, and prematurely whitened, a fat, priest-like face, prominent brows, no beard, large bluish-gray eyes, a large mouth filled with white teeth, and a stoutish, genteel body. He is the best speaker on instantaneous occasion in the United States Senate. He has the quality of imagination, of which that body is almost destitute—Sumner having a little, Nye having all the rest. Dick Yates has a good deal of Nye's readiness, but none of his imagination. Yates and Nye both appeal to the Deity in every apostrophe, and every other sentence is an apostrophe with them. But Yates expires with an invocation; Nye is vivid and fertile in description, full of Irish humor, and broad exaggeration, equal to the most exalted buncombe and vivid in his mastery of forensic demagoguery. His cunning and his good nature glide into and conceal each other. The redeeming element of his nature is his early and positive convictions upon the slavery question, which go back to the time of Van Buren and the Free Soilers, twenty years ago. Many a man is dead and buried on the field of battle who heard the young and fiery utterances of Jim Nye in his childhood, and parted links with slavery from that moment. He has probably delivered four or

five hundred speeches on this question, and supported his rhetoric with a good deal of physical courage. He is happiest when he leaves human rights, upon questions of sensuous—the beauty of woman, the charms of love, the inviolability of friendship, and those other pleasant platitudes which are always in order, like a cork-screw or a pair of slippers. For a free-and-easy dinner he is the best man in the Senate to invite out. As a politician he is a good outrider and "stumper;" but his vanity is often stronger than his discretion. As an opponent in debate he is sometimes magnanimous, but frequently blistering and bilious, with humor between, like thunderclaps in sunshine. He said in my presence one day about Sprague, after describing him:

"I can't hit a canary bird like that with a cannon ball."

And, as I afterward observed, his speech upon Sprague was pleasant and forbearing, and knowing Nye's vigor and shyness of repartee as I did, it raised him in my estimation vastly.

Nye was a boy of the public schools, and he is proud of it. He was a "stumper" for the Sewardites down to 1860, when he became a Police Commissioner of New York city. In 1861 he came to Washington, before any troops arrived, mustered a little regiment of Congressmen, clerks and so forth, and marched upon the Arsenal. There he found Commander Buchanan, of the navy, filling shells with sawdust and dirt, and he boarded the ship Powhattan and took him off by force. He was sent to Nevad by Mr. Lincoln as Governor, and in 1865 he took his seat in the Senate. The temperament and education of Mr. Nye are responsible for many of his eccentricities. He is the most popular orator on the Pacific coast, and can get a crowd together on a few hours' notice every time he goes to San Francisco. He lacks that sturdy, thoughtful dignity and gravity of character which makes our Saxon orators great—makes Webster rise above his potations, and though drunken, be a drunken Jove; or Fox, returning from the gaming table ruined, calmly discuss Plutarch and Æschylus. Both Nye and

Stewart are reputed to be protectors in the Senate of the Central Pacific as opposed to the Union Pacific Railroad.

Stewart is a tall, angular, Flemish-bearded man, of a shining temperament, practical ambition, and extraordinary industry, and he is a pet of Nye, whom he excels in all amiable qualities except ready genius. He is the son-in-law of the celebrated Henry S. Foote, of Tennessee, formerly of Mississippi, the stormy petrel or rather the senile and chattering blackbird of our legislative history. Foote is living in retirement, and we seldom hear of him now-a-days:

> "And in the sultry garden squares,
> Now his flute notes are changed to coarse,
> I hear him not at all, or hoarse,
> As when a hawker hawkes his wares."

These are some or all of the more conspicuous legislators of the Pacific Coast. "They do not fill the bills." They are merely sundry people shaken off the fringes of the East. Jones, Nye's successor, proclaimed to the legislature which elected him, that it was no disgrace to have spent and taken money in the election of a Senator.

The Indian business of the country in its worst form, buying goods, making agencies, intriguing for Indian trust funds, land treaties, etc., has been long handled by a Senator from Iowa and one from Kansas, Harlan and Pomeroy. Our Indian policy is now as in the past a mixture of weak humanitarianism and executive bunglary. And it is notorious that the worst politicians, the most rascally and cruel attorneys, and the craftiest type of shopkeepers are those who insist upon the present Indian policy. They wish to deal with the savage as if he were a fool; for in that capacity they can make most use of him and us, instead of arousing him to be a man, and a man he is and that a crazed one when he raises the hatchet.

A rural friend came here the other day and asked me to show him through the Patent-Office. We saw the yellow buckskin breeches of Washington, his tent-poles, and his camp equipage, and then his bolster-cases embroidered by his wife's

hand. My aged friend, who had recently lost his wife, watered at the eyes when he saw this last, for, no doubt, he thought of his own old sweetheart, quilting away on the old-fashioned quilting frame the very coverlets which now made him warm of nights, while she was lying out in the cold grave-yard. Those widowers' tears made Washington and his wife rise up before me alive, and I went over the same old museum with as keen an interest for the hundredth as for the first visit. We saw the jewel-hilted swords given to sailors and envoys, long since deceased, but wrested away by the jealous republic; and the narrow-chested coat which wrapped the gaunt body of Jackson on the day of New Orleans, hung within the glass case in helpless appeal. So, through thousands of patent models we kept our way, until at last we reached the land office, and the communicative Commissioner took us into his separate museum.

"Come here Custis!" he said, "I want you to put on Big Bull's holiday suit."

An attendant stood upon a chair,—a small, modest, smooth-faced man,—and the Commissioner passed up to him out of a box a bundle of gear, made of buffalo's horns, robe, forelocks, and mane, and the man fitted the thing on his head. Immediately he was metamorphosed to a devil, with a row of horns reaching from his ears to his heels, and the thick, bushy hair of the buffalo shook round his chops and heart.

"Meet that figure on the field of torture after the battle is done," said the Commissioner, "and you would think Satan was waiting right by for your soul. That was the favorite dress of Big Bull, a Cheyenne chief of gigantic size, who died in battle with the Pawnees, putting his hands over his ears and rushing into death, while his wife brained her two infants, and died fighting with him"

The Commissioner then showed us a gala dress of a brute Sioux brave, made entirely of the cured skin of human scalps, and fringed with the long locks of white females.

"See here," he said, "this scalp has an auburn thread running through it; by the light it shows like dark gold. This scalp is flaxen, and is soft as a boy's. These short ones are children's scalps. And here is one with a suggestion of grey—an old woman's maybe."

My widower friend's eyes were full again, and a resisted "pucker" came to his mouth.

There was the hair that had been the pride of its wearer, when she came to the arms of some strong young pioneer bridegroom, and laid it upon his breast after the labor of the day. Children had played with it, twining it round their fingers, and beneath it had lain the years of housekeeping cares, the dreams of competence and independence, the yearnings of the woman's prayer that the Kingdom of God might come and His peace flow like a river. The grey strands had crept into it like the first grey lights into the sky at evening, and the peace of home and love which passeth all understanding had shone from the failing eyes beneath those changing tresses. She repined not, because the wealth and beauty of their former times were reproduced in her blooming girls, and then she felt a realization that her years had not been lived and tried in vain, but that, as a frontiersman's wife, she had become one of the pilgrim mothers of a Western race.

Then in one moment, out of the ground arise the painted shapes of darkness; the earth becomes a yell. Stricken at the feet of some savage the bleeding figure lies; bloody hands are twisted in these hairs of grey; the knife describes the circle; the shining glory of the matron's head dangles at the Indian's knee amongst the fringes of his bloody shirt.

Here it is in the Patent Office, making this widower's eyes water as he feels the story, and then the Commissioner says:

"Have you seen Spotted Tail and Swift Bear? They were here this morning, and are a fine-looking set of Chiefs."

"Yes," says the widower, still looking at the old woman's scalp, "I heard that they had been here."

Nothing but a real, vigorous, original administration of the

Government by men used to governing, aided by a permanent civil service will reform us. We must also elect a Congress of men who can stand watching. And *apropos* of this, a good list to keep in the family for reference is that which shows the vote upon BACK PAY,—the most insolent act of the worst Congress we have had since the period of emancipation. It is printed here because the names involved will arise before the public as candidates for office during the years in which our volume will be consulted.

That vote was taken on the 3d of March, and is given in the subjoined table; Republicans in Roman, Liberal Republicans in SMALL CAPITALS and Democrats in *italics*, the names of members not then re-elected to the XLIId Congress being preceded by an asterisk. Of the 36 Senators voting Yea, 22 were Republicans, 10 Democrats, and 4 Liberal Republicans; of these, 5 Republicans, 2 Liberal Republicans and 2 Democrats were outgoing members. Twenty Republicans, 5 Democrats, and 2 Liberal Republicans voted No, 2 Republicans being outgoing members. Of the 11 Senators not voting, 7 were Republicans, 5 of them being outgoing members, 2 were Liberal Republicans, and 2 Democrats. In the House 102 members voted for the increase, 96 voted against it, and 42 did not vote at all, being absent or having "paired off." Of the affirmative vote 56 were Republicans, 44 Democrats, and two Liberal Republicans; the outgoing members being 27 Democrats, 22 Republicans, and two Liberal Republicans. The negative vote was composed of 61 Republicans, 32 Democrats, and three Liberal Republicans; of these 23 Democrats, 32 Republicans, and 3 Liberal Republicans were outgoing members. Of those not voting, 26 were Democrats, 15 Republicans, and 1 Liberal Republican; 14 Democrats, 10 Republicans, and 1 Liberal Republican being outgoing members.

SENATE.

YEAS, (OR THOSE WHO VOTED THEMSELVES MONEY.)

Alcorn, Miss.	Gilbert, Fla.	*Pool, N. C.
Ames, Miss.	*Goldthwaite*, Ala.	*Ransom*, N. C.
Bayard, Del.	HAMILTON, Tex.	*RICE, Ark.
Blair, Mo.	*Hill, Ga.	Robertson, S. C.
Brownlow, Tenn.	Hitchcock, Neb.	*Sawyer, S. C.
Caldwell, Kan.	Lewis, Va.	Spencer, Ala.
Cameron, Penn.	Logan, Ill.	Stewart, Nev.
Carpenter, Wis.	*Machen*, Ky.	*Stockton*, Cal.
Clayton, Ark.	Morrill, Me.	TIPTON, Neb.
Cooper, Tenn.	*Norwood*, Ga.	*TRUMBULL, Ill.
Davis, W. Va.	*Nye, Nev.	*Vickers*, Md.
Flanagan, Tex.	*Osborn, Fla.	West, La.—36.

NAYS, (OR THOSE WHO DID NOT LIKE MONEY OF THAT KIND.)

Anthony, R. I.	Ferry, Mich.	Ramsey, Minn.
Boreman, W. V.	Frelinghuysen, N. J.	*Saulsbury*, Del.
Buckingham, Conn.	*Hamilton*, Md.	SCHURZ, Mo.
Casserly, Cal.	Hamlin, Me.	Scott, Penn.
Chandler, Mich.	Howe, Mich.	Sherman, Ohio.
Conkling, N. Y.	*Kelley*, Oregon.	Sprague, R. I.
*Corbett, Oregon.	Morrill, Vt.	*Thurman*, Ohio.
Cragin, N. H.	*Patterson, N. H.	Windom, Minn.
Edmunds, Vt.	Pratt, Ind.	Wright, La.—27.

NOT VOTING.

*Cole, Cal.	*Pomeroy, Kansas.	*Johnston*, Va.
Ferry, Conn.	*Stevenson*, Ky.	SUMNER, Mass.
Morton, Ind.	*Ray, La.	*Wilson, Mass.—11.
Purlan, Iowa.	FENTON, N. Y.	

HOUSE.

YEAS, (OR "THOSE WHO MADE A RAISE.")

Adams, Ky.	*Burdett, Mo.	*Crossland*, Ky.
Averill, Minn.	Butler, Mass.	Darrall, La.
*BANKS, Mass.	Butler, Tenn.	*Dickey, Penn.
*Bigby, Ga.	**Caldwell*, Tenn.	**Du Bose*, Ga.
*Bingham, Ohio,	**Carroll*, N. Y.	Duell, N. Y.
*Blair, Mo.	Cobb, N. C.	**Duke*, Va.
*Boarman, La.	*Coghlan, Cal.	*Eldridge*, Wis.
**Boles*, Ark.	**Conner*, Texas.	Elliott, S. C.
*Buckley, Ala.	**Critcher*, Va.	**Foster*, Penn.

Garfield, Ohio.
*Garrett, Tenn.
*Gett, Penn.
Giddings, Tex.
*Golladay, Tenn.
*Griffith, Penn.
Hancock, Tex.
*Hanks, Ark.
Harmer, Penn.
*Harper, N. C.
*Harris, Miss.
Hays, Ala.
Hazelton, N. J.
Herndon, Tex.
Houghton, Cal.
Kendall, Nev.
*King, Mo.
Lamison, Ohio.
Lamport, N. Y.
Lansing, N. Y.
Leach, N. C.
Lowe, Kan.
Maynard, Tenn.
McHenry, Ky.
McJunkin, Penn.
McKee, Miss.
*McKinny, Ohio.
*McNeeley, Ill.
*Meyers, B. F., Penn.
Morey, La.
*Morphis, Miss.
Myers, L. Penn.
Negley, Penn.
*Niblack, Fla.
Packard, Ind.
Parker, Mo.
*Peck, Ohio.
*Perce, Miss.
Perry, N. Y.
Platt, Va.
*Price, Ga.
*Prindle, N. Y.
Rainey, S. C.
Randall, Penn.
*Rice, Ky.
Robinson, Ill.
*Rogers, N. C.
*Rogers, N. Y.
Sargent, Cal.
*Shanks, Ind.
Sheldon, La.
*Sherwood, Penn.
Sloss, Ala.
*Snapp, Ill.
Snyder, Ark.
Storm, Penn.
*Stoughton, Mich.
Stowell, Va.
St. John, N. Y.
Sutherland, Mich.
Sypher, La.
*Taffe, Neb.
Thomas, N. C.
*Townsend, N. Y.
*Turner, Ala.
*Tuthill, N. Y.
*Twitchell, Mass.
*Voorhees, Ind.
Waddell, N. C.
Wallace, S. C.
Whiteley, Ga.
Williams, Ind.
Wilson, Ind.
*Winchester, Ky.
Young, Ga.—102.

NAYS, (OR THOSE WHO APPREHENDED A FUTURE LIFE.)

*Ambler, Ohio.
Archer, Md.
Arthur, Ky.
Barber, Wis.
Barnum, Conn.
*Beatty, Ohio.
Bell, N. H.
Bird, N. J.
*Blair, Mich.
Bright, Tenn.
Buffinton, Mass.
*Bunnell,
Burchard, Ill.
*Campbell, Ohio.
Clarke, Texas.
Coburn, Ind.
Conger, Mich.
Cotton, Iowa.
*Cox, N. Y.
*Crebs, Ill.
Crocker, Mass.
Davis, W. Va.
Dawes, Mass.
Donnan, Iowa.
*Dox, Ala.
Dunnell, Minn.
Eames, R. I.
*Ely, N. Y.
*Farnsworth, Ill.
*Finkelnburg, Mo.
Foster, Mich.
Foster, Ohio.
Frye, Me.
*Goodrich, N. Y.
Hale, Me.
*Handley, Ala.
*Hambleton, Md.
Harris, Va.
Havens, Mo.
*Hawley, Conn.
Hawley, Ill.
*Hay, Ill.
Hazleton, Wis.
*Hibbard, N. H.
*Hill, N. J.
Hoar, Mass.
Holman, Ind.
*Kellogg, Conn.

Kerr, Ind.
*Ketcham, N. Y.
Killinger, Penn.
Lewis, Ky.
*Lynch, Me.
Manson, Ind.
McClelland, Penn.
McCormick, Mo.
McCrary, Iowa.
*McGrew, W. Va.
MacIntyre, Ga.
Merriam, N. Y.
Merrick, Md.
Monroe, Ohio.
Niblack, Ind.
Orr, Iowa.
*Packer, Penn.
*Palmer, Iowa.
Parker, N. H.
Pendleton, R. I.
Poland, Vt.
Roberts, E. H., N. Y.
Rusk, Wis.
Sawyer, Wis.
Scofield, Penn.
Sessions, N. Y.
*Shellabarger, Ohio.
Shoemaker, Penn.
Slater, Oregon.
Slocum, N. Y.
Smith, N. Y.
Smith, Ohio.
*Smith, Vt.
Speer, Penn.
Sprague, Ohio.
*Starkweather, Ct.
Stevens, Ill.
*Stevenson, Ohio.
*Terry, Va.
Townsend, Penn.
*Upson, Ohio.
*Walden, Iowa.
Waldron, Mich.
Warren, N. Y.
Wells, Mo.
*Wheeler, N. Y.
Willard, Vt.
*Wilson, Ohio.—95.

NOT VOTING, (DODGING.)

Acker, Penn.
*Ames, Mass.
Barry, Miss.
*Beck, Ga.
Beck, Ky.
Biggs, Del.
Braxton, Va.
Brooks, N. Y.
Comingo, Mo.
Creele, Penn.
*Dodds, O.
*Esty, Mass.
Farwell, Ill.
Forker, N. J.
Haldeman, Penn.
*Halsey, N. J.
Hereford, W. Va.
Hooper, Mass.
Kelley, Penn.
Kinsella, N. Y.
Marshall, Ill.
Mitchell, Wis.
*Moore, Ill.
Morgan, O.
*Peters, Me.
*Porter, Va.
Potter, N. Y.
Read, Ky.
Rice, Ill.
*Ritchie, Md.
Roberts, W. R., N. Y.
Roosevelt, N. Y.
*Secley, N. Y.
Schober, N. C.
Swann, Md.
Tyner, Ind.
Van Trump, O.
Vaughan, Tenn.
*Wakeman, N. Y.
Whitthorne, Tenn.
Williams, N. Y.
Wood, N. Y.—42.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A RUNNING HISTORY OF IMPROVEMENTS IN WASHINGTON.

June 15th, 1800, the public offices were opened at Washington, and Congress assembled there for the first time, November 22d. The laws of Virginia and Maryland were extended over the portions ceded by those States, which constituted respectively the counties of Alexandria and Washington, both of which had jurisdiction on the intermediate Potomac river. A court of three judges, with U. S. Circuit Court powers, was provided for, and also an orphans' court.

February 11th, 1800, while a snow storm raged without, and intense partisan activity and bitterness went on within, the House of Representatives proceeded to ballot for the successor of John Adams. One member was carried to the Hall in a litter, and the ballot-box brought to his side. Express-riders were kept in relay from Washington to Richmond, and one Session of Congress continued for thirty-one hours. Jefferson and Burr were both in the city. On the thirty-sixth ballot, February 17th, Jefferson was elected.

Washington was first so called explicitly by the three commissioners—Johnson, Stuart, and Carroll—in a letter addressed to Major L' Enfant, from Georgetown, September 9th, 1791.

Under the first board of commissioners—Johnson, Carroll, and Stuart—who kept in office until 1794, there were sold 6,227 Washington lots, for $541,384. The next board—Scott,

Carroll, and Thornton—sold 83 lots for $50,217. The third board—Scott, White, and Thornton—sold 101 lots for $41,081. About $117,000 failed to be collected. In 1802 the board was dissolved, and the office of Superintendent created, and Thomas Monroe appointed. He served until 1817, and sold 238 lots for $51,652. Colonel Samuel Lane succeeded Monroe, and sold 69 lots for $21,128.

The early commissioners held themselves accountable to nobody but the President, and their returns were short $126,000, as late as 1825. Mr. Monroe was also reported derelict, and Lane failed to satisfy a committee of the Eighteenth Congress. The next Superintendent was Joseph Elgan, who had better business habits than his predecessors, and under him both the Capitol and President's house were fully restored. In 1825 there remained unsold 3,406 lots belonging to the United States.

Under the commissioners in the first eleven years of the city, the total expenditures were $900,857, of which $670,000 were gifts and cash receipts. The President's house had then cost $240,000 and the Capitol $330,000. The first Treasury and War Office cost nearly $90,000; and two bridges over Rock Creek, and one over the Tiber, $8,000. Two wharves at Rock Creek, and on the Eastern branch, had cost $11,000. The total expenditure for salaries, maps, office-rent, etc., had been $90,000, on the part of the Commissioners.

By the report of the Commissioners for the city, presented in the early months of Jefferson's administration, we find that soon after the 15th of May, 1801, there were 191 brick houses finished, 408 wooden houses, and altogether 95 brick houses unfinished, and 41 wooden houses unfinished.

The town of Carrollsburg has been mentioned as preceding the City of Washington, on a part of the site. Carrollsburg was situated between the Eastern branch and St. James's creek. Its streets, which were parallel with the river, in the order of recession from it, were Short, North, Union, Middle, and St. James; crosswise, they were called, going down-stream, No. 1, 2, 3, etc., to 8.

The most notable purchases of lots at the early sales—October, 1791—December, 1794—were:

Tobias Lea, whose purchases amounted to £572;

Peter Charles l'Enfant, who paid but £25 upon his lot, and the remaining £198 was settled by the City of Washington;

Wm. Augustine Washington, £225;

Samuel Blodgett, who bought nearly to the amount of £2,000;

Daniel Carroll of Duddington, who paid £555 for a shipping seat, near the mouth of the Eastern branch;

David Burns, who picked up, for £350, two of the most valuable lots now to be found, right opposite the Treasury;

James Hoban, architect of the President's house, who purchased to the amount of £900, on City Hall Hill, and Capitol Hill;

Thomas Sim Lee, who bought on the flats below the President's, at low rates, and in small parcels;

George Washington, who gave £515 for four lots, on deep water, Eastern branch, one square behind Buzzards' point, and £400 for two lots between the subsequent Observatory and Rock Creek;

James Greenleaf, the greatest of all purchasers, who bought to the amount of more than £140,000, or about 6,000 lots, nearly all at Greenleaf point, and on the Eastern branch;

William Thornton, designer of the Capitol, who paid £200 for his lot opposite Observatory hill.

Greenleaf paid about £25,000 on his lots, and they passed over to Morris & Nicholson who died insolvent. This was the Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution.

The ground where the U. S. Treasury stands, was the property of Thomas Davidson, who purchased it from the Commissioners, between October, 1792, and January, 1794. In time it came again into the hands of the United States.

Where the Post-office building now stands, was Blodgett's Hotel, where the Thirteenth Congress met at President Madison's call, September 19, 1817.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel,

formerly stood the *National Intelligencer* office when Cockburn destroyed its type and presses.

Between January, 1795, and January, 1800, we find these notable purchases:

George Washington, who bought the lot on Capitol Hill, where the two residences belonging to his widow remained;

Walter Stewart, paying $17,823; Solomon Etting and Thomas Corcoran.

Between 1800 and 1821, we find the following purchasers: Daniel Carroll, of Duddington; Charles W. Goldsborough, Jonathan Elliott, Richard Cutts, who bought nearly $14,000 worth of property outlying the White House reservation.

Much has been said about the cupidity of the rich proprietors of land on the site of Washington, but John Law, a distinguished citizen who had come to the place in 1800, charged in the year 1820, that the city was made too vast by the politicians in order to gratify their own cupidity, and tempt as many farm holders to give up half their property as possible. "To compel this the principal public buildings were widely separated; no central points were designated at which improvements might commence, and gradually diverge, and therefore sufficient money was thrown away by men of enterprise on remote situations capriciously selected, to have founded a very respectable town in the beginning. The squares were also injudiciously subdivided into merely building lots, and improvidently sold to get money for public buildings, instead of being parceled out with space for shrubbery and gardens. Hence," said Mr. Law, "a loose and disconnected population was scattered over the city, and instead of a flourishing town the stranger who visited us, saw for years a number of detached villages, having no common interest, and furnishing little mutual support, hardly sustaining a market, and divided by great public reservations."

William Wirt, who went to school at Georgetown during the revolutionary war, says that he always understood that town

had taken its name from George Beall, who lived there, and whose daughter married the chief of the Magruders, (Wirt says McGregors) fugitives from Culloden to the borders of the future American Capital.

A dispassionate English traveler (Weld), who visited the site in 1796, relates that Georgetown contained about 250 houses, and Alexandria double the number, and that there were in Washington five thousand denizens, including artificers who formed by far the largest part of that number. The greatest number of houses at any one place was at Greenleaf's point, which divided public opinion, as to its eligibility for trade, with the shores of the deeper waters of the Eastern branch. "Numbers of strangers," says this guarded authority, "are continually passing and repassing through a place which affords such an extensive field for speculation." If the houses already built had been placed together, a very respectable town would have appeared upon the landscape, but some were building near Georgetown, some around the Capitol, some adjacent to the President's House, and the solitary unofficial construction of imposing appearance was a brick hotel, ornamented with stone, on the site of the present General Post-Office, "large, just roofed in, and anything but beautiful." The private houses were all plain buildings, and most of them built upon a speculation and still empty. The President's House had been "rushed up," was nearly done, and was undoubtedly the handsomest building in the country, while the Capitol was but a little way above its foundations. No other public building had been begun, and although the published regulations required all houses to be of brick or stone, numbers of wooden habitations had been built, despite the caution that they might not be allowed to stand. "Notwithstanding all that has been done at the city and the large sums of money which have been expended, there are numbers of people in the United States living to the north of the Potomac, particularly in Philadelphia, who are still very adverse to the removal of the seat of government thither and are doing all in their power to check the progress of the build-

ings in the city, and to prevent the Congress from meeting there at the appointed time."

The first account in book form of the District of Columbia, was written by Washington's Aide, Colonel Tobias Leon; the second book was soon afterward published as far from Washington as the city of Paris, by Dr. Warden, and it gives some interesting particulars of early times at the little seat of republican government. From this book* we learn that Mr. Villard, afterwards a victim of the Scioto Company, first established the military depot at Greenleaf's point, which was full of Greenleaf's tumbling houses; that Blodgett's hotel cost $36,000, besides the freestone which the Government gave him, and it was built by lottery. It was bought by the Government in 1810, for $10,000. Dr. Franklin, a native of the West Indies, applied $3,000 to fit it up for a Patent Office and museum; that the Great Falls locks took 100 workmen two years to build them; they are 100 feet long, 12 broad, and 18 deep. The canal at the point is 1 mile long, 6 feet deep, 25 feet wide, and descends 75 feet by five locks. Relics of these old locks remain (1873) on the farm of Caleb Cushing, on the Virginia side of the Great Falls. The subsequent Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, is quite a different affair.

Dr. Warden says that in Madison's administration, "Nearly one-half the population is of Irish origin. The laboring class is chiefly Irish, and many of them have no acquaintance with the English language. * * *

The President's house resembled Leinster house in Dublin. * *. *

The (old) Patent Office was constructed according to the plans of J. Hoban, Esq., who gained a prize for that of the President's house. * * *

Mr. Law, brother of Lord Ellenborough, had proposed to

* The title of this book is: A Chirographical and Statistical description of the District of Columbia, the seat of the General Government of the United States: Paris: Smith, Publisher, Rue Montmorency, 1816. By D. B. Warden, Ex-Consul. It is dedicated to Mrs. Custis.

establish packet-boats to run between the Tiber creek and the Navy Yard on the cross-town canal. * * *

The first Long bridge cost $96,000, and was opposed by the Goergetowners, as injurious to their ferry."

Thus for the communicative Warden who proceeds with many other matters of interest. He tells us that "Benjamin King, English, was the first mechanical director of the Navy Yard, at a salary of $2,000 a year, and that frigates built there cost, originally, from $70,000 to $220,000." * * *

Two academies were established as early as 1806; of the first, Rev. Robert Elliot was the principal—a native of Ireland and educated at Glasgow University.

At Georgetown there was a female boarding-school, kept by Madam Du Chevray, a native of France. * * *

The leading country seats were Parrot's and Peters's. * *

Toxhall's cannon foundry stood one mile above Georgetown, the proprietor being an Englishman whose machinery was made by one Glasgow, a Scotchman. It employed 30 workmen, chiefly emigrants. "A cannon was lately cast at this foundry, throwing a 100 pound ball, to which was given the name of Columbiad."

The Georgetown bridges are described by Warden thus: One is of three arches, and is 135 feet long and 36 feet broad; the other is 650 yards further up stream, and is supported by piles; it is 280 feet long and 18 wide. A daily packet boat ran between Alexandria and Georgetown. So muddy was the latter place, that strangers described Georgetown as houses without streets; Washington, streets without houses.

Robert Sutcliff, a Quaker merchant of Sheffield, who visited Washington, in Jefferson's second term, and published a book, describes the watchmen of Alexandria blowing horns all night as they made their rounds, the excellence of Gadsby's inn, and the plentiful Quakers in Virginia and Maryland. He had for friends "T. M., of Sandy Springs—who was employed (1805) to fill up the deep channel of the Patowmack, on the south side of Mason's island, in order to turn the stream of that

river to the side next to Georgetown," and Dr. Thornton and General Mason. He wrote hopefully of everything.

Francis Ashbury wrote, March 12, 1815: "I behold the ruins of the Capitol and the President's house; the Navy Yard, we burned ourselves. Oh, war! war!" Here are some of his diary notes, previously: "We crossed over into Maryland at Georgetown. Surely the roads are bad!" "O, the clay! O, the insolvent roads. Obliged to wait an hour at Georgetown ferry. At Montgomery Court House, I found a decent, attentive congregation, in a house as well contrived and fitted for religious worship as any I have seen" (1801).

Tom. Moore, the poet, at the age of 25, came to Washington in the Summer of 1804, and "spent near a week with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, the family of the English minister. They presented him at the levee of President Jefferson, whom he found sitting with General Dearborn, and one or two others, and in his usually homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal minister's horror—when waiting upon him in full dress to deliver his credentials." Moore wrote a great deal of ridicule for the few days he spent at the Federal seat, and addressed his mother from Baltimore, saying the roads and the stage he took northward from the Capital were "of the most infamous description." Moore gave in a note to his Epistle to Thomas Hume, his prosaic idea of the city in 1804:

"Most of the public buildings have been utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of the roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of it present possesor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitor to the first man in America. The private

buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin."

The following are some of Moore's oft-quoted rhymes upon the Capital at that date:

"While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
* * 'tis heartless speculative ill,
All youth's transgressions with all ages chill."

"Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire."

"In fancy, now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er the second Rome
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose creek once is Tiber now;
This embryo Capital, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees
Which second-sighted seers, even now adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn."

Moore then pays his respects to the mighty river, and landscape gracing a race

"Of weak barbarians swarming o'er its breast
Like vermin gendered on the lion's crest."

The poet at this distance has grown relatively small as his impatient opinion of a city just begun. Goose creek *is* Tiber now, occupying a rank not inferior in North America to the Tiber over the ancient world.

The roads in the State of Maryland leading to Washington, says Isaac Weld, writing in 1795, "are worse than in any State in the Union; indeed, so very bad are they that on going from Elton to the Susquehanna ferry, the driver had frequently to call to the passengers in the stage to lean out of the carriage, first at one side, then at the other, to prevent it from oversetting in the deep ruts." He also describes the "execrable roads from the Susquehanna to Baltimore, the unpaved streets of Baltimore itself nearly impassible with water and stiff, yellow clay, and

the road thence to Washington, where a sulky will sink up to the very boxes;" and adds: "General Washington, a short time before was stopped in the same place where I was engulfed, his carriage sinking so deep in the mud that it was found necessary to send to a neighboring house for ropes and poles to extricate it."

Weld shows the sizes of the other cities of America, in 1796, to be as follows:

"Lancaster, the largest of the interior towns, contained 900 houses in 1796; Newport, R. I., 1,000; no other town between Boston and New York, above 500; Albany, 1,100; Trenton, 200; Harrisburg, 300; New York City 40,000 people; Baltimore 16,000 people; Wilmington, Del., 600 houses; Philadelphia, 50,000 people."

The wharf at the foot of 17th Street, mouth of the Tiber, was provided for as long ago as 1806. A warehouse to contain 600 hogsheads of tobacco was a feature of the city 40 years ago, on square 801, Eastern Branch, as it is shown in old views of the city.

We derive from the Commissioners' reports, in Adams's administration, the reason of the early failure of Greenleaf, Nicholson, and Morris, the greatest purchasers of land and the ablest speculators on the site.

This first report of the Commissioners says:

"No sales took place deserving attention until the 23d December 1793, when a contract was made with Robert Morris and James Greenleaf, for the sale of six thousand lots, averaging five thousand two hundred and sixty-five square feet each, at the rate of eighty dollars per lot, payable in seven equal annual installments, without interest, commencing the first of May, 1794, and with condition of building twenty brick houses annually, two stories high and covering twelve hundred square feet each, and with the further condition that they should not sell any lots previous to the first of January, 1796, but on condition of erecting on every third lot one such house within four years from the time of sale. This con-

tract was afterwards modified by an agreement of 24th April, 1794, by which the payment of eighty thousand dollars, and the erecting the first-mentioned houses, should rest on the joint bond of the said Morris and Greenleaf, and of John Nicholson ; and that one thousand lots should be conveyed to the said Morris and Greenleaf D, which was accordingly done."

"Notwithstanding the favorable prospect which this transaction for a time, afforded," say they to the President, "the scene soon changed. The purchasers not only failed to pay the installment which became due in May, 1795, but early in that year discontinued the buildings which they had commenced under their contract, and on which very little progress has since been made."

It was therefore determined to solicit the patronage of Congress, which was done in the year 1796, by a memorial from the Commissioners stating the affairs of the Federal Seat, in as clear a light as circumstances would then admit, and suggesting the propriety of authorizing a loan, bottomed on the city property, and guaranteed by Congress, if that property should prove deficient. Congress approved of the measure, and authorized a loan under their guarantee, to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars. It is needless to detail the fruitless attempts which were made to fill this loan with actual specie. The only loan which could be obtained was two hundred thousand dollars, in United States Six per cent. stock, at par, from the state of Maryland, and for which the Commissioners were obliged, in addition to the guarantee of Congress, to give bonds in their individual capacities, agreeably to the resolutions of the assembly of that State, passed in the years 1796 and 1797."

A line of stages was first established between Baltimore and Philadelphia only in 1782, and corporate roads had no existence before 1804. Hence, when Washington laid the corner-stone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793, and when John Adams passed through Baltimore to occupy the magistrate's

house, June 15, 1800, the surroundings of the city were sylvan to the eye only. Steamers ascended to the city in Madison's administration; the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, began in 1828, was opened to Hancock in 1839, at a cost of above eleven and a half millions of dollars. Finally the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was opened for travel August 25, 1835. It was not until 1851 that stages to the West were wholly suspended, and another competing railway to the North was not to be had until 1872, when the Baltimore and Potomac railway was opened. Direct steam communication with upper Maryland is now (1873) about to be given to the District of Columbia by the Metropolitan branch railway, and to this day little packet steamers carry mails and passengers up to the locks of the Potomac four miles an hour.

On the Fourth of July, 1800—Independence Day—Oliver Wolcott, Jr., then Comptroller of the Treasury, wrote thus to his wife, about the ancestral people of Washington and Georgetown:

"There are but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and so far as I can judge, they live, like fishes, by eating each other. All the ground for several miles around the city being, in the opinion of the people, too valuable to be cultivated, remains unfenced. There are but few enclosures, even for gardens, and these are in bad order. You may look in almost any direction, over an extent of ground nearly as large as the City of New York, without seeing a fence, or any object, except brick-kilns and temporary huts for laborers. Mr. Law and a few other gentlemen, live in great splendor; but most of the inhabitants are low people whose appearance indicates vice and intemperance, or negroes."

"All the lands which I have described are valued, by the superficial foot, at fourteen to twenty-five cents. There appears to be a confident expectation that this place will soon

exceed any city in the world. Mr. Thornton, one of the Commissioners, spoke of 160,000 people, as a matter of course, in a few years. No stranger can be here a day, and converse with the proprietors, without conceiving himself in the company of crazy people. Their ignorance of the rest of the world, and their delusions with respect to their own prospects, are without parallel. Immense sums have been squandered in buildings which are but partly finished, in situations which are not, and never will be, the scenes of business; while the parts near the public buildings are almost wholly unimproved.

"I had no conception, till I came here, of the folly and infatuation of the people who have directed the settlements. Though five times as much money has been expended as was necessary, and though the private buildings are in number sufficient for all who will have occasion to reside here, yet there is nothing convenient, and nothing plenty but provisions. There is no industry, society, or business.. With great trouble and expense, much mischief has been done which it will be almost impossible to remedy."

Charles William Janson, an Englishman, who had been bitten in American speculations, thus describes the place about 1804:

"The entrances, or avenues as they are pompously called, are the worst roads I passed in the country, and I appeal to every citizen who has been unlucky enough to travel the stages North and South leading to the city, for the truth of the assertion. I particularly allude to the mail stage road from Bladensburg to Washington, and thence to Alexandria. In the Winter season, during the sitting of Congress, every turn of your wagon wheel is for miles attended with danger. The roads are never repaired; deep ruts, rocks, and stumps of trees every minute impede your progress."

"Arrived at the city, you are struck with its grotesque appearance. In one view from the Capitol Hill the eye fixes upon a row of uniform houses, ten or twelve in number, while

it faintly discovers the adjacent tenements to be miserable wooden structures."

"Of the hotel so vauntingly promised to rival the large inns of England, the walls and roof remain, but not a window."

"The frigate which brought the Sunisian Embassy grounded on the rocks below the city and the barbarians were obliged to be landed in boats."

Janson then tells how the fever of speculation raged in Europe over the great city.

"In London £500 sterling was, at one time, asked for a sixth-part of a single lot, many of the prime of which were originally purchased for £20 at three years' credit."

The same plain author, in his book (1806) shows that Washington was blamed for the choice of the site:

"The Republican party insinuated that Washington had pitched on a spot for the seat of government near his estate of Vernon, in order to enhance its value. This choice, I believe, was directed to one object only—the Capitol is built in the centre of the United States."

"It can never become a place of commerce, however, while Baltimore lies on one side and Alexandria on the other."

"Washington himself wrote as to the lotteries to build parts of the city: 'the whole Washington lottery business has turned out a bed of thorns rather than roses.'"

Janson goes on to say that:

"Strangers after viewing the offices of State, are apt to inquire for the city, while they are in its very centre."

"Many English artists, enchanted with the description given by interested writers, left their employ in order to exert their abilities in finishing this scene of contemplated magnificence."

"Tippling shops and houses of rendezvous for sailors and their doxies, with a number of the lowest order of traders, constitute the Navy Yard, the only flourishing part of the town." Six frigates in ordinary, one in commission, and a small vessel of war were just launched at the time of his visit:

"A long range of houses, called the twenty buildings at

Greenleaf's Point, begun by Nicholson and others, first-rate speculators, are covered in, unfinished, and are dropping piecemeal." So they are to-day.

"I never heard," said he, "of more than Pennsylvania and New Jersey Avenues in 1805, except after some houses had been uniformly built, in one of which lived Mr. Jefferson's printer, John Harrison Smith; a few more of inferior note, with some public houses, and here and there a grog shop. This boasted Avenue is as much a wilderness as Kentucky, with this advantage, that the soil is good for nothing. Some half starved cattle browsing among the bushes present a melancholy spectacle to a stranger. Quails and other birds are constantly shot within a hundred yards of the Capitol during the sitting of the houses of Congress."

"Mr. Green and the Virginia company of comedians were nearly starved in the small place called a theatre, in the Pennsylvania Avenue, during the only season it was occupied, and were obliged to go off to Richmond during the very height of the sitting of Congress."

John Davis, a school master, who resided in America from 1798 to 1802 has given like amusing testimony:

"*Washington*," he says, "on my second visit to it, wore a very dreary aspect. The multitude had gone to their homes, and the inhabitants of the place were few. There were no objects to catch the eye, but a forlorn pilgrim forcing his way through the grass that overruns the streets, or a cow ruminating on a bank, from whose neck depended a bell, that the animal might be found the more readily in the woods."

Extracts from the reports of the early Commissioners present some interesting facts:

"The city owned an island of free-stone of immense value (at Acquia Creek).

* * * * * * *

Mr. A. White (1796) was of the opinion that filling up some gulleys or ravines near the Capitol and paving the Pennsylvania Avenue from thence to the President's house was all

that was necessary to be done to the streets except clearing them of stumps and grubs, etc.

* * * * * * *

A sale of water property of 3,500 feet front brought $16 a foot prior to 1796.

* * * * * * *

The first engraved plans of the city and territory cost $870, the first bridge over the Tiber $788, the first bridge at James's Creek $342, and the first wharf (on the Eastern Branch) $1,017; the first bridge over Rock Creek cost $12,700.

* * * * * * *

The Lottery Commissioners to build a canal in 1802 were Notley Young, Daniel Carroll, Lewis Deblois, George Walker, Wm. Mayne, Duncanson, Thomas Law, and James Barry.

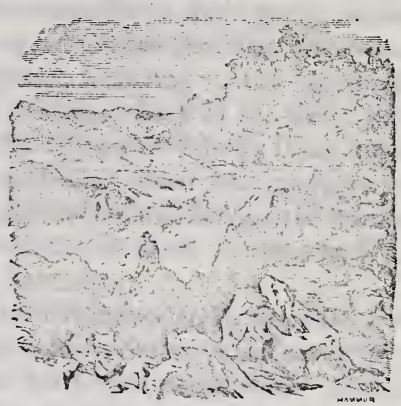
As early as 1803 Mr. Bacon of Massachusetts moved resolutions to re-cede the district to the States which had given it. After two days' debate they were lost,—66 to 26.

In 1816, there were but 750 assessable persons in Washington, whose houses, land, and slaves were valued at $2,391,357. Georgetown had 645 such persons better possessed in proportion and Alexandria with 782 taxables was worth $3,259,901. In the whole ten miles square, there were but 3,000 tax-payers. The population of all the Maryland side of the District, had been about 17,000 when the British invaded it.

The only water used in the city for years was well-water, and to this day the Capital is supplied from the springs on Tiber Creek. The source of Tiber Creek was estimated by Ellicott to be 236 feet above tide-water, or 158 feet higher than the base of the Capitol at the distance of two miles; he designed at one time, to use Rock Creek for the source of permanent supply of the city. The highest ground in Washington within the city boundary is back of Massachusetts Avenue and is about 103 feet above low tide. The base of the observatory is above six feet higher than the base of the Capitol, which is 89½ feet above low tide. Lafayette Square is about 15 feet above low-tide water.

The Great Falls are only 108 feet above tide-water, and can be relied upon for a supply of 36,000,000 gallons per diem. Andrew Ellicott first suggested the Great Falls as the source of the city's water-supply; and sixty years afterward, Lieutenant Meigs confirmed his judgment.

If this country had no Niagara, the Great Falls of the Potomac would be one of its most celebrated ornaments. It is astonishing to know how few people of Washington have ever visited it. The road to the spot leads over the gentle level of the great aqueduct, and is a charming succession of sights, prospects, and lonesome stretches; but the road is unfortunately unpaved, and, therefore, in wet weather, is hardly passable. A slow but agreeable way of getting to the Falls is by a quaint little steamer, which runs up the canal, carrying mails and passengers to Point of Rocks, every alternate day. The locks on this canal are among the most magnificent in the world; and the entire trip to Harper's Ferry, which consumes all the hours of daylight, is one of the most agreeable in our landscapes. It passes the Little and the Great Falls, the great arch over Cabin John Run, the Seneca quarries, the battle-fields of Ball's Bluff and Monocacy, and along the whole line of that haunted stream which seems to echo forever those deep and olden tones: "All quiet on the Potomac."



THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.

There are eleven tunnels on the Washington aqueduct and six bridges; the bridge over Cabin John now is a stupendous arch 220 feet span and 100 feet high. The reservoir covers eighty acres.

The Great Falls itself is something of a canal-village. There is a large and commodious house for the Canal Company, and

a storehouse and some shanties put up to accommodate laborers on the aqueduct. The canal and the creek must be crossed to get to the Falls, which are situated a quarter of a mile from the village. The Fall itself can be beheld from the rocky precipices which inclose it, in all the solemnity of nature and loneliness. A series of strong and heady rapids fleck the wide river as it comes narrowing down to a series of strewn rocks, some of them of formidable size. Between some of the greatest of these, the river tumbles in elbow-form, and, proceeding a few feet farther, dashes again into a dark gorge, surrounded with naked steeps, along which the firs and forest-trees are revealed in the back-ground, hemming in the lonesome pool with stern and befitting foliages. Back of the Great Falls, on the Maryland side, are the villages of Offutt's Cross-Roads and Rockville, as well as a gold-mine which has produced several fine nuggets. On the Virginia side are the towns of Drainesville and Leesburg, and the beautiful Difficult Creek, which formed a feature in the War of Secession.

Washington City, without reference to its associate towns in the District of Columbia, remained nearly stationery in population between 1800 and 1810, with about 8,000 inhabitants. The British did the place no permanent injury but rather reinsured it to be the immovable seat of government, and by 1820 Washington was enumerated at above 13,000 people. It missed 20,000 at 1830, and even at 1840 was a place of little above 23,000 people, but by 1850, it numbered one soul more than 40,000 and in 1860 contained above 60,000. In ten years more there were 110,000 residents at the Capital, and all the rest of the old District, including the discarded Virginia portion, could not now add to the city above 40,000 more than it possesses.

The message of General Henry D. Cooke, May 28th, 1873, showed that $856,597 had been collected of taxes and $619,000 due. In the nineteen months preceding, the cash receipts had been $10,007,676 and the expenditures $9,913,716. The funded debt was $9,016,891 and the bonds of the corporation were held at 97 cents on the dollar. There had been 1216 buildings

erected in the city during the year 1872, valued at $3,209,250, and there had been 2,833 transfers of property.

The bridge which precedes No. 3 over Rock Creek was a plank structure and that in turn was replaced by a bridge made of the refuse materials of the public buildings.

When Hoban rebuilt the President's house the main portico was omitted until about 1831. About the same time a stable was proposed for the President. Mr. Bulfinch proceeded in 1830 to plant the Avenue with forest trees. In 1871 the architect, Mullet, diverted an appropriation into a new stable for President Grant, which caused some animadversion.

There were eighteen burying grounds in Washington in 1846 and but one modern cemetery, Glenwood. In 1873 there are half a dozen cemeteries besides national ones.

One of President Harrison's first acts was to institute a commission of inquiry into what was feared to be a needless and extravagant expenditure of money upon the public works in the City of Washington.

The only Presidents of the United States who are known to have bought property in Washington are General Washington, John Quincy Adams, and General Grant. Mr. Adams erected a commodious mansion still standing near Lafayette Square. General Grant disposed of his house, before he became President, to his successsor at the head of the army, General Sherman.

The Treasury building was destroyed by fire in Jackson's administration, and he is said to have commanded Mills, the architect, to erect the new one in its present site, thereby concealing the White House from the Avenue. Mr. Mills was making strict measurements with instruments when Jackson, restive of delay, put down his walking stick and said: "Right here I want the corner stone!" Jackson also ordered a public clock, the location of which had been a matter of debate, to be put up on the Treasury water-closet, and Mr. Mullet told me he took it down from that spot while building the extensions.

Seneca stone was used about the Capital at a very early period, and in 1828 there is a charge of $3,740 for it. Mr. Lee, the proprietor, charged fifteen dollars a ton, delivered. The stone was used for flagging and steps.

The bill to build an aqueduct to carry the canal over the Potomac at Georgetown, was pressed in 1832, and met with much opposition from Georgetown, whose people alleged that the piers would ruin their harbor.

Oldish, castellated, with queer, feudal-looking round towers, stands Georgetown College on the heights above the Potomac, with a deep funeral vale winding below, and the sprawling, shining, islet-sprinkled river brawling away right opposite.

Georgetown College is the largest Jesuit college in the country. The oldest part was built 1789, the main edifice in 1791. It was founded by John Carroll, first Archbishop of Baltimore, who renounced his interest in the Duddington and other estates when he became a priest in 1771. He was educated at Bohemia, Md.; and St. Omer, Flanders. He gathered together the Catholics of Montgomery County and adjacent parts, while still in his youth, proceeded to Canada with Dr. Franklin, and Charles Carroll, his relative, to make an alliance for the Revolutionary Colonies, led a devout and beautiful life, and died Dec. 3, 1815, at Baltimore. In this College lived, for more than forty years after her husband's tragic death, the widow of Stephen Decatur, and his portrait hangs in the College. All the Carrolls of Duddington are buried there. The institution possesses a large estate.

Washington City has never propelled a satellite or accessory town, nor have any of the older villages in its vicinity grown by receiving sustenance from it, Baltimore only excepted. Bladensburg declined at the beginning of the revolution by the flight of the Scotch factor and agents who carried on its commerce. Alexandria, about 1798, was quite flourishing, but the capture of American vessels by the French in the West Indies, occasioned many failures. In 1803, the yellow fever broke out there. The town in 1803 had but two or three ships in the trade with Great Britain.

As early as 1809 a company was incorporated to cut a canal through the city of Washington to extend from the deep navigation of the Eastern Branch, to the Potomac River, taking chiefly the course of the Tiber. No benefit was derived from this inefficient company, and in 1831 the city corporation purchased the right and interest of the Canal Company, in order to introduce the business of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal into the city. The lock connecting this Corporation canal with the Chesapeake and Ohio, was placed at the foot of 17th street, beside the Van Ness mansion, where the old stone lock-house is standing yet, in dilapidation and loneliness. Just below this lock, a large basin was formed at the outlet of the Tiber. A small island called Goose-Egg Island stood in this basin, and both canal and basin were walled with stone throughout the whole course. The Corporation Canal cost $225,000, and between 1836 and 1838 it was of some utility as far up as the market at Seventh street. Being a sewer and a stench, it has been filled up by the present Board of Public Works, and henceforward will show no trace upon the landscape of Washington. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has been of little use below Georgetown for several years. Above Georgetown for 184 miles to Cumberland it is in active and useful operation, and probably will continue to be so with posterity. The average movement of freight by the Potomac Canal is now about 850,000 tonnage, bringing a net revenue of upwards of $200,000. The toll per ton of coal from Cumberland to Georgetown has generally been 46 cents, and on grain $1.80 per ton. The canal has a debt of about $3,500,000. It costs in all, to deliver coal to vessel at Georgetown from the coal-field, $2.13½ per ton,—wharfage standing at 35 cents.

The Washington Navy Yard was provided for in 1804 under the encouragement of Mr. Jefferson. Benjamin H. Latrobe, architect of the Capitol, designed its arched gateway. Within the yard are about 28 acres of ground surrounded by a strong brick wall; an exquisite object on this wall is the sentry-box at one corner, which is built of brick in the style of the feudal

turret. This was put up during the war, when it became necessary to guard enlisted seamen with carefulness. Here were built some of the best old vessels in the Navy such as the ships *Wasp* and *Argus*, the brig *Viper*, the *Columbus*, of 74 guns, the frigates *Essex*, *Potomac*, *Brandywine*, and *Columbia*, the schooners *Shark* and *Grampus*, and the sloop of war *St. Louis*.

The corner stone of the old City Hall, now the United States and District Court building, was laid August 22, 1820. Within it was deposited the following:

"This corner-stone of the City Hall, designed by George Hodfield, architect, was laid on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1820, A. L. 5820, and in the forty-fifth year of the independence of the United States of America, by Wm. Hewitt, R. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the District of Columbia; James Munroe, President of the United States; Samuel N. Smallwood, mayor of the city of Washington."

And on the reverse side of the plate:

"Commissioners for erecting City Hall—Samuel N. Smallwood, mayor; R. C. Weightman, William Prout, Thomas Carberry, John P. Ingle."

The orator of the day was John Law, Esq. Many notable trials occurred in this building, amongst which were those of Daniel G. Sickles, for the murder of Philip Barton Key, and of John Surratt for the murder of Abraham Lincoln. In 1873 the United States Government gave the District $75,000 for its interest in this old freestone edifice, when it was determined to begin at once the construction of new municipal buildings on Market square. Mr. Law remarked at the laying of the corner-stone, that Washington then claimed 14,000 souls, and $6,000,000 capital, and the corporation revenue was $40,000. Thirty miles of streets had been opened and improved, and some turnpike roads and bridges opened. The Government had lent the town $100,000 in 1798, and $12,000 in 1800, both of which sums had been fully repaid with interest.

The old market houses of the Federal City were destroyed in 1870-72, and the present elegant edifices built in their stead.

The longitude of the Capitol was determined in 1823, by William Lambert, to be 76° 55′ 30″.54 west from Greenwich. General Washington had designed the meridian of the Capital to be the first meridian of the United States, and instructed Andrew Ellicott to record 0° 0′ longitude and 38° 53′ north latitude, in the original plan of the city. In 1809, Lambert, above referred to, a Virginian, memorialized Congress to take the longitude, and a committee reported in favor of the plan, but it lapsed until 1811, when Secretary of State Monroe gave it a good, if a diffident, word, and endorsed Mr. Lambert's patriotism. The indefatigable astronomer addressed as many of the assembled Congressmen as would hear him, and in 1812, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, of New York, reported in favor of a National Observatory. Not until March 3d, 1821, did the proposition meet with its deserts. Different observations were made by Andrew Ellicott, Abraham Bradley, and Seth Pease; but, in 1821, Lambert, commissioned as astronomer, resigned his station of inferior clerk in the Pension Office, took lodgings on Capitol Hill, and borrowed his instruments from the Coast Surveying authorities of that time. He had a transit instrument, a circle of reflections, an astronomical clock, and a chronometer. William Elliot, a teacher of algebra and mathematics assisted him. A large platform was erected to facilitate the work. The latitude was declared to be 38° 52′ 45″. Lambert made a copious report to Congress, and advocated a National Observatory. He may be named among the great clerks—and there are many noble men in all departments of the Government—who have risen to eminence from a desk in the departments.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, ON OBSERVATORY HILL.

In 1825, President J. Q. Adams advocated a National Observatory, and met with ridicule, and it was not until

1836 that Williams College became the pioneer observatory of the land. Finally both the Government and the Georgetown College built observatories. The longitude of the National Observatory on Braddock's hill is 77° 3′ 2.4″.

The third session of the 13th Congress, called by President Madison, to convene on the 19th of September, 1814, met in Blodget's old hotel, which Dr. William Thornton had, meantime, made habitable, and turned a part of it into a repository of arts, models, and inventions, and he had succeeded, as well, in saving it from the torch of the British incendiary by whom it was doomed. At this time Dr. Thornton was a clerk, at $1,500 a year, in the State Department.

Morse's Geography for 1812 describes Blodget's hotel; it was 60 feet by 120 and about 50 feet high, with three stories; it was built of brick, with a freestone basement. The old jail of that day was 40 feet by 26, and two stories high, with low ceilings. The marine barrack, 300 feet long, and the War and State buildings, 120 feet front, were occupied. The yearly exports of the whole district were upwards of one million per annum. Georgetown had four churches and Washington three market houses. In 1810 a turnpike was incorporated by Congress from Mason's causeway to Alexandria.

The turnpike company between Georgetown and Fredericktown was incorporated by the Maryland legislature, in 1812.

The old poor-house of Washington stood on the elevated ground to the north of the old Post and Patent Offices. Not a vestige remains of those old buildings, where strangers from all parts of the Union, coming to prosecute claims and grievances and seek redress from the Government, often found their last hospitality on this earth.

The old asylum of Georgetown still stands, and is a quaint, Flemish-looking structure of brick.

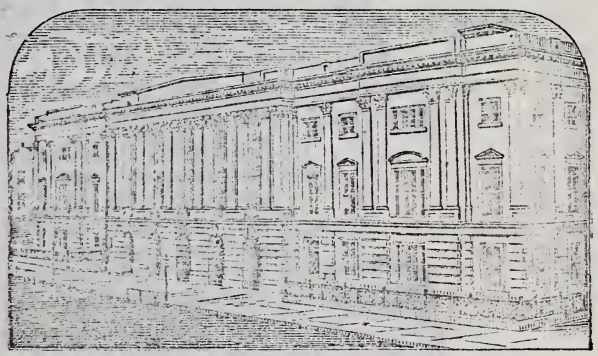
The Treasury building was originally built between 1794 and 1799, and in 1801 a fire swept part of it off. The British burned it in 1814, and it again began to arise three years later, and was not finished until 1823. Ten years later, on March 29, 1833, it was destroyed by fire again, and now its

architectural history, as we see it, began. In 1835, Robert Mills, of South Carolina, was appointed to supervise it, and in four years he raised that façade of columns which was the glory of his period, [and the exceeding annoyance of Mr. Mullet, a subsequent architect, who said that [it resembled a box of cigars, escaped as they stood on end in a long row. The old State Department long stood at right angles to Mills's façade, where the north end of the Treasury extension now is. Mills's Treasury was finished in 1839.

In 1855 the arrived potentate in classical architecture, Thomas N. Walters, planned the extension of the Treasury. Instead of Virginia freestone, granite from Dix Island, Maine, was to be employed for these three great parts of the edifice remaining. Mr. A. B. Young, who is still a resident of the Capital City, living between the Treasury gate and the Potomac, on Fifteenth street, was the architect following Mills, and he superintended the work and drawings for six or eight years. Next in immediate supervision came Mr. Rogers, architect of the Astor House hotel, New York City. Mr. Mullet, of Cincinnati, a native of England, but a resident of the United States since childhood, completed the work, and in his headquarters, in the basement of this Treasury, he subsequently made the designs for the majority of the great Post-Offices, Custom Houses, Marine Hospitals, U. S. Courts, etc., in the country. The south wing of the Treasury was completed in 1860; the west wing in 1864; and the north wing in 1869. This is the most costly of all our public buildings, considering its extent. It is 560 feet, by nearly 273, including the porticoes and steps. Its cost was more than half that of the far nobler Capitol. Mr. Mills long lived on New Jersey Avenue, Capitol Hill, in a celebrated brick dwelling, with a peaked roof and sky-light.

TREASURY BUILDING.

The State Department at Washington was originally in a private dwelling and then on the site of the present Treasury. It was removed to an Orphan Asylum at the foot of Meridian Hill during the rebellion, and in 1872 the plans of A. B. Mullet were accepted for an edifice of granite to cost from six millions to eight millions of dollars and to accommodate at once the Departments of War, the Navy, and the State. The building was forthwith begun and will be finished about 1876. It is in the style of classical *renaissance*, the basement of Richmond granite and the superstructure of Maine granite. While superintending its construction Mr. Mullet was also erecting thirty-five other government buildings in various parts of the country.



UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE.

The General Post-Office is said to have cost, in round numbers, one million and a half. Its controlling masters were Meigs, Walters, and Edward Clark. It was commenced about the close of Pierce's administration, and at the outbreak of the civil war was finished only on the E street or rear wing where the chimneys stand and the rest was a Commissary storehouse. The architecture of the exterior is due to Mills, the correction and completion of the remaining two-thirds to Walters and Clark. The edifice was wholly occupied in 1866.

The Post-Office extension was constructed of Kennebec, Me., and Woodstock, Md., granite at about 43 cents the cubic foot. The marble walls were of Lee and Baltimore granite; the

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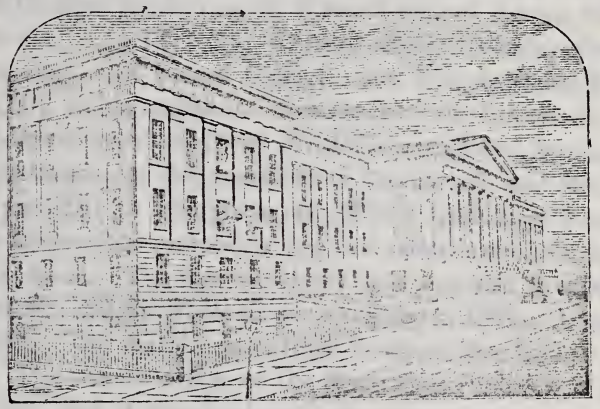
NEW BUILDING FOR DEPARTMENTS OF STATE, ARMY, AND NAVY.

monolithic columns and their trimmings from Carrara, Italy, at $1,500 per column. Nearly all the work was done by the day. Captain Meigs superintended the work and Edward Clark, assistant superintendent, received $3 per diem.

The office of Indian affairs was created by the Act of July 9, 1832; the Treasury was given a Solicitor in May, 1830; the Post-Office obtained an Auditor in the Treasury in 1836. The Attorney-General of the United States was created Sept. 24, 1789. The General Land Office was created April 25, 1872, and made a section of the Treasury Department.

In 1836, the records and models in the Patent Office were destroyed by fire, on the 15th of December. The following



PATENT OFFICE—SOUTH FRONT.

March, Congress made legislation compelling the recording of all patents and drawings, and models were in all proper cases demanded anew. The Patent Office goes back to 1790, and between 1793 and 1836 the Secretary of State issued patents subject to the revision of the Attorney-General. Above 9,000 patents had been issued up to 1836, but the loose regulation led to many infringements and much litigation. William Elliott, writing in 1837 of the destruction of the archives of the Patent Office, said: "There lie the ashes of the records of more than 10,000 inventions with their beautiful models and drawings. There lie also, smouldering in the same heap of

ruins, the elegant, classical correspondence of Dr. Thornton with the most of the ingenious and scientific men of this country and of Europe for upwards of 23 years."

The Patent Office was the conception of two surveyors and engineers of Washington City who lived in the Jacksonian period, Messrs. Elliot and Town, the former of an English family notable in Washington for giving hints and doing conscientious work. According to a legend amongst the architects of the city the plan was Town's, but as he left the firm the plan was usually named and accepted as Elliot's. The site of the building had previously been a nursery for trees and plants. In 1836, Robert Mills was made architect and he built the sand-stone portion on the F street side of Aequia Creek "freestone." In 1851 Mr. Walters came to Washington, with the reputation of Girard College upon him, bringing Mr. Edward Clark as his assistant. Secretary of the Interior, Seward, had become dissatisfied with Mr. Mills's work and he dismissed that gentleman, to the great ado of the period, and Mr. Clark was appointed to straighten out Mills's beginnings and make the windows face each other and the rooms assume some rectangular form. The Seventh street side was the first marble part added, and the whole edifice was done in 1867. It cost $2,200,000. The marble came from Cockeysville, Md.

The second edifice of the State Department was occupied in 1836, and it remained until the close of the civil war, but the great pile of the Treasury obliterated it.

Columbian College was commenced by Rev. Mr. Rice in 1819 and chartered in 1821, the buildings erected and the institution opened speedily and its prosperity was exceptional until 1826, when its officers ran it in debt to the extent of $135,000. Then followed a pinching period, wherein the debts were mainly paid off, but the College lost its popularity. The Baptists have generally controlled it.

The present building of the Columbian Law School was the original Trinity Episcopal Church, third in the city in point of time, and was consecrated May 11, 1829. The Third Trinity Church

was designed by Renwick, architect of the Smithsonian Institute, and opened in 1857. This church is what is called "low" or ultra Protestant, and it was taken possession of by the Government during the war.

Old Christ Episcopal Church points up its four little pinnacles near the Marine barracks. It was built about 1806 and the Society had been in existence since 1795. Jefferson and Madison were regular attendants of this church, and the Marines from the barracks formerly marched every Sunday to its ministrations. The Congressional burying ground, otherwise Washington Parish Cemetery, belongs to this plain, crude little cottage-windowed edifice, which was the progenitor of nine other parishes in Washington City.

The First Baptist Church, at I and 19th streets, was begun in 1803, and finished in 1809. In 1810 the Second Baptist Church was constituted near the Navy Yard.

The Convent of the Visitation at Georgetown, was founded by Archbishop Neale, in 1798. The sisters of the order elect a mother superior every third year, eligible for only two consecutive terms.

The Academy of the Visitation was established at Georgetown, about 1808.

St. Patrick's Church, destroyed in 1873, was built in 1810; St. Peters, Capitol Hill, in 1821; St. Matthew's Church, in 1839.

The First Presbyterian Church, N Street, in the rear of Willard's, was composed of persons who had belonged to the Associate Reformed Church, in Philadelphia, and removed with the Capital. It received a pastor in 1803, and the congregation first worshiped in the Treasury building. The Second Church followed, on Capitol Hill, and the Third, in New York Avenue, was instituted in 1820. At the latter Mr. Lincoln worshiped.

The Methodist Church, in Georgetown, was built in 1806; the Navy Yard Methodist Church in 1810; the Foundry in 1815.

St. John's Episcopal Church was built from the gratuitously presented designs, and under the eye, of B. H. Latrobe. Originally it was a Greek cross, afterward enlarged to the Roman form, and endowed with a tower. It was consecrated by Bishop Kemp, December 27, 1816.

The old Unitarian Church, on Louisiana Avenue, was designed by Bulfinch, and was provided with a bell of 900 pounds weight, cast by Mr. Revere, in Massachusetts.

The Penitentiary of the district was established at Greenleaf's Point after 1830.

It was 120 feet by 50, with 160 cells, surrounded by a wall 300 feet square and 22 feet high. Charles Bulfinch designed it.

The present jail was erected in 1841, near by its predecessor. A new jail is going up (1873) at the Eastern Branch.

The Washington Arsenal was re-built in 1815, from the designs of Colonel George Bomford. Another structure, by Major W. Wade, succeeded this.

In 1831 there were nine banks, in the ten miles square: Bank of Washington, $479,000 capital stock; Metropolis, $500,000; Patriotic, $250,000; Farmers' and Mechanics', $486,000; Union of Georgetown, $478,000; Alexandria, $500,000; Potomac (Alexandria), $500,000; Mechanics' (Alexandria), $372,000; Farmers' (Alexandria), $310,000.

The debt of Washington City was about $800,000 in 1837.

To the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal the State of Maryland subscribed $5,000,000; the United States, $1,000,000; Washington City, $1,000,000; Georgetown, Alexandria, and the State of Virginia, $250,000 each. Ground was broken July 4, 1828.

The greatest freshet on the Potomac, of which there is any available record, occurred in 1852, raising the river at Chain Bridge 43 feet; at Aqueduct Bridge, 10 feet; and at the Arsenal 4 feet 9 inches. The flow of the Potomac river was gauged in 1863, above Great Falls, and found to be 1,176,000,000 imperial gallons for twenty-four hours, exclusive of the supply required for the district. The canal has an available

fall, above Georgetown, of 34 feet, equal to 11,000 horse power.

At the time of the Mexican war the leading hotels stood as follows, starting at the Capitol gate and going west :

Gadsby's, Pennsylvania Avenue and Third street.

Temperance Hotel, } Third street, behind Gadsby's.
St. Charles Hotel, }

United States, } Both on Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4½.
Veranda, }

Exchange, C street, between 4½ and 6.

Coleman's, Pa. Avenue, between 4½ and 6.

Brown's, Pa. Avenue, between 6 and 7.

Fuller's, Pa. Avenue and 14 st.

European, Pa. Avenue, between 14 and 15 street.

During the Thirtieth Congress, the following notable men resided as indicated :

Geo. M. Dallas, at Mrs. Gadsby's, President's Square.

John C. Calhoun, Mrs. Read's, C Street, between 4½ and 6.

Lewis Cass, Tyler's Hotel.

John M. Clayton, Young's, Capitol Hill, N. J. Av.

Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Owen's, Capitol Hill.

Stephen H. Douglas, Willard's Hotel.

A. H. Sevren, Hill's, Capitol Hill.

Daniel Webster, Pa. Av., near 6th St.

John Q. Adams, F street, bet. 13 and 14.

Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Sprigg's, Capitol Hill.

At the time of the rebellion the leading hotels were as follows :

At Georgetown, the City Hotel and Lang's Hotel.

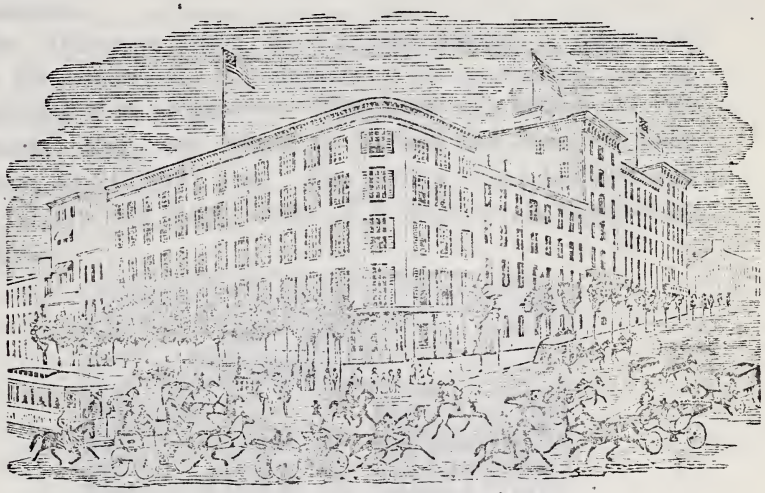
On Pennsylvania Avenue, Willard's, Owen's, Brown's, National, Kirkwood, Henry Clay, Victoria.

On Capitol Hill, Whitney's, Caspar's House.

North of the Avenue, Hendon House, F Street ; Pennsylvania House, C Street.

The National Hotel was the first building in Washington, of

large dimensions, for public accommodation, a few rods from Brown's, or the Metropolitan. Brown's was the first to establish a bridal-chamber, and here Kossuth's compatriots went to bed with their boots and hats on, after getting very drunk at the National. Clay died at the National, and Buchanan took the mysterious sickness there. At Brown's, James B. Clay, Henry Clay's son, was struck in the face by General Cullom, of Tennessee, and a bloodless duel ensued at Bladensburg, in 1858.



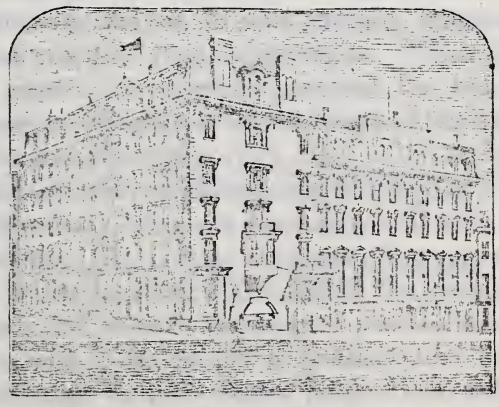
WILLARD'S HOTEL.

The brothers Willard, of Vermont, had the largest house in the city when the war began, and they made a very advantageous lease of it. In their house the Peace Convention of 1861 was held. That hall has been turned by Mr. Cake, the new proprietor, into a reading and music room, which will probably be the *place recherché*, as the young men with pale neckties put it, for soft and non-percussion theatricals.

The present proprietor of Willard's belongs to the race of family magistrates, dignified, industrious, and agreeable as a Bishop. It is a great moral advance, if no more, to see the

old, tawdry horse-racing race of inn-keepers disappear, and public men and their families, and patriotic folks who visit the Capitol, receive the entertainment of quieter and more demure and responsible hosts. Persons familiar with Washington hotels will be interested to hear that the new Willard's has a grand marble and walnut office, a billiard-room where the bar formerly stood, a ladies *café* over the office, where used to be "Camp Sykes" (a lumber room), and the long and gawky sitting-room has been dissected, and half of it made a ladies' promenade.

The Arlington Hotel, on Vermont Avenue, is celebrated over the country for the elegance of its apartments, and the experience of its proprietors. The hotel was built by W. W. Corcoran, Esq., and leased to Revesel and Sons, of Lake George, for $40,000 a year. The waiters wear a uniform, and like all the four large houses of Washington, it contains an elevator.



THE EBBITT HOUSE.

The Ebbitt House is one of the largest and decidedly the best-looking establishment, architecturally, at the Capital. It arose during the war, and became celebrated as the favorite headquarters of army and navy officers, and was extended from time to time to meet the demands upon its popularity, until in 1872, it was wholly reformed and reconstructed. It is now a

very elegant mansion, six stories high and of a bright, cheerful color, which lightens the spirits of the guests; from every window canopies of canvass depend to cool the interior through the Summer; for this house, unlike several in Washington, is kept open the whole year round. The taste of the proprietor, Caleb C. Willard, Esq., is displayed in the elegant French pavilions, and broken lines of the roof, and in the series of classical window mouldings, which liken the establishment to the purer class of the public edifices. The new dining-room is made to include two entire stories in height, and the lofty ceiling is beautifully frescoed, while the windows are given nearly the loftiness of the hall, thus bathing the apartment in the exquisite light of this latitude. Beneath the dining-room is the historic line of offices known over the whole country as "Newspaper row." The newspaper correspondents had pitched upon this block before a hotel was devised, on account of its immediate proximity to the telegraph offices, the Treasury, all the lines of city communication, and as it was centrally situated to the White House and the great departments. When the Ebbitt House was rebuilt the proprietor reserved the basement stage for newspaper offices, and for the length of the whole block, lights can be seen shining at every night in the week, where these indefatigable correspondents, representing the active press of the whole country, hang out their signs and feed the telegraph instruments. On notable occasions, Newspaper Row is illuminated by its landlord. The Ebbitt House contains the largest rotunda and office in Washington; it has an elevator and 300 rooms, and there is not a prettier piece of architecture in Washington than its ladies' portico and rich bay window at the angle of the building. In this house have put up nearly all the eminent sailors and soldiers of the country: Rogers, Farragut, Worden, Canby, Thomas, Porter, Winslow, Boggs, Case, Drayton, and the rest. The Ebbitt House set the example of making a deduction for army and navy officers at the close of the war. It is the newest hotel production at the national Capitol.

Speaking of the army and navy hotel, suggests the capture of Washington in 1814, and the military history of the city.

Washington had few military traditions, prior to the late civil war. Observatory hill was the camping and landing-ground of Braddock, Washington, and a part of the British army, April 11–14, 1775, and as Washington was at this time only 23 years of age, he may have paid especial attention for the first time to the beauty of the situation. A neck below Observatory hill was often designated by Peter Force, as Braddock's landing place. This hill was also designed to be the site of a fort, when the city was planned, and a brigade of militia encamped upon it, August 23, 1814. During the Revolution, troops were almost constantly crossing Alexandria and Georgetown ferries. Fort Washington, on the Potomac, was originally Fort Warburton, and at the time of the war of 1812, it was merely a water battery, with a block house on the hill above it, to protect it from being taken in the rear. This fort was built after the British war, and strengthened in 1861, when Fort Foote was also laid out by Major Alexander. Traces of breastworks exist at Whitestone point where the British vessels, retiring from Washington, were cannonaded.

Here is a quaint item:

July 10, 1814. General Wilkinson, temporarily suspended from command of the army, made a tour of the city in company with General John Mason, of Mason's Island, and Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, to inform them of his plan, in the last resort, to repel a British surprise. It was as follows: Two redoubts, one in the fork of the Tiber and Potomac, the other on the height north of the Avenue called "Davidson's orchard;" also the fortification of the Capitol and the President's house, in this way: Of the Capitol, by ravelins, to connect the two disconnected blocks (wings) and round towers of stone up the angles, with loop-holes to defend the extension-ends of the blocks; the windows to be barricaded with loop-holes for musketry, and the lower floor of the Capitol, as well as the ravelins, to be sufficiently furnished

with artillery, and the preparation of the President's house for the reception of musketry; competent garrisons for the several posts to be detailed and held in readiness to occupy them, should it become necessary, and suitable munitions of war to be previously deposited in each. It was also practicable to arrange for the defense of the Navy Yard.

"Had these obvious, economical precautions been adopted," says Wilkinson, "the rival ministers, Monroe and Armstrong, would not have been exposed to the humiliation of advising General Winder, when he reached the Capital, to rally and form his troops on the heights in the rear of Georgetown."

The total strength of the United States soldiery, of various sorts, at the battle of Bladensburg, according to William Elliott, was 8,049, of which 1,100 were regular infantry, seamen, and marines, and 540 Virginia, Columbia, Maryland, and regular dragoons. The whole number of regulars, including seamen, was 1,240. The Americans had 20 pieces of field artillery. The entire British force, August 17, 1814, was 3,500, without artillery.

This is sufficient to show that there were enough men on the American side to have defended the city, and to blame the Administration, was probably to put the disgrace upon sacrificial shoulders. This is further attested by the miserably disproportionate loss of life on the American side, as estimated by the importance of the object to defend and the number of the defenders—only ten men were killed and thirty wounded. Lossing says twenty-six were killed and fifty-one wounded. It was not believed by good observers on the field of battle, that the British brought up above 1,500 men. Their loss was nearly 500 killed and wounded.*

The following buildings were destroyed by the British in 1814—the unfinished Capitol, the President's house, two build-

*General Wilkinson's estimate is 64 killed and 249 wounded, on the British side, and 10 horses killed and 8 wounded. On the American side, 8 men killed, 13 marines wounded.

ings containing public offices, and the fort at Greenleaf's point, Mr. Sewell's house on Capitol Hill, Mr. Carroll's hotel on Capitol Hill, General Washington's house and Mr. Frost's house, on the same elevation; work-shops in the Navy Yard; a sloop of war and public stores; Fort Washington, and two bridges over the Eastern Branch. The British soldiers and the runaway negroes who attended them, plundered a few houses, amongst them Mr. A. McCormick's, Mr. D. Rapine's, and Mr. Elliott's. The types and presses of Gales & Seaton were cast out of the window.

The Potomac was first crossed in the rebellion on the night of May 23, 1861,* in three columns at the Georgetown Aqueduct, the Long Bridge, and by water to Alexandria. The three columns were commanded respectively by Major Wood, Major Heintzelman, and Colonel Ellsworth. The first defences were laid out by General Mansfield, and Captain H. G. Wright next day at Forts Corcoran, Runyon, and Ellsworth.

For seven weeks the work of defining and throwing up works went on, until the three forts named were built, and also Forts Bennett, Haggerty, and Albany. Fort Runyon exceeded any of the subsequent works. After the disaster of Bull Run, the works in Virginia were immediately connected, strengthened, and extended. By the beginning of the year 1862, there were 48 forts in all, 23 south of the Potomac, 14 (and three batteries) between the Potomac and the Eastern Branch, and 11 forts beyond the branch. The greater portion were enclosed works of earth, but several were lunettes with stockaded gorges. In October, 1862, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, took the responsibility of ordering new works, and he appointed a commission consisting of Generals Potter, Meigs, Barry, Barnard, and Cullum, to report upon those already completed. They reported ed 53 forts and 22 batteries with 643 guns and 75 mortars mounted, and demanding 25,000 infantry for garrisons, and

* The hills of Maryland opposite Alexandria were filled with troops, and the gunboat *Pawnee* had been lying for weeks in the channel, when on the 24th of May that outpost of the rebellion was captured.

9,000 artillery men. Enormously increased works were built in the early part of 1863, and three beautiful "semi-permanent field works" were those of Fort Whipple, Fort C. F. Smith, and Fort Foote.* The whole system of works was strengthened in 1864, and in July of that year, Early advanced within sight of them and retired.

The aggregate length of good military roads for the defences of Washington was 32 miles; the circuit of defences was at least 37 miles. The Long Bridge was reconstructed by the enemy in 1861, and the railroad bridge beside it was built by the Engineers also in 1864.

"The stone piers of the Aqueduct are works of the highest class of engineering, resting on bed rock 20 to 30 feet below the surface of the river."

The hired labor force on the forts was at its greatest in 1863, —1,500 men, wagons trains of 25 to 44 horse teams were used. The disbursements for hired labor and material, were all made by James Evelett, and amounted to more than one million of dollars. No compensation was paid land owners for injury, although a church, many dwellings, and many orchards were demolished.

At the close of the war in 1865, Washington was surrounded by 68 inclosed forts and batteries having an aggregate perimeter of 13 miles, and a circuit of 37 miles, with 807 mounted guns, and 98 mortars and implements in all for 1521 guns. Compared with the Torres Vedras, constructed by Wellington from the Tagus to the sea, which cost £200,000, the works of Washington cost $1,436,000, and exceeded the former in length of circuit. The whole line from the Chickahominy Pine Works in 1865 was 32½ miles long.

The highest fort around Washington was Gains, 403 feet above mean tide. At forts Reno, Totten, and Lincoln, the heights are respectively 440, 330, and 230 feet above the tide. From Fort Meigs to Fort Stanton, the ridge is about 300 feet high; the Theological Seminary back of Alexandria has an elevation of 400 feet above the Potomac.

*Fort Foote is still occupied (1872).

The geology of Washington is peculiar: at the head of tide water, it stands amongst the vertically stratified metamorphic rocks which, varying in composition from hard grains to soft mica slate, yield unequally to degrading action, and thus produce the bold headlands and deeply excavated valley in which the land terminates at the margins of the Potomac. Overlying these rocks is a series of nearly horizontal beds which form the various distinctive earth masses around Georgetown, Washington, and Alexandria. These peculiar sands and clays, with their fossil woods, belong to the older part of the Atlantic cretaceous formation. The underlying metamorphic rocks, are only exposed on Rock Creek, which took its name from them. Northwest of the city may be seen the material eroded over the sandstone of red Seneca, where the river once flowed 400 feet higher than now.

Few things even in our notable time have come up with more suddenness than Washington City since the abolition of slavery.

At the close of the contest for a division of the country, it was inevitable that there should have been such an agitation for a change of the seat of government as followed the burning of the young city by the British in 1814. After sixty-five years of preparation Washington seemed to be still unfinished in any part. The Capitol was not done; the President's mansion was out of repair; the streets were generally unpaved, and the social chaos following the war, had made old and new elements dissatisfied with their associations, and despondent about the site.

Nothing seemed so necessary to Washington as a good frightening, and that it received through an authority sufficiently amusing at the present distance.

A red-bearded, crippled, Quilpish looking man of St. Louis, Missouri,—by name Mr. L. Q. Reavis,—with a certain sense of resistance about him and an uncertain sense of reformation, took it into his head that St. Louis had been slighted and ought to be the Capital of the Government. He had a simple nature, a love of circulation and public consideration, and some hopes

of authorship. Perfectly honest, always approachable, always approaching, loose and continuous in argument, striking high for eminent attention, and carrying acquaintance by the assiduity with which he cultivated it, Mr. Reavis tested to extremities the power of the unit of citizenship to upset the Capital City and drag it away. His ingenuities were all in the noblest nature of destructiveness. He had very little to propose in the way of reconstruction, and was indifferent whether the public edifice should be carried away piecemeal or abandoned to the unworthy people on the Potomac. But it happened at the moment that the strength of the dominant party in the West, the fever of change, the opening of the Pacific railroad and other lines to the extreme frontier, and perhaps more than all the rising agitation on the subject of free trade which the Western free traders hoped to settle in their favor by getting Congress amongst them, gave a noisy and it was thought a favorable celebrity to Mr. Reavis's scheme. Mr. Horace Greeley favored the removal in the New York *Tribune*, and a convention or two were held at St. Louis. The conservative sense, reverence and thrift of the nation prevailed, however, and Congress settled the question by voting a large sum of money to begin a grand State Department at Washington which should cost several millions. The city itself at its own expense put on a new apparel, and the national appropriations of 1872–3 were unusually generous and even excessive.

After the peace of 1865 a little timid building began about the city, led by A. R. Shepherd, a native of the District who had made some accumulations while the armies and hospitals centred here, by conducting plumbing and gas fitting on a large scale. He put up several Philadelphia rows of brick houses adjacent to the old Duddington house of the Carrolls and also erected the first business edifice of consequence on the lower side of the Avenue. His architect was Mr. Cluss, a German, whose domestic architecture has given Washington a style of its own. He designed the central market house, the Franklin, Jefferson, Wallack and other public schools, and the dwellings of

Jeffreys, Hutchinson, and other new arrivals. Walter S. West, a Virginia architect, showed his skill in the transformation of the old Crawford property on Highland place and in the elevation of the residences of Mr. Schenck and Senator Stewart. Ploughman and Starkweather of Philadelphia designed the Freedman's bank, the Young Men's Christian Association Halls, and the quaint row of dwellings which are occupied by Speaker Blaine, Fernando Wood, Senator Buckingham, and Thomas Swann. The Howard University and the large modern mansion of George Taylor on Vermont Avenue, were designed by Mr. Searle of Rochester, N. Y. Vernon Row, an elegant business block on the Avenue, was the plan of architect Fraser. Mr. A. Grant of Wisconsin, designed the block of lofty brick on East Capitol street. A Baltimore architect planned the little opera house near the central market and the Arlington hotel. Marshal Brown's and Mr. Thompson's brown stone houses on I street were by F. G. Myers, a German. Edward Clark designed Merrell's and Edmunds' neat houses on Massachusetts Avenue. Prominent builders in this new period are Robert I. Fleming of Va., W. H. Baldwin, Entwistle and Barron, and Edmonstone.

It has been mentioned in another chapter that the territorial government expended from ten millions to fourteen millions in 1872; three new bridges were thrown across Rock Creek; three large market houses were partly finished; a new city hall was designed; a reform school was begun; new railroads and depots were added; new school houses built and the entire system of street paving, sewerage, parks, suburban roads, and street railways reformed and made metropolitan. Destiny seems to be against the city in the matter of commerce and manufactures. Factories do not flourish here; the great glass works near the observatory which were so long successful have fallen into decay, but rural gardening has taken the start and it is to be hoped that some day Washington will be fed from the fields within sight of its hills.

In 1871, when the project for the removal of the Capital was

rife in the Western country, two members of Congress, John Coburn, of Indiana, and Philetus Sawyer presented a minority report in favor of the scheme. Their energies came to naught, but we are indebted to them for extracting from the Treasury Department a very complete statement of the cost of Washington City and of the District to the taxpayers of the United States. These have amounted in gross to above forty-five and one-half millions of dollars in three quarters of a century. To make this grand total every possible appropriation and investment in the District was brought out, inclusive of several uncompleted edifices, some of which will not be wholly built until about 1876. By that time we may safely assume that the expenditures of the Federal Government in the district will have been hard upon sixty millions of dollars.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A RECORD OF HISTORIC EVENTS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA FROM 1621 TO 1873.

This chapter is believed to be the first compilation of historic events in the District of Columbia yet made in any volume. Later works may make the list more perfect, but the labor has not been light nor the sources of information easy of access in the preparation of this table:

THE DIARY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

1621 (?) Henry Fleet ascends the Potomac to the site of the District and engages in battle with the "Nacostine Indians," (Anacostans). Twenty English killed; Fleet held prisoner five years.

1632. Henry Fleet despatches his brother Edward to the Monocacy country with presents to buy peltries from the powerful Massomacks; Henry Fleet waits with his barque, *Warwick*, in the vicinity of Georgetown. July 3d, Edward Fleet returns from a five days' journey. August 28th, Fleet arrested for trespass by Captain John Uty, and carried to Jamestown.

1634. March 5th, Leonard Calvert enters the Potomac with the ship *Ark* and the pinnace *Dove*, and two hundred colonists. Calvert and Fleet ascended the river in the *Dove* to Piscataway. March 27th, St. Mary's founded.

1695. Prince George's county erected by act of the Maryland Assembly. Settlement of "New Scotland" established near the Potomac and Anacostia.

1740 (?) An inspection house for tobacco established at the mouth of Rock Creek.

1742. John Digges establishes Copper Works in the vicinity.

1748. Frederick County erected out of parts of Prince George, Anne Arundel, and Baltimore.

1751. Georgetown authorized to be laid out by an act of Assembly of Maryland in eighty lots comprising sixty acres of land,—six years after Fredericktown was laid out.

1755. March 26th, General Braddock arrives at Alexandria overland from Williamsburg.

April 12th—18th: The Forty-eighth British regiment, seamen, teamsters, and vessels of Braddock's expedition assembled at Rock Creek. Proceed to Fredericktown, three day's march. Braddock rides the same course.

1758. The capture of Fort Duquesne in the autumn of this year brings back the frightened settlers of Frederick County and permits the country above Georgetown to be settled up.

1774. August. The brigantine "Mary and Jane" arrives in St. Mary's river with packages of tea consigned to merchants in Georgetown and Bladensburg. The patriotic "committee" of Frederick County refuse to allow it to be landed.

1774. December. Convention of patriotic deputies of Maryland meeting at Annapolis assessed Prince George's County £833 for arming the militia; Frederick County £1,333.

1775. April 28th. News of the battles of Lexington and Concord (April 19th) reach Georgetown in the afternoon.

1775. May. Captain Thomas Richardson, a Rhode Island Quaker, musters an independent company of Marylanders in Georgetown; the parade ground was on the brink of Rock Creek, near the present canal locks. In this company were General Lingan and General James Wilkinson.

1775. July 26th. Frederick County divided for convenience into three districts, upper, middle, and lower.

1776. February. The Public records of Maryland moved

from Annapolis to Upper Marlborough, three hours' ride from Georgetown.

1776. June—July. Lord Dunmore's war vessels appear in the Potomac and threaten the plantations.

1776. June 27th. Frederick ordered to furnish nine companies out of thirty-six for the "flying camp," and Prince George's three.

1776. September 6th. The patriotic convention by a vote of 30 to 22 refused to postpone the division of Frederick County. Montgomery County, from which the future District of Columbia was to be partly taken, was therefore created. And the same day the county of Washington was defined and named. The commissioners appointed for Montgomery County were Nathan and Zadock Magruder, John Murdock, Henry Griffith, Thomas Cramphin, Jr., Allen Bowie, and John Wilson. These men bought four acres of ground by order of the convention to establish a court-house and prison (Rockville). Thirteen hundred pounds, common money, were permitted to be assessed for this purpose.

1776. October 11th. The freeholders and inhabitants of Prince George's County who live west of the Eastern Branch of the Potomac petition the convention "to be annexed to the lower district of Frederick, now Montgomery County, and to have their Court house and other public buildings erected in Georgetown."

1776. November 8th. The election for Montgomery County ordered to be held at Hungerford's, the judges of the same being John Murdock, Zadock Magruder, and Joseph Wilson.

1777. Father John Carroll establishes himself at his mother's house, "at Rock Creek, ten miles from Georgetown" and makes it "the centre of a vast Roman mission."

1784. December 22d. Convention at Annapolis, George Washington presiding, to confer upon the improvement of the upper Potomac river. Books opened at Georgetown by William Deakins and Benjamin Stoddert; 42 shares taken there out of 403 in all.

1785. May 17th. The "Potomac Company" meet at Alexandria; August 1st, at Georgetown; October 18th, 1785, Board meet at Great Falls. Work begun with hired negroes and Philadelphia immigrants, 160 in number.

1787. June 27th. Shares offered at auction at Shuter's tavern, Georgetown; no bids.

1789. Thomas Johnson succeeds Washington: directors George Gilpin, John Fitzgerald, Thomas S. Lee, Notley Young. The company existed 36 years and spent $729,380, and expired July 1822.

1788. Father Carroll commences to rear Georgetown college; opened for pupils 1791; Leonard Neale Superintendent, 1799.

1789. May. Father John Carroll elected Bishop of Baltimore; ratified at Rome Nov. 6th.

1790. July 16. The President at Philadelphia signs the bill to place the seat of government on the Potomac.

1791. January 10. Washington accepts the District.

1792. French nuns of the order of St. Clare open a school at Georgetown; sold to Bishop Neale 1805; June 9, 1808, transferred to the Nuns of the Visitation, Alice Lalor, Superioress.

1793. Sept. 13. The corner stone of the north wing of the Capitol laid.

1795. President Washington visits Georgetown college unattended, and is taken through it by the Jesuit Fathers.

1797. A bridge built at Chain bridge: "We must needs go and view the famous bridge—it is amazing to see the river so contracted that a stone could be pitched over where the bridge stands. This is three miles above Georgetown: from the bridge upwards there is a good road cut out of the rocks."—Bishop Francis Asbury's Diary. Nov. 3, 1797.

1799. Death of Washington at Mount Vernon.

1800. November 22. President Adams sends his message to Congress at the capitol: "May this territory be the residence of virtue and happiness! In this city may that piety and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and

self-government which adorn the great character whose name it bears be forever held in veneration!"

1802. Establishment of the Washington race course on Holmead's farm.

1802. May 3. Washington city incorporated; supplementary act 1812; new charter 1820; municipality abolished 1871.

1804. Navy yard established.

1809. Company incorporated to cut a canal through the city; purchased by the city 1831: cost $225,000.

1810. Population, 8,308.

1812. April 20. George Clinton, Vice-President, died at Washington, and was buried at the Congressional cemetery.

1812. July. The *Federal Republican*, anti-war newspaper, established at Georgetown after being driven from Baltimore by a mob. The sheets are carried to Baltimore to be distributed and in the riots which follow General Lingan is killed and many others slain or beaten. ("Georgetown, 25th July, 1812, A. C. Hanson Esq. The bearer carries you the paper which he will deliver by daybreak. God send you success and glory in case of an attack. J. Wagner.")

1813. July 18. Admiral Warren's fleet enters the Potomac, and halting at Blackstone's island sends up light vessels to sound the kettle bottoms. Mr. Monroe plans an attack at Blackstone's; Mr. John Armstrong takes control of Fort Washington.—John Mason of the District of Columbia, is appointed Commissary General of prisoners, and will also have the superintendence of aliens.

1813. September. Admiral Warren leaves the Potomac.

1814. June 1-8. Commodore Barney's flotilla blockaded in the Patuxent. The enemy again in the Potomac. July 26, the blockading ships bombarded and retire.

1814. July 26. President Madison calls a Cabinet Council of war on the defence of Washington.

1814. July 16. "The door of Washington, Annapolis, is wide open, and cannot be shut with the few troops under my command."—*General Winder's letter to the Secretary of War.*

1814. August 1. In camp at Washington 1,000 regulars, and 4,000 enrolled militia.

1814. August 16. The British fleet, heavily reinforced, ascend the Potomac and the Chesapeake simultaneously.

1814. August 18. Five thousand British regulars, marines and negroes go up the Patuxent to destroy Barney's flotilla.

1814. August 22. Barney's flotilla of 13 barges blown up.

1814. August 23. Skirmish at Long Old Fields.

1814. August 24. Battle of Bladensburg. Destruction of the Capitol.

1814. August 25. The British retire, and re-embark August 30.

1814. August 27. Fort Washington blown up; August 29 Alexandria occupied.

1814. September. The British fleet passes batteries at the White House.

1814. Nov. 13. Elbridge Gerry dies in his carriage in the streets of the city. Buried at the Congressional cemetery, and as Vice-President of the United States received the honor of a monument from Congress which cost $1,000.

1815. June. Another steamboat to ply on the Chesapeake. (President Madison retires to Acquia creek by steamer at the conclusion of his term.)

1817. July. The new steamboat, Virginia, plies between Baltimore and Norfolk as a packet. "A very large and staunch boat, elegantly fitted, which cost $55,000."

1819. Branch of the Bank of the United States established at Washington; circulation $647,602.

1820. Population, 13,232.

1821. There are 1,200 lawsuits and a litigious spirit everywhere in the District.

1821. "To John Sanford, as usual, we are indebted for a statistical account of the progress of buildings: 88 buildings were commenced up to June, a new bridge put over the Tyber, the Centre Market enlarged, much progress made in the City Hall, an addition made to the Infirmary, the new theatre fin-

ished, and the old one rebuilt for assembly rooms, Unitarian church erected and a Presbyterian church completed, and a fountain of water opened that yields sixty gallons a minute. Deaths in 1821, 355, in October the greatest number, 84."

1822. January 9, Columbia College inaugurated. The first bell erected in the city for public purposes raised in the Unitarian church tower, Oct. 11. Ten thousand persons see the race between the Virginia horse Sir Charles and the Virginia horse Eclipse. A million and a half were said to have been bet; and 800 slaves in one instance to change hands. Eclipse walked over the track and his owner got the stake, $5,000. "Many bet large sums upon it who were unable to pay their honest debts to mechanics, grocers, and even washerwomen. The next day a match was made for $20,000 a side to run Eclipse against any Northern horse over a Long Island course. The Long Island race run May 1, 1823; won by Eclipse. Stake $40,000; time 12 miles in 23 minutes, 50½ seconds.

1823. February. M. de Bresson, Secretary of the French legation, married daughter of Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy.

1823. March. The contractor of the "Grand National lottery" refuses to pay the prize of $100,000 and many smaller ones and left the city. The corporation of Washington claim not to be responsible. *Intelligencer* says in capital letters: "So we go."

1824. Singular reputed miracles at Georgetown attributed to the prayers of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe; amongst the cures that of Mrs. Anne Mattingly, sister of the Mayor of Washington.

1825. Antonio Meucci offers to paint the battle of Yorktown for the Capitol at the same price as offered by Col. Trumbull.

1825. National exhibition of manufacturers held in Washington. The last of the 29 columns for the eastern portico raised in September.

1825. Dec. 23. Fire in the library of the Capitol.

1825. "John Sessford's annual statement": a frigate and a sloop of war building at the navy yard; deaths during the year 225; 15 stores and 67 dwellings put up. Washington *Gazette*, published by John S. Meehan, changes its name to *United States Telegraph.*

1826. *National Journal* says: "$40,000 appropriated for two public schools; $20,000 for city hall; $3,000 for enlarging Centre market. A steamboat is about to ply from the wharf at the Centre market to Alexandria. Postmaster General McLean says that the mail steamer to Potomac Creek is very irregular since it began some years ago."

1827. Built 123 dwellings, 25 shops. Deaths 251; population 17,448.

1828. March 23. Death of Colonel John Tayloe of Mount Airy at the Octagon House.

1828. Correspondents of Northern newspapers make allusions to ladies at Washington: "The female character is too gentle and refined for this British fashion."—Balt. *American.* Masonic processions to welcome De Witt Clinton, April 29, services at St John's church.

July 4. The President, J. Q. Adams, digs the first spadeful of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal at Little Falls. Three steamers and many barges go up from Georgetown. Present, foreign ministers, cabinet, military, etc. Three new churches created; and an orphans' asylum.

1829. The officers' quarters at Marine barracks destroyed.

1830. Dec. 7. The first number of the *Globe* appears.

1832. The sum of $62,000 appropriated by Congress for paving Pennsylvania Avenue, and $40,000 for more water pipe to the Capitol. Cholera in the city; many fatal cases.

1833. "A contemplated granite bridge across the Potomac of 43 arches said to have been let by contract for $1,400,000. Some bids were as high as $7,500,000."

1834. The *North American*, Van Buren paper, established.

1834. Feb. 18. William Wirt expired at his lodgings, soon after his defeat as the Anti-Masonic candidate for the Presidency.

1833. The Treasury buildings were supposed to have been burned by an incendiary.

1834. A riot broke out in the city and lasted several days, caused by some alleged remarks of a prominent free negro, Snow, upon the white ladies.

1835. Early in September the African church at Washington attacked by a mob.

1835. August 25. Washington branch B. and O. railroad opened after ten years' labor. Maryland subscription $500,000; one-fifth gross passage money to go to the State.

1835. October 1. The Long Bridge, one mile in length was crossed by the President and heads of departments in carriages for the first time. It had 2,000 solid feet of embankment; and cost $100,000, or one-third less than the appropriation. Its engineers were George W. Hughes and A. B. McLean, and the contractors Alanson Sumner and Stephen Clark of New York; the bridge was not generally used until the Spring of 1836. Jackson City was devised the same year.

1836. Autumn. The passenger stage fell through the 12th street bridge into the canal, killing a boy.

1837. Niles register was removed to Washington.

1837. The gate of the Capitol fronting Pennsylvania Avenue was opened in 1837 and all the lodges built about that time.

1838. February. A duel between Graves and Cilley, members of Congress, occurred, the parties meeting at the Anacostia bridge on the road to Marlborough about 2 o'clock, P. M. There were on the ground, Graves, Cilley, Wise, Jones, Calhoun, Hawes, hack-drivers, the land owner and several loiterers. Cilley killed.

1839. The Treasury edifice was drawing near completion, the foundations of the General Post-Office going up, the present jail up one story (size 100 feet front, 50 deep, 40 high) and the Alexandria Court House ready for the roof.

1840. The National Institute was organized with 85 resident members; the population of the city was 22,177.

1841. July 31. The statue of Washington by Greenough arrived on the ship "Sea" at the Washington navy yard; it was raised on its pedestal in the rotunda Dec. 1, 1841.

1841. The venerable Joseph Nourse died at Georgetown Sept. 1. He was born in London, 1754, and was first register of the Treasury from 1789 to 1829.

1841. February. Amos Kendall begins the publication of his *Expositor*.

1841. April 4. President Harrison expires at the White House.

1842. September 10. Mrs. Tyler, wife of the President, died at the White House, after twenty-nine years of wedded life.

1843. March 4th. Congress at midnight session votes $30,000 to put up the Morse telegraph from Washington to Baltimore; put in operation in 1844.

1843. The *Intelligencer* reported that there were 4,938 houses in the city, and $10,000,000 assessed property; 325 houses had gone up in the year.

1844. March 1. Four hundred people went to visit Commodore Stockton's ship, the *Princeton*, lying off Alexandria. The *Princeton* proceeded below Fort Washington, and was returning, when a gun throwing a ball of 225 pounds, burst, killing Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, Commodore Kennon, Virgil Maxey, late of the legation at the Hague, and ex-State Senator Gardiner, of New York. Seventeen seamen were wounded and many people stunned.

1844. The population was 30,426; between 1820 and 1845, about 11,500 shops and buildings had been erected.

1844. President Tyler, at the age of 54, brings a new mistress into the White House—Miss Julia Gardner, daughter of one of the victims of the explosion on the Princeton.

1846. August 31. The people of Alexandria county voted for retrocession from the District, aye 763, no 222. September 7, 1846, President Polk pronounced the act complied with. The people living in the County outside of Alexandria, had

flags with mottoes, "What Washington has done, let no one undo." "There was some admirable speaking on the hustings."

1846. Decatur disinterred. Every lineament of the face was gone. Nothing remained but a few fragments of the dress. Major Twiggs superintended the disinterment.

1847. August. Admiral Cockburn died in Shanganah, near Bray, county Dublin, aged 84.

1848. One hundred and thirty-six houses were erected in Washington, making 5,922 in the city.

July 4, 1848, the corner stone of the Washington Monument was laid in the presence of Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Hamilton, and many others.

1848. February 23. J. Q. Adams died in the Speaker's room at the Capitol.

1848. April 19. The steamboat *Salem* overhauls the schooner *Pearl*, Edward Sayres, captain, Daniel Drayton, charterer, in Cornfield Harbor, with 77 fugitive negroes on board, belonging to Georgetown. The *National Era* mobbed. Peter Force, Mayor, *pro tem.* Drayton sentenced to pay 73 times $140, and Edward Sayres 73 times $100. Pardoned, August 12, 1852.

1850. The *Southern Press* established at Washington.

1850. Mr. Calhoun died in the Old Capitol block, March 31, aged 68 years.

1851. April 22. Archbishop Eccleston, fifth Archbishop of Baltimore, expires at Georgetown College. President Fillmore attends the funeral.

1851. July 4. The corner stone of the Capitol extension laid by Millard Fillmore; Daniel Webster orator.

1852. December 24. Fire in the Library of Congress, attended with the destruction of 35,000 volumes and many medals, pictures, etc.

June 29. Tuesday, at the age of 75, Henry Clay expired, at the National Hotel.

1852. In the spring of this year, the Young Men's Christian Association of Washington was formed; in 1868 its large

building, enclosing "Lincoln Hall," was built; in 1873 it numbered 963 members.

1853. Dr. Charles John Gardiner, convicted of perjury at the prosecution of the United States. He takes poison in the court room and dies in a few hours.

1854. January. The Papal Nuncio, Cajetan Bedini, is a guest of the French Minister. Much excitement and bigotry of discussion.

1854. January 23. Death of M. de Bodisco, at Georgetown, after seventeen years' service as Minister of Russia. Wedded to a Georgetown lady.

1856. May 22. Assault on Mr. Sumner by Preston S. Brooks. Brooks died in the city, Jan. 27, 1857. Aged 37.

Hebert fined $300 for the murder of Thomas Keating.

1857. June 1. Bloody riot at the municipal election between Baltimore Know Nothings, and Democrats. The marines called out and are fired upon by the rioters with cannon. The fire returned, and the people lose six killed and about twenty wounded.

1857. Organization of the Columbia Institution for the deaf and dumb.

1858. Senator Thomas H. Benton dies at his residence on C street, near 4½, aged 76.

1858. The Mount Vernan Estate purchased by a patriotic association, from John A. Washington, for $200,000 for 200 acres.

1859. Feb. 27. Philip Barton Key shot and killed by Daniel E. Sickles for the seduction of Mrs. Sickles.

1859. Members of Congress, English and Montgomery, have a street fight with canes and brickbats.

1859. October 17. Colonel Lee leaves Washington at the head of the marines to capture John Brown's band at Harper's Ferry.

1860. April. A month of ruffianism in the House of Representatives, with rows, rallies and challenges. Challenge between Pryor of Virginia and Potter of Wisconsin.

1860. Oct. 3–7. The Prince of Wales in Washington; visits Mount Vernon.

1860. Dec. 3. At noon, Dr. Gurley of Washington, opens the Senate with prayer. Ditto the House by Rev. Thomas H. Stockton. Buchanan's message received.

Dec. 12. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigns.

1860. Dec. 20. M. R. H. Garnett, announcing in Congress the secession of South Carolina, says Virginia will not be responsible for the bonds of the Pacific Railroad, then under discussion. Boyce and Ashman draw their pay to the last, and leave for Charleston. Secession cockades worn publicly in Washington.

December 24. Frauds to the amount of $870,000 committed on the Interior Department. Mayor Barrett surrounds the building with his police.

December 29. Floyd, Cobb, and Thompson resign.

December 26. Barnwell, Adams, and Orr, commissioners from South Carolina, arrive at the Capital and stop at Trescott's house, 352 Franklin Row, K street.

1861. Jan. 4. Mrs. Robert Anderson passes through Washington to join her husband in Fort Sumpter. Returns Jan. 9, and stops at Willard's Hotel.

1861. Jan. 5. The South Carolina Commissioners leave the city. Cockades of both zones blossom in hundreds of hatbands. Captain Charles P. Stone organizes the militia and troops in the district. Fourteen Senators, amongst them Jefferson Davis, caucus in Washington, to form themselves into a directory, and take control of the South.

1861. Jan. 12. The Gulf State Congressmen and Senators begin to withdraw from Congress.

Jan. 21st. Jefferson Davis withdraws.

February 4th. Slidell and Benjamin withdraw.

1861. Feb. 4. The Peace Convention meets at Willard's Hall, on F st., John Tyler presiding ; adjourns March 1st.

1861. Feb. 23. President Lincoln, accompanied by Ward Lamon and Norman Judd, arrive at the Washington depot, at daylight, and are received by Elihu Washburne ; he goes to Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Seward meets him.

On the 27th, the Mayor and Council wait on the President-elect.

1861. March 4th. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Buchanan, in a carriage, with Senators Pearse and Baker, proceed to the Capitol, flanked by troops on the parallel streets. Chief-Justice Taney administers the oath.

1861. March 5. Three Confederate Commissioners arrive, and stop at Willard's.

1861. April —. Mayor James G. Barrett arrested.

1861. April 13. The Virginia Commissioners meet the President.

1861. April 18. The Cassius M. Clay battalion organized at Willard's Hall, and given arms to patrol the city. The Capitol and Treasury guarded by howitzers. Five volunteer companies from Pennsylvania and forty regulars arrive at the depot, in all 530 men. They are quartered in the House of Representatives; the same evening Harper's Ferry armory destroyed.

1861. April 19. The Massachusetts Sixth arrives.

1861. April 20. Seizure of telegraph despatches, followed by the weeding of the disloyal out of the Departments.

1861. April 21. Robert E. Lee leaves Arlington House for Richmond, to offer his services to the State of Virginia.

1861. April 25. Arrival of the Seventh New York Regiment; two other regiments arrive next day.

1861. May. All the public buildings filled with troops and the Glacis converted into bakeries.

1861. May 1. Lieut. Tompkins raids through Fairfax Court House.

1861. May 11. Washington severed from the North by the burning of bridges north of Baltimore.

1861. May 18. A Confederate flag seen on the Virginia heights.

1861. May 25. Colonel Ellsworth's body embalmed at the Navy Yard.

1861. June 16. Confederate soldiers seen at Chain Bridge and High Point; Vienna and Falls Church occupied.

1861. July 4. A special session of Congress is held.

1861. July 9. One hundred and sixty-one millions appropriated to carry on the war.

1861. July 15. McDowell's army advances.

1861. July 21. All the horses and vehicles in the District of Columbia seized to bring in the wounded. Hospitals improvised.

1861. July 25. McClellan makes headquarters in Washington, at the head of 50,000 infantry and thirty pieces of cannon, the city fortified, and the army recruited and reorganized.

1861. October 1st. The Potomac blockaded for nearly six months after this date.

1861. October 15. The city circumvallated by earthworks; seventy thousand men armed and disciplined; the Potomac picketed from Liverpool Point to Williamsport; great reviews in September and October, opposite Washington.

1861. October 17. The Confederates again fall back to Centreville.

1861. Oct. 25. General Baker's dead body brought from Ball's Bluff to Washington.

1861. Dec. 20. Fight at Drainsville, near Washington.

1862. Street railroad laid on Pennsylvania Avenue.

1862. March 10. McClellan advances to Manassas and Warrenton Junction.

1862. April 1st. McClellan descends the Potomac, leaving 18,000 men in garrison, and 20,000 in Virginia around Manassas.

1862. June 28. General Pope takes command of the forces before Washington, and takes the field July 29th.

1862. Sept. 1st. Battle of Chantilly, and return of the army to the fortifications of Washington.

1862. Sept. 4th. The Confederates cross the Potomac 40 miles above Washington.

1862. Sept. 7th. The Army of the Potomac, 87,000 strong, moves north of Washington. Battle of Antietam.

1862. Dec. 31st. Burnside recalled to Washington, from before Fredericksburg, and removed from his command.

1863. Jan. 1. President Lincoln proclaims emancipation from Washington.

1863. Washington Fire Department organized ; it consisted in 1873, of five steamers, six hose carriages and two trucks, a fire-alarm telegraph and twenty-eight horses. Annual expense $80,000.

1863. Mar. 8. John S. Mosby dashes into Fairfax and captures Colonel Stoughton ; the Confederate draft enforced in counties opposite Washington.

1863. June 16. Hooker's army, defeated at Chancellorsville, falls back to Fairfax.

1864. July 6. The Sixth Corps, under General Ricketts, passes through Washington northward.

1864. July 9th. The battle of Monocacy, for the defence of the city, with a Federal loss of 2,000.

1864. July 12th. Battle at Silver Springs, with a loss of 600 men on each side ; Early re-crosses the Potomac.

1865. April 10. President Lincoln returns to Washington from Richmond ; the city illuminated.

1865. April 14. General Grant arrives.

1865. April 15. Death of Mr. Lincoln, at the house of Mr. Peterson, opposite Ford's theatre.

1865. May. Grand review, for two days, of the armies of Grant and Sherman.

1865. July 7. Mrs. Surratt, Payne (or Powell), Herold, and Atzerodt hanged in the yard of the old penitentiary, Greenleaf's Point.

1865. Nov. 10. Henry Wirz, the Andersonville jailer, hanged, in the rear of the house where Calhoun died, and which was called " The old Capitol."

1865. Dec. Only 35 votes are cast in favor of negro suffrage in the District ; 7,369 against.

1866. June 3. Calvary Baptist Church dedicated ; burned December 15th, 1867.

1867. March 7th. President Johnson vetoes the District of Columbia suffrage bill, but it is passed over the veto by more than two-thirds of each House

1869. December 24. Death of Edwin M. Stanton, at his home, on Franklin square.

1869. Completion of the Howard University for freedmen.

1871. Feb. 20, 21. Grand Carnival and Masquerade on the completion of the wood pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue from the Treasury to the Capitol ; the same day the President signs the bill making a Territorial Government for the District of Columbia, with a Governor and Council, a House of Delegates and a Delegate in Congress.

1872. Opening of the Baltimore and Potomac, and Washington, Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railroads.

1872–3. Complete rehabilitation and reformation of the city, at a cost to the taxpayers of eight millions, and to the Government of four millions. Commencement of the new State Department.

1873. May 12. Salmon P. Chase interred at the Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown. Services in the Capital.

1873. May 26. Opening of the Metropolitan branch railroad to Point of Rocks.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SOCIAL SKETCHES OF THE OLD AND NEW IN WASHINGTON.

If we ever have a literature in America, much of it must illustrate the government and collateral society at the national capital. Many agreeable pens have been at work jotting down the materials for this work, and it would be an oversight in our book to say nothing of the old families and the new in the city by the Potomac.

It is already hard to realize with precision and picturesqueness the state of social life and living which existed in the early days of our Capital. The city has found it necessary in the course of improvement to take out of the landscape many familiar forms and vistas which will belong to the biographer, novelist, and poet of that great period in letters which must be approaching.

Amongst the local landmarks of the District of Columbia which have been recently obliterated in the leveling processes of the new corporation, are the mound and stone to mark the centre of the ten miles square, set up by Andrew Ellicott, in 1791. Gen. Babcock said he thought it was merely the base of a derrick to hoist things to the Washington Monument.

The other landmark was the Van Ness Mausoleum, in which was buried David Burns, the Scotch farmer who owned the ground on which the most popular part of Washington stands. This fine old relic (see cut below) was taken down in the latter part of 1872, to give room for a new alley. It stood between

the Church of the Ascension and an Orphan Asylum, on H street near Ninth,—the ground for both of which was presented by Mrs. Van Ness, or Marcia Burns, daughter of the Scotch farmer aforesaid.

As to this family there is a quaint tale which may be worth telling:

David Burns was a farmer at the river-side behind the President's Mansion, who had been fortunate enough, under the law of primogeniture prevailing in the Province of Maryland, to inherit his father's property, to the exclusion of his kin. He was a positive old fellow, and annoyed Washington very much when the President sought to "locate the Capital City upon his farm." "The obstinate Mr. Burns," as Washington called him, will be the subject of portraiture often in the future, stickling for the largest equity and conditions, and paying little relative respect to the opinion of the General, whom he once declared to be of eminence chiefly on the score of having married the rich widow Custis.

Burns had a daughter, as well, whose prospective wealth in Washington city-lots was to make another man historic. This was Marcia Burns, a fairly-educated, fair-looking, clear-headed young woman, the only child of the crusty David. When the Congressmen settled on the agueish site of the new city, and found the distances too magnificent for patience, they sought relief from poor lodgings by visiting the Carrolls, Calverts, Taylors, Laws, Peters, Lloyds, Keys, and others; and immediately there was a courteous contest for the hand and fortune of Davy Burns' child. The Congressmen filled the long, low, one-story-and-garret farm-house of nights, and the most assiduous and good-looking of them all was John P. Van Ness, of New York. They all besieged Miss Marcia Burns, and she followed the rule of choosing trumps when in doubt. She beamed upon the handsome Dutch member.

John P. Van Ness was now past 30, and the son of a celebrated New York anti-Federalist and Revolutionary officer, Judge Peter Van Ness. His father was a supporter of Aaron Burr

against the Livingston and Clinton interest; and William P. Van Ness, his brother, "that talented man, of dark and indignant spirit," as Jabez Hammond says, was Burr's second in the duel with Hamilton, and afterwards secreted Burr in the family home of Kinderhook, where subsequently Irving wrote a part of his Knickerbocker's History, and Martin Van Buren raised cabbages and smiled on Nature.

The elder Van Ness sent Aaron Burr, recently United States Senator, to sound the young woman Burns, and ascertain the degree of her worldly wisdom and her father's worldly prospects. Burr, always plastic in match-makings, reported in an exalted strain upon Miss Marcia's strength of mind and probabilities, and thus Columbia County, New York, and the District of Columbia, united their leading families.

The groom had been educated at Columbia College, New York, and was of such equal spirits, that, till death, he retained all his popularity in Washington, and "filled all the high offices that the citizens of Washington had the power to bestow upon him." His bride was equal to her alliance, and kept a tender memory in Washington long after her obstinate father was laid in the Cave of Macpelah.

MARCIA BURNS. VAN NESS.

For a little time the bridal party inhabited old Burns's cottage, still standing at the foot of Seventeenth street. Next, Mr. Van Ness built a two-story brick house on the corner of Twelfth and D streets. The city lots selling well, and money being unstinted, Van Ness next erected, right beside old Burns's cottage, a great brick mansion, still perfect, and inhabited now by Thomas Green, the son-in-law of the elder Ritchie, the celebrated Richmond editor. This great house was designed

by the architect Latrobe, and it cost about $50,000, upwards of half a century ago. The country-place of the bridal couple was meantime the "Glebe," situated in Virginia, not many miles from Washington, where they possessed 1,500 acres, part of which is now owned by Caleb Cushing. In 1865 the mansion on "The Glebe" burned down.

VAN NESS MANSION, AND DAVY BURNS'S COTTAGE.

It is customary to refer to Burns as a common old fellow, but he appears to have used the first moneys derived from the sale of his land and lots to educate his daughter in a manner to fit her for the exalted company expected on the site of his farm. Seven or eight years elapsed between this good fortune and her marriage.

A copy of the funeral discourse of Rev. William Hawley, (Nicholas Callan's copy), rector of St. John's Church, delivered on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Van Ness, 1832, is in possession of W. H. Philip, Esq. Parts of this discourse say as follows:

"She survived her only child, Mrs. Ann E. Middleton. Born on the spot on which she expired, the whole of Mrs. Van Ness's life had been passed in witnessing the beginning, the rise, and progress of this flourishing metropolis. She was placed by her parents in the family of Luther Martin, Esq., of

Baltimore, who was then at the height of his fame as the most distinguished jurist and advocate in the State of Maryland, and with his daughters and family she had the best opportunity of education and society.* At the age of twenty she was married to the 'present worthy. mayor of our Capital.'

"In early life," continues the clergyman, "she had great sprightliness of mind and amiableness of disposition. The sedateness of her manner gave her dignity, and the genuine piety of her heart became her rule of life, when her daughter had been born and educated. This daughter returned from boarding-school at the time the splendid dwelling on Mansion square was prepared for the reception of the family. Leaving the cottage which stands at hand, and under whose humble roof she had been born and nurtured, Mrs. Van Ness witnessed the subsequent marriage of her daughter. But in November, 1822, the bride who had been but a few months before 'attired in nuptial dress, adorned with jewels and surrounded with gay attendants,' plighted her vows, was consigned, with her infant, to the grave.

"From this period Mrs. Van Ness seemed to have bid the world and all its gaieties farewell. She endowed an orphan asylum with $4,000 in real property, left it by will $1,000—the legacy an old friend, widow of Governor Blount, of North

* Luther Martin married a daughter of Col. Cresap, of Maryland, long the reputed slayer of the family of Logan, the Indian chief. Martin was a shiftless genius, who had been born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1744, and removed, in 1762, to the little Eastern shore Maryland, part of Queenstown, where he studied law and taught school until 1770. He was a protégé of Judge Samuel Chase, and in 1778 became Attorney-General of Maryland, distinguishing himself by prosecuting tories. In 1804 he defended Judge Chase, in the unfinished capital, Burr presiding, in a speech pronounced "wonderful" at the period. In 1807 he defended Aaron Burr, at Richmond, and lost his popularity in Maryland for years. Intemperance grew upon him, and he became, at last, a guest of Burr's banished years, and died in 1826. Chief Justice Taney describes him as a rambling talker, with slovenly rhetoric, using vulgarisms, but fair and weighty in argument, and wearing ruffles at the wrist, richly edged with lace, but dabbled and soiled, and with rich clothes unbrushed, and intoxication often paramount.

Carolina,—and labored with Congress for its further endowment of $10,000. She attended the church and Sunday School in this church constantly, and sought out orphans with a mother's yearning. The old cottage house in which she was born and in which her beloved parents ended their days, was an object of her deep veneration and regard. In this humble dwelling, over whose venerable roof wave the branches of trees planted by her dear parents, she had selected a secluded apartment, with appropriate arrangements for solemn meditation, to which she often retired, and spent hours in quiet solitude and holy communion. Her sickness was long and painful. A few days before the end she celebrated the sacrament with a few of her Christian friends around her bed. She bade all the several members of the family an affectionate farewell, and on parting with her dear husband, while he kneeled by her dying bed, she said, with her hand upon his head : ' Heaven bless and protect you ; never mind me.' "

The funeral took place Monday, September 10, at 4 P. M. The mahogany coffin was covered with black velvet, and ornamented with a silver plate, on which was engraved her name, the day of her birth, marriage, and death. A leaden coffin was inside the wooden one. Another plate, the gift of citizens who had held a meeting of condolence at the " Western Town House," referred to her piety, charity, and worth, and it was fastened on the coffin, " a little below the former." It told the story thus : " Born 9th May, 1782. Married 9th May, 1802. Died 9th Sept. 1832."

The Mausoleum had been erected some years previously. Her hearse and family carriage (coach and four) were dressed in mourning. Little female orphans, in divided ranks, marched to the bier and strewed it with branches of the weeping willow.

A poem in the *Globe*, by H. G., (Horatio Greenough ?),* said :

" Mid rank and wealth and worldly pride,
From every snare she turned aside.
* * * * * *

She sought the low, the humble shed,
Where gaunt disease and famine tread.
And from that time in youthful pride,
She stood Van Ness's blooming bride,
No day her blameless head o'er past,
But saw her dearer than the last."

After Van Ness had been a Bank President, Militia Com mander, and what not, he died several years after his wife. He had provided a tomb, unrivaled in the New World, a copy of a temple of Vesta, where the Burns and the Van Ness alliance should be monumentally inurned. This tomb was constructed of stone, and was an open dome, with stone pillars, and a deep vault beneath it, eight feet in depth, with three tiers of cells, six cells to the tier. Mr. Edward Clark, architect of the Capitol, told Col. W. H. Philip, who recently removed and set up the Mausoleum, that it was one of the few tombs strictly monumental in the country, and that the material in it, and the fashioning of them, would cost, at the present time, $34,000. They took the structure down, and have re-built it precisely as it was, in Oak Hill Cemetery, Georgetown. Underneath it they found seven bodies, viz. :

VAN NESS MAUSOLEUM.

1. David Burns,—a few bones, and a skull and teeth, and the relics of an old-fashioned winding-sheet, which wrapped the defunct around and around, as if afraid he might get out of it, as out of some other bad bargain. The undertaker of the latter part of the nineteenth century looked at this winding-sheet as if he were stumped at last. It was too much for him.

2. Mrs. Burns, wife of David. On this lady history is silent.

3. Gen. Van Ness. A fine old body, who sued the Government of the United States for violating its agreement with the original proprietors of Washington in the matter of selling to private purchasers lots near the Mall. He was beaten, although he had Roger B. Taney for counsel. He gave an annual entertainment to Congress, and his six horses, headless, are said to gallop around the Van Ness mansion annually, on the anniversary of his death.

4. Marcia Van Ness, heiress of Washington. Mrs. Van Ness's portrait is at the Orphan Asylum, and at Colonel Philip's residence ; a sweet, thin Scotch face, with gleaming, dewy eyes, crowned with a lace cap.

5. Mrs. Ann E. Middleton, only child of John P. and Marcia Van Ness ; married Arthur Middleton, son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence ; she died in childbirth, and Middleton married for his second wife a daughter of General Bentevolia, of Rome.

6. General Montgomery, a relative of the family.

7. Gov. Cornelius P. Van Ness, ex-Collector of the Port of New York, Chief Justice and Governor of Vermont, and for nine years Minister to Spain. He was the father of Mrs. Judge Roosevelt, of New York City, and of Lady Ouseley, wife of Sir William Ouseley, Secretary of the British Legation, who was married at the Van Ness mansion.

The square on which the Mausoleum stood sold for $160,000 not many years ago, and the proceeds went to the Bentevolia alliance.

The heirs of John P. Van Ness were three, in equal parts :

1. One-third to Mrs. Philip, whose son is W. H. Philip, Esq., of Washington City.

2. One-third to Gov. C. P. Van Ness.

3. One-third to the heirs of Judge W. P. Van Ness, Burr's friend.

Of this celebrated estate there are still many lots in the possession of the heirs of the above.

General Van Ness lived down to the period of the Mexican war, attaining the ripe age of seventy-six. He became the first President of the Bank of the Metropolis in 1814. Several portraits are extant of him. In one he is represented as wearing a powdered wig and toupee with very light, fine, brown hair and side-whiskers, with a short forehead, and strong perceptive brows, very full and memory-keeping, a fine, aquiline nose, straight lip and chin, and small mouth and a fine, hazel, open eye with brown lashes and eyebrows. A handsomer man, a woman, nor a novel reader never looked upon. There is a luscious, Dutch look about that portrait Gilbert Stuart painted of Van Ness which does not fail to account for his success with Miss Burns. He left no will and never made one. The toast after his death was, "well fed, well bred, well read: we never shall look upon his like again!"

William P. Van Ness, brother of the Mayor, was also a striking-looking man of larger intellectual development than General Van Ness, but of less pleasing expression; he enjoyed a larger area of career than the Mayor. The Van Nesses were said to be descended from Aerd Van Ness of West Vriesland, Lieutenant Admiral of Holland.

Amongst the episodes of the old Van Ness mansion is the story of Ann G. Wightt, well known in her day as "sister Gertrude."

She was a cousin of Mrs. Marcia Van Ness, and of a Maryland family. A young and beautiful child, she was sent to school at Georgetown Convent, and while her parents were absent in Europe she became enamoured of the ideal convent life and took the veil. She is said to have risen to such consideration that she was talked of as Lady Superioress. When about thirty years of age she slipped on the dress of one of the monks or fathers, and one evening, left the Convent by stealth and was driven to the Van Ness mansion, where she claimed the protection and hospitality of John Van Ness on the score of cousinship. A day or two after she arrived, two priests called at the house and demanded to talk with her. She

answered them from the head of the stairs that under no circumstances would she return to the Convent. It was never known why she had taken flight, but she became the reverse of a recluse and was a gay and brilliant woman in society, but she never married. Amongst her intimate acquaintances at a later period was Isis Iturbide, a daughter of the Emperor of Mexico, who left Miss Wightt a legacy of $10,000, and the latter had the sagacity and perseverance to go to the city of Mexico and obtain the money while the other Iturbides got little or nothing. She was notable for her splendid black, flowing hair, superb teeth, and great conversational power. She died at the residence of Honorable John Y. Mason in Richmond, a short time prior to the civil war.

The Van Ness Mansion made its last public appearance in the Assassination Conspiracy when its affable and inoffensive proprietor, Mr. Green, was put into a military prison upon a newspaper rumor that the mansion was to have been used as a place of incarceration for President Lincoln preparatory to his removal to Virginia by stealth. It is a noble old property, and when the Board of Public Works or whatever is responsible hereabout arranges Seventeenth street and fills up the canal, the ride around this mansion up the shaded river side to Braddock's Rock and Camp Hill will be one of the best in Washington.

A word on the subject of the original proprietors of the site of Washington. To their titles all deeds for property in the Federal city date, and I spent an hour looking them over one day recently in the Room of the Commissioners.

The Carroll estate was divided into "New Troy," 500 acres, Duddington pastures 431 acres, and Duddington Manor 497½ acres. St. Thomas bay entered the Manor from the Eastern branch and St. James's creek, behind it, separated Duddington pasture from Notley Young's farm of 400 acres. East of Duddington, and nearer the Navy Yard was "Houp's addition;" laid out for Madame Ann Young by Jeremiah Riley and his father, Eliphas Riley in 1757. Part of the same was resurveyed for Charles Carroll, Jr., in 1759 and called 'Cerve Abbey Manor.'

The dwelling (70x22 feet), great smoke house, spring house and brick stable (95) at Duddington were erected after the city was laid out. A log house and a frame hen house in the corner nearest the Capitol were on the square previously.

Robert Peter's log mansion house (36x22), quarters and outbuildings stood on the square between 13th and 14th streets west of W and boundary.

Mr. Young's mill (36x24), stood between 1st and 2d streets East and M and N streets in what is now "Swampoole." The widow Digges had log houses in Delaware avenue near by.

John Davidson's heirs occupied his frame mansion and log wings (32x20) (12x12) between 12th and 13th streets west and K and L north; his family graveyard was at the corner of K and 13th.

Mr. Fenwick's house, 60 by 31, stood right on the space where Georgia Avenue intersects S. Capitol Street, at the water side; the graveyard was just by.

Messrs. Lynch and Sands lived in a "mansion house," 20 by 17 at the corner of L North, and 6th West, near the old Seventh Street Market.

The widow Young had a mansion house 36 by 23, with half a dozen tenements, right on the Eastern branch, between 17th and 18th streets East, at the burnt bridge.

James M. Lingan's frame mansion and office attached, 66 by 22 feet, was right in Ninteenth street, nearest N, at M and N North.

Samuel Davidson's log dwelling and kitchen (original) stood on square 183, at 17th and M streets, four squares north of Lafayette Square.

David Burns's house and graveyard, occupied then by James Burns, 20 by 16—graveyard 30 by 30—stood on H street North, between 9 and 10 West, identical with the subsequent Mausoleum.

The residence of Notley Young was a staunch and roomy brick, which stood near the Potomac side, upon the bluffs near the Washington wharves, and was taken away within a comparatively recent period, to accommodate a new street.

Notley Young's mansion (original proprietor) was in the middle of South G street (between Squares 389 and 390) and between 9th and 10th streets West, half way between the steamboat landing and Long Bridge. One of his barns was at 10th and D, and another at 7th and I. His graveyard was at the riverside where South H strikes the water.

Abramam Young's mansion house (22 by 22) and graveyard stood on North D, by 15th East, at the city boundary.

Samuel Blodget's mansion, 29 by 12, stood in 16th Street West, between P North and Massachusetts Avenue, half way between the White House and the boundary.

George Walker's mansion—53 by 32, graveyard, and log tenements stood between Maryland Avenue, North E, 6th Street East and 7th, Square 862. on the Bladensburg route.

Mrs. Prout's house—53 by 24, and graveyard stood on Square 90, M and 8th streets.

Mr. N. Young's dwelling, above referred to (42 by 52), stood in G street, between 9th and 10th, Square 389–90, and it had 27 cabins, sheds, houses, barns, etc., attached, between 7th and 11th, and F Street and the river.

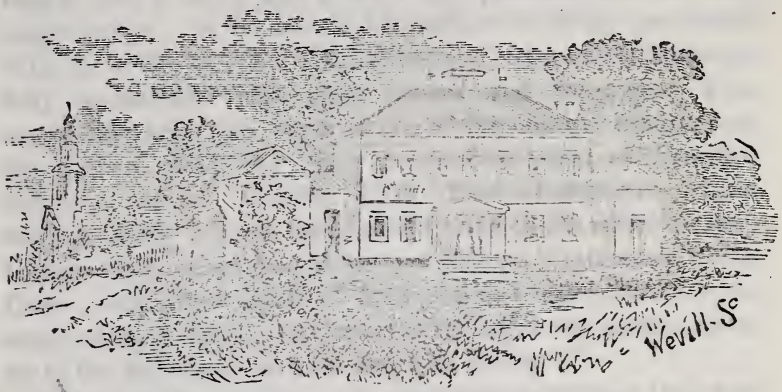
At Alexandria, in 1798, Mr. Fairfax's house was on the opposite heights of Hunting Creek, opposite "Parry Hill." Cameron's Mills were just above the neck of the creek; Lee's house was on the first knoll back of the town, just opposite Cameron Street, if extended; the Episcopal Church was at Columbus and Cameron Streets; the Quaker meeting-house at St. Asaphe and Wolf; the Presbyterian and Methodist, on the same square, between Royal and Fairfax and Wolf and Duke. Catholic and Dutch Lutheran Churches were suggested at Church and Washington Streets.

Widow Wheeler's log buildings, and three distinct corps of graves, in rows, stood three squares above the Navy Yard bridge, between Virginia Avenue and 14th East, and South M Streets and the Eastern Branch, right behind the Commissioners' wharf, where also was the upper ferry.

One of the most notable estates around Washington is that

of the Calvert family, which existed in somewhat better than its present condition, before the District was laid out.

The estate of Mount Airy lies one mile north of Bladensburg, upon the Old Stage road to Baltimore, and the Washington Branch Steam Railway passes through the noble level park where once, I have heard "Porte Crayon" say, herds of deer roamed at will. Lodges of plastered brick, quaint to the eye, flank the main gate, and as the visitor canters down the drive to the mansion, he sees upon a low eminence to the left, within



MT. AIRY.

view of both lodge and villa, the burial ground of the family. Two flat tombs, vault-fashion, enclose the remains of John and of Rosalie Eugenia Calvert, and the memorial stone of Charles B. Calvert is an upright piece of marble,—the three substantial and plain, and thus inscribed:

In memory of Charles B. Calvert; Born August 23d, 1808, Died May 12, 1864.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt. v. 7.

Here lies the body of John Calvert, Esq., of Riversdale; youngest son of Benedict Calvert, Esq., of Mt. Airy, Prince George County, Maryland, and grandson of Charles Calvert, sixth Lord Baltimore, who died January 28, 1838, aged 70.

Here rests the body of Rosalie Eugenia Calvert, wife of Geo. Calvert, and daughter of Henry J. Strie, Esq., of Antwerp.

May she be remembered among the children of God, and her lot be cast among the Saints.

"We see the hand we worship and adore,
And justify the all-disposing power."

From this mound of sepulture a pleasant view is afforded of the picturesque negro cabins scattered over the estate, of the large barns and improvements which were in their prime about 1830, and of the blue and gray wooded hills of Prince George's, which almost enclose the estate, as well as that vista of declining terraces toward the Anacosta, at Bladensburg. The mansion is built of brick and stone, rough plastered, and in color, bright yellow. It is flanked with offices which are connected with the centre by short colonnades, and the grounds are tastefully ornamented with glass houses and fountains. This estate has been the home of one of the natural branches of the Calvert family for many generations—that of Benedict Calvert, son of Charles, Fifth Lord Baltimore, whose daughter Nelly became the youthful bride of the child of Mrs. George Washington, and Mother of George Washington Parke Custis, with whose estate of Arlington in Virginia, the fine old aristocratic coaches of the Calverts exchanged ceremonial visits, up to the periods of Jackson and Van Buren.

Following the fashions and opportunities of their time and station, the Lords Baltimore strewed natural offspring, even from the beginning. The pious George, first of the title, left Philip Calvert, born out of wedlock; Benedict Leonard, Fourth Baltimore, married the grandchild of a mistress of Charles II, and this lady bore illegitimate children whom the husband petitioned the House of Lords "to bastardize." Charles, the Fifth Baltimore, left Benjamin (called Benedict) Calvert, who is, in the above inscription, for some reason attributed to the Sixth Baltimore. Finally, Frederick, the last Baltimore, died without other issue than Henry Harford and his sister, both natural offspring. The family of Benedict Calvert of Mt. Airy, has always been honorably associated and held in high esteem in Maryland.

The great families of that early day in the vicinity of Washington were the Calverts of Mount Airy, the Curtises of Vir-

ginia and Georgetown, and the Carrolls of Duddington. Mrs. George Washington's son married Eleanor Calvert, and the eldest daughter of this marriage married Thomas Law, the second married Thomas Peter of Georgetown, and the son married Mary Lee Fitzhugh and moved to Arlington House after the death of his grandmother Washington. Here we have a family association both mutable and memorable.

Thomas Law, brother of Lord Ellenborough, a Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and son of a Bishop of Carlisle, made a great fortune by the aid of Warren Hastings in India, and his brother was one of Hastings' counsel. It was thought better for the interests of Hastings that Law should slip off to America, and as at that time an immense speculation was current in Washington City lots, Law embarked and lost the greater part of his fortune in building houses around the new Capitol. He erected several of the fine old edifices on New Jersey Avenue heights, and there he dwelt in widower solitude after his divorce from his wife, who had taken advantage of a visit he made to Europe in 1804 to assume male apparel and consort with officers at the marine barracks. The house where Law dwelt after obtaining the divorce was then a boarding house for Congressmen kept by Mitchel, a Frenchman. It was Law who obtained the consent of Congress to open the Tiber Creek by lottery. These points are derived from C. W. Janson's American book, published in London, 1807.

Miss Josephine Seaton tells us that Thomas Law was a younger brother of Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench and brother of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He served in the civil list under Lord Cornwallis in India and came to America enraptured with Washington's character and Republican prospects. He married Anne Custis, sister of George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, and built blocks in the city with his India accumulations, and had a country house. Like Joel Barlow he was a deist. He had two sons, John and Edmund, and possessed considerable random genius. Jefferson wrote to him respectfully in 1822 from Monticello.

Colonel John Tayloe, one of the wealthiest land-holders in

Virginia, moved to Washington and built a town house in 1798. He had an income of $60,000 a year, was married to the daughter of Governor Ogle of Maryland, and was thirty years of age when his house was finished. It was called the Octagon.* The following year he established the Washington race course nearly on the site of the present Columbia College. His income in 1804 was said to have been $75,000 a year, and he expended $33,000 annually in the purchase of land, having great tracts on both sides of the Potomac. He died in the Octagon, March 3, 1828, in the 58th year of his age; his widow lived until 1855. Tayloe was undoubtedly the wealthiest citizen of Washington in the first quarter of a century of its history. Probably no other person has had as much income since within the District limits, if we except Mr. Corcoran the banker. Tayloe was educated in England after the revolution. A considerable portion of his large property remains in the hands of his connections.

On the Maryland side of the Potomac within a few hours' ride of Washington are two great old mansions called respectively Notley Hall and Marshall Hall.

Notley Hall is referred to in the novel of Rob of the Bowl in these terms:

"Think of my ride all the way to Notley Hall—and round about by the head of the river too—for I doubt if I have any chance to get a cart over the ferry to-night. The boat-keeper is not often sober at this hour. Would you rather ride twenty miles (from old St. Mary's) to Notley, or twelve to Mattapany?"

George Notley was mentioned in the remodeled school laws of 1723 as one of the seven trustees of the principal and better sort of inhabitants of Prince's Georges county named by the Assembly.

The Marshalls were a leading church of England family in St. George's Hundred as early as 1642. Marshall Hall is now (1872) a pic-nic resort owned by a Washington City inn-keeper. The Addison family of Oxon-Hill came to America between 1650 and 1660.

* Engraving of Taylöe's Octagon on page

More than two hundred feet above the Potomac stands Arlington House, one of those huge adaptations of classical architecture to domestic uses which abounded in the Middle States and the South about the period of the Revolution. It shows to admirable advantage from Washington, with its front of a hundred and forty feet breadth, much of which is taken up with a heavy Doric portico, designed, as old Custis, its proprietor, used to say, in his affectation of art, after the Temple of Pæstum. But when the grandson of George Washington's wife got the great columns up, his patience, his money, or his art gave out, and he hastily covered the Temple of Pæstum with a barn roof. The house is not split up into so many small rooms as Mount Vernon, and some of its larger apartments are cool and spacious. It used to be the depositary of many Washingtonian trophies and portraits, and we owe to Custis an account of nearly all the pictures and casts of Washington that were taken. In the light of the late war Arlington House might have become a sort of rebel Mount Vernon had Lee been victorious, and its position is strikingly like that of Washington's homestead. It has the same yellow color of rough casting, a lawn and natural fresh timber, and Custis and his wife are buried together privately upon their estate, like George and Martha Washington. But by the reverse of fortune, and by the many thousand Federal soldiers buried around the mansion, Arlington is the Mount Vernon of that collective Washington of the second Union—the volunteer soldier of the people. Here are fifty or sixty acres of graves, a white head-board to every one; and the natural level of the grass rolls over all, so that the dismal coffin-like mound common to church yards is not manifest. The grounds are laid out in an unaffected way, and on the great carriage-drives the officers are buried. Amongst the soldiers' graves there are some rebels, laid away in honorable equity, but accredited to their cause upon their head-boards. The effect of the cemetery is to make one think of rest, neatness, and coolness. Overhead, the hickory, walnut, elm, oak, and chestnut trees, some

of them a century old, make shadow without mourning. There are no funereal willows or cypresses.

The graves project their files of head-boards to the limit of the timber, and they ramble into the realm of sunshine, making the semblance of a silent encampment of tents in miniature. The disconnected remains of two thousand soldiers of Bull Run are laid away together under a single granite scroll, which bears a dignified descriptive title. The cemetery proper does not occupy more than a third of Arlington wood and park, which is probably composed of 200 acres, and is a fine instance of Virginia landscape, covered with great trees, containing springs and rills, and from many parts of it the city of Washington and the suburb of Georgetown are seen directly below, in all the clear chiseling of a Potomac atmosphere. The mansion of Arlington is merely an office for the Warden of the cemetery now. The old estate, of which it was the homestead, embraced eleven hundred acres, and was the property of Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Mrs. George Washington, and one of the richest men in the colonies. Washington left it to his wife's grandson and his own adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, who died in 185?, leaving this estate to his daughter, Mrs. Colonel Robert E. Lee, during her life, and then to Custis and Fitzhugh Lee, his grandsons. Arlington could not be confiscated, therefore, as it was not the property of the traitor Lee, but by the accumulation of taxes upon it, the State of Virginia ordered it to be sold. Edwin M. Stanton, to whom we owe the purchase and preservation of a good many relics, such as Ford's theatre, resolved at any price to buy Arlington. He bid it in without opposition for twenty-six thousand dollars. Previous to this time all the Washington relics that had not been carried off by Mrs. Lee, were taken to the Patent-Office, that temple of sewing machines and martyrs' relics. The old house is naked of everything but flower-pots now.

"BRENTWOOD."

"Brentwood," the estate (1873) of Captain Carlisle Patterson, U. S. N., stands in the hilly woods north of the Capital. It was the farm of Robert Brent, Esq., a Maryland farmer, whose daughter married Joseph Pearson, Congressman from North Carolina. Soon after the Capital was pitched in the neighborhood.

The house was built in 1816 from designs by Latrobe, who threw his habitual dome over it, but devised a really elegant residence. The main building is three rooms broad, including a very elegant crosswise hall and the dome behind it as rooms, which they are, and of exquisite proportions at that. The wings are five rooms deep.

The Pearson Mill stood until the Civil War, on the Tiber near Boundary street, when it was pulled down, but not until a painting of it had been made by Mr. Cranch, the artist. Many years before the water had been diverted, to supply the Capital and its fountains.

Mr. Pierson was thrice married, and to Miss Worthington of Georgetown at last. One of the daughters of this marriage was wedded to Augustus Jay, grandson of Chief-Justice John Jay.

There remained of this estate in 1873 about 150 acres; ninety-six acres had been detached and turned into the Kendall Green, and Columbian Institute properties. The present owner, Captain Patterson, is the brother-in-law of Admiral David Porter.

Daniel Carroll, the first Commissioner of Washington, was born at Upper Marlbro,—an old Maryland court-house town, recently opened to the outer world by railway,—and he was sixty years of age when he became a Commissioner to locate the Capital City upon a part of his estate. He was a Catholic, and therefore for a small part of his life not eligible to political

promotion. But his wealth, prudence, and patriotism, and the leading position of his brother, Bishop Carroll, and of the Carroll family at large, made him, to the end of his days, a prominent man in public counsels. He had been a member of Congress, and a member of the Constitutional Convention, and was near the close of his days when he became the Federal Commissioner. Reduced by infirmities he was unable to work with much energy upon the Capital site and he resigned his office in three or four years, and died May, 1796.

The Carrolls of the western shore of Maryland were a very numerous family, and much confusion has grown out of the similarity of their names. At Bishop Carroll's chapel, eight miles north of Washington, are tombs of Eleanor Carroll, relict of Daniel Carroll, Esq., who died in 1796 at the remarkable age of 92, so that she must have been born in 1704. What a remarkable old lady this would be to tell us about pre-Washingtonian incidents! In the same grave-yard lies Ann Brent, daughter of Daniel Carroll, and widow of Robert Brent, who was born in 1733, and died in 1804. In the same grave-yard lie the Digges, a notable family in their day, and patrons of Major L'Enfant.

At Georgetown College Cemetery, a cross of marble stands at the head of a slab which is said to cover the general remains of those elder Carrolls who were removed from Duddington at a comparatively recent period. At the base of the cross is the inscription, set up over the son of the Simon Carroll:

TUDOR PLACE.

"Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, Obt. May 9, 1849, aged 84."

Tudor Place, of which we give an engraving, is the finest villa in Georgetown, and was built by Thomas Peter. Here Robert E. Lee paid his last visit to the District of Columbia,

about 1869. It is now occupied by Thos. Beverley Kennon, of the Peter family.

Threekall's addition to Georgetown celebrates the name of a notable family, whose estate was near the convent, and is now destroyed.

"Kalorama," used to be a celebrated Washington villa, the seat of Joel Barlow, Esq., poet, diplomatist, soldier, and successful speculator.

Colonel William Washington lived at Kalorama prior to Barlow.

Another notable place in Georgetown is the Linthicum house, built by Colonel Dorsey, next owned by Robert Beverley and occupied for many years by John C. Calhoun, while in the height of his national reputation.

Thomas Lin Lee, who was at the time fifty years old, was addressed by Washington, in July, 1794, and asked to serve with Richard Potts, as Commissioner, in place of Governor Johnson and Dr. Stewart. "The year 1800," said the President, "is approaching with rapid strides, equally so ought the public buildings to advance. The prospect is flattering; . . the crisis is, nevertheless, delicate." Washington then intimated that he wished to avoid past negligence by naming Commissioners who would reside on the Federal site and consider their salaries as paid to them with that understanding to defray their expenses.

Mr. Lee had been Governor of Maryland between 1779 and 1783, and an efficient co-operator with General Washington in supporting the armies of the country. He was a delegate both to the Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention, and had just retired from the Governorship of the State when he received the nomination of Federal Commissioner. He died in 1810.

Richard Potts, another Commissioner, lived at Fredericktown, and had been a patriot and Governor of Maryland between the early terms of Governor Lee, and was a United States Senator. He was an educated gentleman.

Frederick, in Maryland, was a flourishing place, with an arsenal, five churches, and about seven hundred houses, in the last year of Washington's administration. Travelers in those days describe the portion of Maryland intermediate between Frederick and Washington, as nearly reduced to the condition in which it remains, to a great degree. Yellow clay and gravel, tilled with the hoe instead of the plough, worn out with tobacco culture, and often lying in naked prospects, with scarcely an herb to cover it. The people, however, were prying and inquisitive, compared to that phlegmatic German population on the Monocacy, whose fields were thrifty and green with wheat. An English traveler, who visited the Great Falls as early as 1796, turned off at Montgomery Court-house, and crossed about three miles above them, by a ferry, one mile and a quarter wide, to the Virginia shore.

Thomas Johnson, another Commissioner, had been a delegate from Maryland to the Constitutional Congress, and Governor during the early part of the Revolution. Between 1791 and 1793 he was Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He died at the age of eighty-seven, in 1819.

Alexander White, Commissioner as above, had been a delegate from North Carolina to the Continental Congress, and a representative up to 1793; he is said to have been an ardent and eloquent man, and he died at Woodville, Virginia, 1804.

Mr. Commissioner Scott died in the year 1800, and his place was filled by W. Church.

Analostan island, in the Potomac, opposite Georgetown, containing 70 acres, was the celebrated residence of General John Mason, where was entertained Louis Philippe, by the descendant of George Mason, of Gunston Hall. The house was burned down during the civil war, and the island is now a pleasure resort. Jas. M. Mason, rebel Commissioner to Europe, passed his childhood here. Government built a causeway, connecting this island with the Virginia shore. The novel-

ist and poet Paulding wrote as follows, in 1825, on "Anadostan:"

"On either side, and all around,
The weltering wave is seen to flow,
Noiseless, or, if you hear a sound,
'Tis but a murmur, soft and low.

The great trees, nodding to and fro
In stately conclaves not a few,
Whisper as secretly and slow
As bashful lovers ever do.

The tinkling bell, the plashing oar,
The buzzing of the insect throng,
The laugh that echoes from the shore,
The unseen thrush's vesper song—

And when I count the earthly hours
That I shall cherish most of all,
That walk in Anadostan's bowers
Will be the first that I recall."

A few sketches of the early Commissioners of the city are appended:

In Georgetown College Cemetery is this tombstone bearing reference to the family which owned a part of the river front where the city was pitched.

"To the memory of the Rev. Notley Young, who departed this life August 1st, 1820, aged 54 years."

Opposite Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown is what is called the Colonel Carter place, on which the houses burned down about the close of the war. Here lived the French minister Sartiges and M. Mercier, with whom Prince Napoleon stopped on his visit to this country. Governor Henry D. Cooke bought the grounds and ruin for $50,000 and laid the foundations of a large mansion on which work has been suspended for several years.

The following inscriptions are in Glenwood Cemetery.

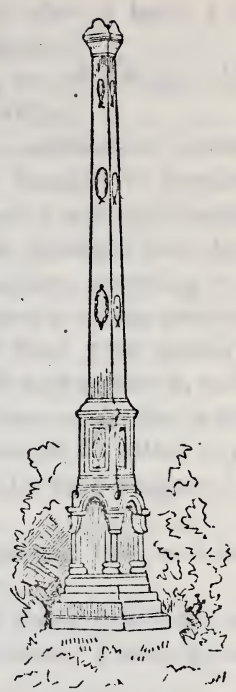
Our father JOHN LESSFORD,
The Chronicler of Washington,
Died Feb. 23d, 1862.
Aged 36.

AMOS KENDALL.
Born August 16th, 1789.
Died Nov. 12th, 1869.

JANE KYLE,
wife of Amos Kendall,
Born October 12th, 1807.
Died June 25th, 1864.

On Postmaster General Kendall's tomb are these mottoes:

"Charity is love in action."
"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
"The path of the just is as the shining light."



TOMB OF AMOS KENDALL.

As a public official, Mr. Kendall was one of the best in our service, and he may truthfully be called the great Postmaster General. He went into his office poor and left it very poor. Every cent that he has made was acquired subsequent to his resignation, and it was gained almost entirely by his business association with Mr. Morse, the inventor. When Kendall took the Post-Office in charge he turned out every clerk, and for a week had the books of the department overhauled. Those clerks whose accounts were straight were re-appointed, and the derelict dismissed. He was so poor that a tempter appeared to him in the person of a subordinate and clerk, who pertly said:

"Mr. Kendall, I am aware that you have no money. I have an account in the bank, and will lend you some when you are in need of it."

"Thank you," said Kendall coldly, "I don't know that I

have need to borrow any money, but when I have, I certainly shall not borrow it from a subordinate."

This clerk wanted some favors in the way of pickings. Next morning he was turned out of the Post-Office.

Morse, the inventor, lacking business qualifications entirely, had made up his mind to secure Amos Kendall to popularize his telegraph apparatus. Kendall set to work with rigid method, and, proceeding to organize companies, arranged that Morse should have so much stock in each company, according to its capital, and that he (Kendall) should have a certain portion of Morse's revenue. In this way both of them grew speedily to riches, but Kendall had business thrift and vigilance, and at this time he is probably richer than Morse—unless he be dead. Kendall has been in two things consistent all his latter days—he has been a Jacksonian Democrat, and a rigid member of the Baptist Church.

I met him at the close of the Impeachment trial, and interrogated him as to Johnson's criminality.

"I take little sympathy in politics these days," he said; "neither with Mr. Johnson nor his opponents. I never admired him."

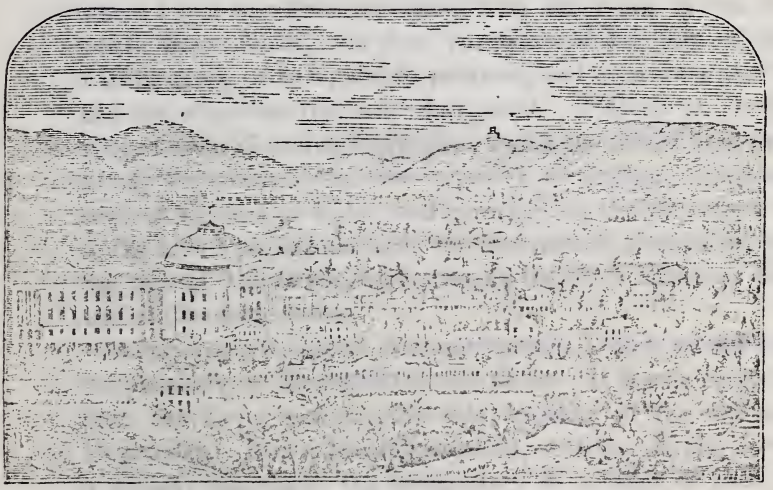
Last New Year's day the old man stood among his married daughters, receiving visitors, the handsomest septuagenarian in Washington. His residence, until of late, has been in a grove, called Kendall Green, on the borders of the city, and he is rich in real estate all round about here. The Baptist Church, with the high iron spire, at the corner of Eighth and H streets, has cost him probably $150,000. Kendall was a Northern man who began life a school teacher in Kentucky, and he never lost sight of the New England economical virtues, while he was conservative in politics. I asked him last New Year's day what he thought, after this long interval, of the character of Andrew Johnson.

"He grows larger as he recedes," said Kendall; "he was the greatest American I ever looked upon, and second to only him to whom all greatness is subordinate, the first President."

The later life of Mr. Kendall has been troubled by but one considerable loss, that of his son, who was shot dead in a street collision with the son-in-law of his old friend, John C. Rives. He made no upbraidal nor mutiny, but laid away vindictiveness with the bones of the lad, who was at fault.

Kendall was not a man that the nation will weep over. He was too strict, too well-balanced, too much guided by pure, cold human judgment to wring from men affectionate regrets that he never desired. Sufficient unto himself, within his own resources, architect of the wealth he evolved, his life has been so complete and fortunate that there is no urn upon his tomb for tears. Heaven makes some men exceptionally perfect in life, that, dying, it may show how poor they were, lacking weaknesses.

A few hours ride by rail from Washington will take the visitor to Charlottesville, the home of Jefferson of which I shall give a short description.



JEFFERSON'S UNIVERSITY AND HOME.

Leaving Washington at 7 o'clock A. M., I breakfasted at Alexandria, and crossed Bull Run before 9. There are two Northern settlements on the weird old stream,—its deep pools and frequent eddies lying gloomily among the rocks,—one set-

tlement completely new, and hewn out of the timber and underbrush lying beside the railroad, and its neat frame cottages and warehouses standing upon smart boulevard streets, with perspectives of bold hills in the street vistas; the other village is at Manassas Junction, amongst Beauregard's old forts, and it contains five hundred traders, tavern-keepers, and mechanics.

The view at Manassas is the first of the great series of Blue Ridge landscapes, which make what is called the Piedmont terrace of Virginia so entrancing. Manassas is a bold, open plateau, bounded by blue mountains, which make the landscapes look wide and stately. Bull Run is the gulf to the northward where the plateau drops away. Nothing now remains of the battle fought here but certain redoubts, breastworks, and forts, overgrown with sedge or dribbling off to weed. The Rappahannock and its outlying stations—every one the site of a battle—soon passed by. I saw the pretty soldiers' cemetery at Culpepper, and then Cedar Mountain arose, where I had wandered bareheaded on the night of the fierce battle there, feeling the first paralysis of the fear of death. All the crops of oats, wheat, potatoes, and corn were thriving, and the wheat harvest was nearly over. I dined at Gordonsville, a town of railway junction, which the rebels held during nearly the whole of the war—a pretty, struggling, whitewashed town at the foot of hills; and here leaving the Richmond road to the left, I passed through the Southwest Mountains, under the base of Monticello, and crossing the Red Ravenna River, was at Charlottesville.

Being here to attend commencement, I took advantage of the proximity of Monticello to ride there. It is only three miles from the town, and on the side opposite to the site of the University. It is a doomed mansion, standing on the crest of a conical mountain, the promontory of a ridge of such, and the Ravenna River washes the base of the hill.

Hiring a horse for one dollar and a half, or at the rate of half a dollar an hour, I rode briskly out the south road, forded Moore's Creek, and turned up the base of Sneed's Mountain.

Fine forest trees shaded the way; the fields were tinted blue with the stalks of weeds; the wheat, all cut and shocked, stood on the shoulders of the hills, and slipped into the dips and curls of rich valleys; the streams were heard saying liquid things to the dry air, and rabbits, tame as the mice that play round a baby's crib, cocked up their plump bodies in the road and looked sideways archly and squintingly. All the streams caught a reddish tinge from the oxides of iron in the clay, and yet they reflected the sky and their banks like crystal; locust trees grew amongst the stone walls that enclosed the fields; some large oaks stood in the barest vistas, and the loose horses rested beneath them from the sun; I heard few birds or grasshoppers singing, and my whole attention and ecstacy felt the impression of the expanding sceneries, which widened as I mounted, showing the humped backs of blue mountains, and loftier ranges further off, which were swung across the sky like a scarf of gauze. The forms of these nearer mountains were like the postures of Michel Angelo's marbles, unique, sinewy, startling, elbowed, and hipped, and bending and yawning, and their strong outlines were filled in with the bluest, grayest, sweetest mists and herbages, while between the isolated cones and spines the valleys rolled like the Illinois prairies, and, wherever there was a depression, you could guess a stream. Rising higher and higher, the narrow roadway became a terrace on the brink of a ravine, and at times there were deep creases and rocky shelves over which the way had to be carefully picked, but the higher I climbed the purer and rarer grew the air, the nobler the stature of the oaks and ash trees, and the deeper the sense of majesty in nature round about. I pictured the tall, strong, buoyant man who had ridden over this road so often, looking away at the plains and eminences, and feeling in his spirited nature the inspiration of their rolling freedom. Like the backs of bisons thundering along in herd and suddenly arrested by some alarm, they stood silent, picturesque, and gigantic along the plain. Glimpses of other mountains were seen through the foliage, as I rose into the purer air, and at

last, gaining the crest of the ridge, I turned along the mountain spine and began to climb Monticello. No fence nor wall lined the road, which wound round and round through the timber, till, suddenly, in the wildest part of the wood, I came to a tall, brick enclosure, partly broken down and pierced in the middle to make place for a panel of iron rods, through which I saw a rough granite obelisk and some granite slabs. This I knew to be the family cemetery of Jefferson.

It was a part of the natural woods, and tall locusts, linden, and hickory trees grew amongst the graves, while an abundance of small herbage, bushes, weeds, and climbing vines grew upon the walls and amongst the slabs and vaults. The enclosure was about one hundred feet square, the wall was ten or twelve feet high, and within it were, perhaps, thirty vaults and tombs. No words can convey to you an idea of the desolation of the scene as associated with such a man. The first glimpse through the bars filled me with a sense of pity and indignation. The bars contained no wicket, and a barred gate on another side was fastened with a large padlock, so I climbed over the *grille* and the tottering wall, and let myself down amongst the graves. A thunder storm which had been gradually moving and muttering overhead now began to bellow, and some lightning attended it, but not a drop of rain fell.

Jefferson's tomb is made of granite, and is about eight feet high; almost every letter is gone from it, chiseled and chipped off by vandal students, and it looks battered and nondescript, like a Druid stone. Under the monument is a plain slab, more perfect, covering the remains of his favorite daughter, Martha, and this, like almost every other stone in the grave-yard, contains a religious or poetic inscription. One or two of the slabs have fallen off the brick vaults, and some are cracked or overgrown with moss. The grave-yard seems to have no keeper, and to be falling to decay unregretted; weeds grow under the trees; the road to the gate is blocked with bushes; the great President's tomb itself is simply frightful. He has many living descendants, but, as the livery stable man said to me:

"You know how it is down yur, now. It's every man for himself, and 'Ole Tom' being dead, has no friends."

Mounting my horse anew, I passed through the remainder of the wood of Monticello, entered a cornfield, and finally drew near a garden fence and some vineyard poles; before me stretched a straight and narrow orchard lane, with some outbuildings at the further end; to my left, on the crest of the mountain arose the dome of Monticello. You must understand that Jefferson's house is set upon a lawn, made by shaving down the cap of the mountain, and that it stands probably five hundred feet above the little town of Charlottesville and the Ravenna River. This house was not finished when the Revolutionary War began, but Jefferson inhabited it while he was Governor, the Legislature at that time meeting at Charlottesville, and here were entertained nearly all the officers captured with Burgoyne at Saratoga, as well as Lafayette, and all the great leaders of troops and opinions for fifty years.

Monticello, like almost every celebrated Virginia mansion of the old planter time, wears a look of dilapidation, and, as you draw near it, you feel a sense of shiftlessness, of old black imported bricks, of gates unhinged and hats stuffed in windows, of threadbare stateliness and imposing imposition, bankruptcy, reduction, failure, woe, these are the impressions.

The style of the house is that of a Corinthian villa, with a dome over the middle, and with two irregular wings, one portico opening into a green lawn, littered over with carts, harness, rotten benches, and beautiful shade trees,—of the latter, particularly lindens, poplars, and locusts. The portico on the reverse side of the house looks out upon a sort of *parterre*, which is enclosed on three sides by the state stables and by a continuous underground passage which, after an old notion, had connected the whole series of stables, dry wells, and so forth, with the mansion. The stable wings are concluded at the two ends by two-story pavillions, one of which was Jefferson's library in the Summer time, and the other was his office in the Winter. The house is large, roomy, and manorial, but

it is in a sad state of dilapidation. The shingles on the roof are so rotten that the rain drives in at every frequent shower, and all the wood work of the place is decayed; the paint of a former time has left no vestiges; therefore all the woodwork has a whitish dun-color, but the well-blackened English bricks are said to be as durable and as good as ever.

A shambling boy, who had lost one arm at the battle of Little Rock, fighting with Sterling Price, told me to tie up my horse, and he charged me fifty cents to enter the old mansion. Over the door, under the portico, was a great clock, balanced with cannon balls, which had not been going for forty years. The great hall of the house is partly surrounded above by a gallery or balcony, where it is the tradition that the President used to show himself to crowds of students and admiring visitors.

From this room I passed into the dining-room, with deep butteries, pantries, and so forth, where there was no particle of furniture and a bad smell of funky wood. On the other hand, I walked into a great, naked drawing-room, where there were two large mirrors, made of different pieces of glass set in the wall, and as my face skimmed over them, I had a melancholy presentiment of the many historic visitors whose countenances had also rested there, and—perished. The room under the dome was an octagonal ball-room, with a place at one side where the ladies could descend into the pediment of one of the porticoes, and use it for a dressing-room.

I said to my guide at this spot: "I believe Jefferson never danced?"

"Oh, I expect that he did," said the guide, "for he was a rale infidel, fotched up by old Voltaw."

The indescribably humorous pronunciation of "Voltaw" compelled me to laugh.

Said I: "Was Jefferson really brought up by Voltaire?"

"Oh, yes, he raised him."

Now, this sort of anecdote is just as true as the mass of things related of Jefferson by orthodox people.

Voltaire died in 1778, while Jefferson did not visit France until 1784; so that he never saw Voltaire at all. But Franklin was a friend of Voltaire, and Jefferson succeeded Franklin as Minister to France, and he probably had a higher admiration for Franklin than for any man of his time.

I observed, all through the low, uncomfortable bed-rooms of Monticello, that Franklin stoves were ubiquitous,—real, genuine, original Franklins,—and the guide said that these same stoves could be found in broken pieces all over the farm.

There was never a bedstead in all Monticello, alcoves having been substituted in the walls, and slats were fixed to staples in these alcoves. On one of these uncomfortable beds Jefferson's wife died, and they were obliged to lower her body out of one of the semi-circular windows which abounded there, because there was no stairway commodious enough to permit them to take out the coffin.

I wandered through these old bed-rooms, walking out upon the dangerous roof, haunted the rotten old stables, peeped through the dry walls and the covered walks; saw the front of the house, all chopped and chiseled over with names of boys and boors. In some of the rooms the farmer's wife was drying apples and making raspberry jam; in others farm-gear, harness, and old barrels were strewn about. In one room a dog had littered; the man of the house had the rheumatism; not far off they pointed out the house of Mr. Randolph, Jefferson's chief grandson, and looking southward, we could see Willis' Mountain, said to be 150 miles away. I think in all America there is no such landscape for size and beauty equal to this from Monticello. It far surpasses the view from the terrace of St. Germain. At one time Jefferson owned nearly the whole country round about, but toward the end of his life he became in debt, and sold parcel after parcel, until now the estate is reduced to about 250 acres, which rents for $250 a year. A field hand is capable of possessing the home of the richest President.

Monticello belonged to Captain Levey, a Hebrew, and a

Commander in the United States Navy, who was a rich man, and who had a romantic attachment to the great leader; for he not only took Jefferson's house and dwelt in it, but he had a statue of that chieftain made and presented to the United States, and it now stands in front of the White House. Levey, I am told, married his own niece, which was contrary to the laws of Virginia, and he left the State before the war, whereupon the rebel Commonwealth confiscated his property. It is now in litigation. Levey is said to have expressed in his will the desire that it should be repaired, and made an institute for the children of United States Navy officers. The neighbors consider the estate valued at about twelve thousand dollars. It is now occupied by a farmer named Wheeler. Jefferson's nail factories, grist-mills, and various other expensive enterprises, are now extinct or in ruins. The neighbors say that Monticello will make the finest vineyard hill in America, but at present tumbles more and more to ruin every year, and seems to possess neither master nor patron.

As a change from old times to new, I would relate a passage of a ride recently taken to the Great Falls of the Potomac, passing on the way the celebrated Cabin John bridge.

The name of Jefferson Davis has been obliterated from this bridge, as from almost every piece of architecture and engineering in the country.

The hollow ruin of a hotel at the Great Falls is kept by one Jackson, the brother of that inn-keeper who, at Alexandria, shot Colonel Ellsworth dead; and the survivor is a good specimen of a tavern-keeper in an old settled, pro-slavery region; a slouchy, shiftless, greasy-haired man, whose humor is chiefly an appalling exhibit of his manifold offences, seasoned up with a wild amiability and familiarity. His black hair falls in snaky long locks, behind his ears, and his gray eye has the light of desperation in it. Behind his bar stand a pair of double-barreled rifles and game-bags, and one of the guns he shows as the identical weapon which slew Ellsworth. Jackson says that the gun was not the property of his brother, but borrowed. I

took up the rifle, giving it the benefit of the doubt, and found it to have been purchased in the year 1836, at a hardware store in Alexandria, and used for many years as a favorite partridge-piece.

It was on deposit at the time at the Marshall House, and had been loaded with slugs by its fraternal borrower, with the intent of killing two men with it—a man with each barrel. The first barrel was aimed fairly at the heart of Ellsworth, and in an instant the second would have slain Brownell, but the Zouave threw up his musket, so that Jackson's shot passed over his head, and at the same time the desperate assassin was both shot and bayoneted.

"Where is your brother buried?" I asked of the inn-keeper at Great Falls.

"In the family burying-ground, sir, over in Fairfax County, Virginia. The widow lives on a nice little property she owns at Fairfax Court House."

"I believe there was afterward a military company formed called the "Jackson Avengers?'"

"Yes, sir. And they had it reported that I was sworn to kill Brownell. That ain't so, sir. I left him to a just Gord. I never bore him no hate. He was afterwards in Washington City, and at last he was killed at the second Bull Run. I had one other brother in the rebel army, but I kept out to make money. Ha! ha! ha! There is a picture of the shooting of Ellsworth; somebody came along and gave it to me, and I stuck it up behind the bar. Some people says it will make people dislike me, but I think not. Everybody knows I'm his brother, and it's a sort of eppropriarte."

The Aqueduct authorities ordered Jackson away in 1872.

The Loudon Valley, above Great Falls, which runs parallel with the Shenandoah, was the haunt of Moseby's men, and the great conduit of treasonable information and contraband goods, from Washington and Baltimore to Lynchburg and Richmond. Leesburg was the nearest den of runners to the

Capital of the country—thirty-four miles—and it was, perhaps, the most lawless village in Virginia. The rebels several times passed to and fro between Virginia and Maryland this way, as they had no railway lines to advance upon, while we generally moved by the lines of rail, and paid little attention to the ferry passengers, between Point of Rocks and Chain Bridge, except to patrol and picket them. Leesburg was illuminated the night of the defeat of Ball's Bluff, and it was the scene of many of the debauches of Moseby's men. The wild torrent region between the mouth of Goose Creek and Great Falls was signally adapted to blockade running, and the dangers of fording and navigating in the roaring river of dark nights, lent a terrible interest to the enterprise of the smugglers and spies. These crossed most generally in small, flat-bottomed scows, hastily nailed together during the day, to evade the order forfeiting every private boat on the Upper Potomac, and the cargo was generally whisky and drugs.

Jackson told me that he had been fifteen times confined in the Old Capitol Prison for running the blockade, and, on one occasion, he walked straight from the jail to the hand-ferry, below the Great Falls, and paddled across with five barrels of whisky. He had been threatened with execution, if he were caught again, but he sent a boy half a mile down stream to fire off pistols, and, being himself shot at several times, finally re-crossed the river with his cargo twice before he could manage to run it into Leesburg. There it was sold to officers and guerrillas for $1, in gold, a gill.

Such opposite social passages as have been given, bring to view the changes wrought amongst the old Potomac people by pitching the national Capitol amongst them. There is a cemetery in Georgetown—the most beautiful suburb of Washington—which is worthy of a visit from anybody. It stands on the green heights, where they decline in steep terraces to Rock Creek, and ravines making up from the base, describe inexpressibly cool amphitheatres, on whose successive shelves the obelisks of the dead stand motionless and white among the

foliages. Here are buried old citizens, whose village existence the nation invaded, and planted the Capital City upon their fields, so that they grew often rich and married their daughters to shrewd Congressmen, whose intelligence made the best of every foot of ground.

Marriage is the destiny of an accident. Shipwrecked socially upon this marshy island, many a politician made the best of the site and married Sukey Brown or Betsy Wilson, who became the mother of Indian contractors and foreign ministers, instead of bearing a herd of young sovereigns who could fight a game chicken, burn an abolitionist, or wallop a nigger, without the aid of the art of reading, or the distress of knowing how to write.

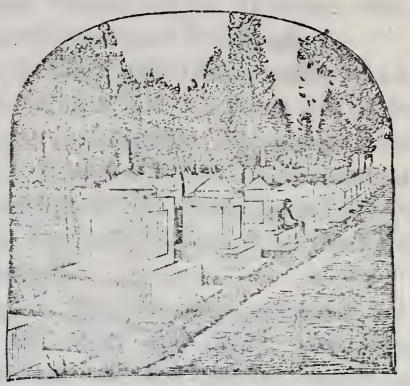
It has occurred to me that in all this running narrative I have not given the distant reader a description of the Capital town, as you might have approached it, any time within the past fifteen years.

Here is the city, as you come to it by the oldest railway from the North. First, a series of grassy hills, with sandy creeks at their passes; then Bladensburg, an angular stretch of old, gable-chimneyed, bent-roofed houses half a mile from the rail; then a line of red clay breastworks, worming up to the hill tops, where stand dismantled forts; then an octagonal building with a cupola on it; standing out in the country next to a farm-house and beside a great green imitation bronze horse on a pedestal in the lawn; the home and foundry of Clark Mills, sculptor; then the uneasy outlying landscapes of a city, culverts planted nowhere, streets graded to no place, brick-kilns and pits, a cemetery, frame shanties on goose pastures disputed by cows made sullen by overmilking; boys, babies, friendless dogs, and negro women "toting" great bundles on their heads; no more fence, the smell of apparent garbage and ash heaps, signs of ground-rents and dirt throwing invitations; and all this time you are descending into basin land and down the valley of a bare creek; at last a dome, such majesty and whiteness as you never saw elsewhere, appears sailing past the clouds: the Capitol!

Out of the long, cramped, green-painted saloon-cars you descend, into a depot that is first a shed, then a dark, dull, dirty vestibule; for the republican government is not yet independent enough to make corporations, erect buildings here worthy of the Capital City. The exterior of this depot is also mean and squatty. Backed up against the depot are omnibusses and cabs, whose drivers, white and negro, bully you with whip-handles. Over this pirate body you see close by like a marble majesty, the Capitol, dome and wing, stand silent, sentient, scintillant, regardless of the bare lots, shanties, barracks, machineries, marble slabs, and unfinished dirt terraces that surround it.

To comprehend this city further, climb to the dome of the Capitol. It is enveloped by a range of fort-capped hills, half in Maryland, half in Virginia. Through these hills the Potomac makes two broad clefts, coming down from the West and departing to the South. Down where it departs, a point stands out in the water, the City of Alexandria, Virginia, near where it comes in, on a hill-top, connecting with Washington, is Georgetown, Maryland. Between Alexandria and Washington, a river makes up acutely from the Potomac, the East Branch, whose real name—the Anacostia—is now nearly obsolete. In the angle between the Potomac and the Anacostia lies the Capital City, about fifteen miles from the tomb of the patriarch who selected the site and gave it the name. The dome where you stand is nearly in the geographical centre of the city, yet by the force of circumstances, the actual, settled city lies away from the junction of the two rivers, between the Capitol and Georgetown, and in a lower, baser site. Out on the extreme cape, between the rivers, lies the Arsenal, connected with the city by a straggling line of houses; it was the place of the trial and execution of the assassins of President Lincoln. Further up the East Branch, where the only bridge crosses it, lies the Navy Yard, a walled in and busy area of twenty-eight acres; over this bridge Booth and Harrold escaped to Surratsville and lower Maryland; still further up the East Branch

lies the Congressional Burying Ground, and to both the Navy Yard and the cemetery, lines of disconnected houses radiate from the Capitol. Around the Navy Yard there is a large and elderly settlement, to which a street railway runs, and amidst it the town tower of the oldest church in Washington, where worshiped Jefferson and Madison. The front of the Capitol inclines this way, and over the high, thickly settled plateau looks out the Statue of Liberty over your head. Its back is toward the real city; behind it eighty-nine thousand people live; in front of it not more than fifteen thousand.



CONGRESSIONAL BURYING GROUND.

Now turn yourself around, with your back against the back of the statue, and look away from the Navy Yard:

Beneath you are the terraces of the Capitol and the lawn. From the bottom of the lawn great avenues radiate; that to the left leads to the Long Bridge and indices Arlington Mansion, far up the Virginia Hills, a steam railroad passes along it and crosses the bridge to Alexandria. The second avenue is a canal, straight as a sunbeam, and it points to the white, chalky stump of the abandoned Washington Monument. The third is the famed Pennsylvania Avenue, dense with the costly shops and hotels, revealing at the bottom the granite Treasury building; the fourth to the right is a short avenue, and it leads to the City Hall, the seat of municipal government. Half lost in houses beyond this are the great marble piles of the Post-Office and Treasury, which lie in the densest centre of the city. Other avenues to the right go out to the open Northern country and the far forts which Early invested in 1864. Away off, on the crest of one of these hills, you see dimly the white tower of the Soldiers' Home, Mr. Lincoln's summer residence.

Objects between this latter and your eye are the brick block where General Grant resided, the dingy brick factory of Government Printing, and the Church of St. Aloythus, with the highest tower and the merriest bells of Washington.

Now, return your eye to the Patent-Office, which stands on its own separate though inferior hill. A great market-house lies on each side of it, nearly equi-distant. The market-house to the left is on the Avenue. Between this market-house and the Potomac are the fine towers of the Smithsonian Institute. Continuing South to the Potomac. you come to the Ferry to Virginia, and the shipping piers.

Follow out the Avenue to the Treasury, and beyond it are the President's House, the War and Navy Departments, General Grant's head-quarters, and the elegant residences of Lafayette Square, where live most of the ambassadors and rich officials. Beyond these a stream called Rock Creek falls through a deep valley to the Potomac, and on the other side of it is Georgetown. Another creek, immediately beneath the Capitol where you stand, is called the Tiber ; it bends around the base of Capitol Hill, and, by a long detour nearly parallel with the Potomac, gets an outlet not very far from the mouth of Rock Creek. This Tiber makes, with a canal leading from it to the East Branch, an island of one-fourth the city.

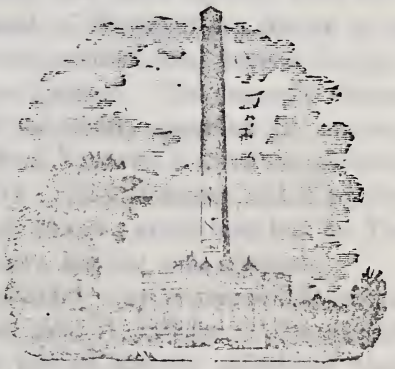
All the forts around or overlooking the city are dismantled, the guns taken out of them, the land resigned to its owners. Needy negro squatters, living around the forts, have built themselves shanties of the officers' quarters, pulled out the abattis for firewood, made cord-wood or joists out of the log platforms for the guns, and sawed up the great flag-staffs into quilting poles or bedstead posts. Still the huge parapets of the forts stand upright, and the paths left by the soldiers creep under the invisible gun muzzles. Old boots, blankets, and canteens rot and rust around the glacis ; the woods, cut down to give the guns sweep, are overgrown with shrubs and bushes. Nature is unrestingly making war upon War. The strolls out to these old forts are seedily picturesque. Freedmen, who

exist by selling old horse-shoes and iron spikes, live with their squatter families where, of old, the army sutler kept the canteen ; but the grass is drawing its parallels nearer and nearer the magazines. Some old clothes, a good deal of dirt, and forgotten graves, make now the local features of the war.

Meantime the too ambitious monument to the *pater patrix* stands like a stunted giant, the superfluous blocks at its base grown over with grass, and few approach it, even in curiosity. Its foundations are said to be defective, and no money has been voted toward building it this long time. A few boxes, in various parts of the country, receive dimes and quarters towards its completion, but, standing as it now does, a hundred and thirty feet in the air, it has probably reached its highest. I heard a humorous explanation of the failure of this monument, from an Irishman.

" They broke the Pope's block of stone," he said, " it was an unlucky act. The holy Father cursed the whole thing, and immediately the foundation settled."

I have spent part of a day in the shaft and workshops of the Washington Monument, a mournful instance of the short life of public impulse, and of the defects in the machinery of miscellaneous private enterprise. This monument is already raised to the height of 175 feet. It has already cost nearly $250,000, and is raised to more than one-third its total height. The foundations are perfectly secure, and capable of supporting all the height yet to be added. There are stones from all parts of the world ready to be inserted in the shaft or subsidiary temple ; but work has been suspended upon it for about twelve years.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The monument was discouraged, because the people believed

that the contributions, being dropped into Post-office boxes all over the country, were stolen, and never applied to the edifice, and also because the artists and art critics kept up a steady fire of deprecation upon the plan of the monument. This plan was an obelisk, surrounded with a Greek Temple. There is no notion, at present, of adding the temple, but the Monument Association hope to raise enough money to finish the obelisk. It is easy to do this, and it ought to be done ; for the unfinished shaft in the Capital City is a record of popular impotence, worse than if a monument to Washington had never been begun. This age and people are no exception to the human passion for monumentalization. If ten thousand churches and schools would give twenty-five dollars a-piece, this monument could be finished. The interior of the shaft is of twenty-five feet diameter, between the inner sides of the walls, and so thick are the walls, that the exterior diameter is fifty-five feet. The material is marble from Maryland. Within there is a yawning chasm of shaft, very impressive to look up into, and see, at the farthest height, a scaffold hung, from which a rope droops dizzily, and on the floor the dampness splashes and the darkness lies all around the year, save when some melancholy visitor puts his head within, and feels dejected over the suspended gratitude of the land of Washington. I hope no more great monuments will be commenced, but I hope a feeling will be revived to see this one finished. The memorial stones, to decorate some portions of the shaft, represent all companies, lands, and ages—lava, from Vesuvius ; aerolites, shaken out of crazy satellites or planets ; rocks of copper and of porphyry; stones from Jerusalem and Mecca ; everything but the Pope's stone, which, not the builders, but the mob rejected.

If the Washington monument ever be reared 600 feet high, according to the original plan, it will be of the weight of 125,800,000 pounds ; the portion already completed exceeds 80,000,000 pounds.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOBBING COEVAL WITH GOVERNMENT.

We can get little comfort by consulting the early records of the country, to show that there were some bad things done in those days. There is less apology for evil in a great and prospered nation, than in a series of jarring colonies, where few local leaders sought after the revolution to remedy their desperate fortunes. Early in the history of the country we were without organization, authority, or means. Able men in those days had few resources, unless endowed with estates, or surrounded with family influence. But it never was true of the United States, that corruption got to be organized, flagrant and backed by a large part of public opinion, until a few years prior to the civil war. The Confederate Government was as corrupt at Richmond, considering its opportunities, as the Federal Government at Washington. Both were swindled by currency printers, contractors, quarter-masters, and beset by rapacious Congressmen, who endeavored to retard the general cause where they could not take the advantage. What is called the scalawag element in the South, has to some degree been the development of the stealing element at Richmond. In the North the big army contractors have gone to railroad building, and the naval harpies are trying to restore American commerce with the old hulks which were four or five times paid for when chartered by the nation.

It was also true at the close of the Revolutionary War, that

contractors, clothes-furnishers, and others, endeavored to spoil the new government, but we can nearly count up on our fingers the early scandals in the history of our country. Let us look at some of them:

1789. The State of Georgia was the first to inaugurate a land swindle. It sold out to three private companies pre-emption rights to tracts of land; these companies were called the South Carolina Yazoo, the Virginia Yazoo, and the Tennessee Yazoo; the whole amount of land disposed of was fifteen and a half million acres, and the sum agreed to be paid was upwards of $200,000. Subsequently the same lands were sold to other companies, because the first purchasers insisted upon making their payments in depreciated Georgia paper. Hence arose the controversy on the celebrated Yazoo claims, so called.

1790. Mr. Jefferson, who is not good authority on a question of the Treasury, in the first administration, thus speaks of what he believes to be corruption, under General Hamilton, after the Federal assumption of State debts:

"The base scramble again. Couriers and relay horses by land, and swift-sailing pilot-boats by sea, were plying in all directions. Active partners and agents were associated and employed in every State, town, and country neighborhood and this paper was bought up at five shillings, and even as low as two shillings on the pound, before the holder knew that Congress had already provided for its redemption at par. Immense sums were thus filched from the poor and ignorant, and fortunes accumulated by those who had themselves been poor enough before."

1790. Mr. Jefferson is authority for the statement that Robert Morris, and other advocates of the national assumption of the State debts, made a lobby amongst the Federal Congressmen, to concede for this point the latitude for the Capitol in 1790. Two Virginia members changed their votes on the financial subject; therefore the seat of government was given to the South. If this was the case, both Morris and Hamilton were well punished for the intrigue. Mr. Hamilton closed his

public career before the middle of his life, and Mr. Morris is commemorated in the local history of the seat of government as the victim of the most tremendous speculative failure ever recorded in that city. His houses, put up on the spot since called for his partner, Greenleaf's Point, tumbled to ruins before the public buildings were complete, and he himself spent a venerable portion of his romantic history in the debtor's jail at Philadelphia. The funding bill was then adopted as an act of barter, and twelve millions of dollars were authorized to be borrowed to pay the foreign debt, and twenty-one millions, five hundred thousand dollars, to pay off the State debts. The tariff was immediately pushed up to meet these obligations, and here began the manipulation of duties in the interest of domestic manufacturers.

1791. The same year that the Capital was conceded to the banks of the Potomac, Mr. Hamilton's proposition for a National Bank was brought forward. It passed the Senate in Philadelphia, without division. In the house it was attacked by James Madison and others, but it finally passed by a vote of 39 to 20. President Washington required the written opinions of the members of his Cabinet, as to its constitutionality, and Hamilton and Knox endorsed it with vigor, while Jefferson and Randolph took the opposite side. Its charter was limited to twenty years, and its capital was to consist of $10,000,000, of which the United States subscribed $2,000,000. The bank was to be established in Philadelphia, and was to be managed by twenty-five directors. The bank stock was the favorite speculation of the day, and within a few hours after opening the books the whole amount was subscribed, with a surplus. Branches were established in the chief commercial towns of the republic. This bank and its successors, as we shall see further on, was assailed as one of the corrupt influences of the early period of the republic.

1793. The first charge of general corruption was made in Congress by John F. Mercer, of Maryland; he intimated that the first assumption of State debts had been dishonestly engin-

cered, and that members of the House had not been wholly guiltless. To this Theodore Sedgwick replied, saying that the ears of the House had already been more than once assailed by insinuations of the base conduct of individual members in speculating in their own measures. "If," said Sedgwick, "there be so base and infamous a character within these walls, if there is one member of this House who has been guilty of plundering his constituents in the manner represented, let his name be mentioned, let the man be pointed out."

Another member admitted that speculation had been carried to a very great extent during the pendency of the funding system, but that could not be avoided. The matter was then dropped, but Secretary Hamilton was attacked by Mr. Giles, of Virginia, and charged with failing to account for upwards of a million and a half of the public money. He was called upon to explain this as well as his mismanagement and intrigue in the negotiation of loans. Hamilton replied that the alleged defalcations were made up by reckoning bonds as money, and omitting deposits, etc. Hamilton had, however, borrowed too much money through the forwardness of the American bankers in Holland. Mr. Giles and his associates introduced nine resolutions of censure, charging Hamilton with exceeding his powers, with dereliction of duty, with misappropriating loans, deviating from his instructions, and violating the law. A debate followed in committee of the whole, and although Madison voted to censure Hamilton on all counts, the resolution of censure failed.

1795. The first charge of personal bribery was made in 1795, and was brought up on the question of a breach of privilege. The charge was very similar to that made against Mr. Oakes Ames, nearly eighty years later. Two persons named Randall and Whitney, from Maryland and Vermont, respectively, had formed a scheme for obtaining from Congress, for the sum of $500,000, the right to purchase of the Indians twenty millions of acres, in the peninsula of Michigan. The proposed purchase was divided into forty shares, some of which were offered to members of Congress, who were guaranteed

that the shares would be taken off their hands if they should lose confidence in the speculation. Randall boasted that he had secured thirty members. Mr. Murray, of Maryland, explained the attempt at bribery to the House, and Randall was ordered to be arrested and put on trial at the bar. His defence was that he had been misunderstood, and that his conduct was merely foolish and imprudent, and not corrupt. He was declared guilty of a high contempt, in attempting to influence members as to their legislative functions, and only 17 votes were cast against the resolution, amongst them Mr. Madison's; he maintained that the members had no privilege against such attempts except in their own integrity. Randall was sentenced to be reprimanded by the Speaker, and was put in custody.

1796. In 1796 a transaction in Congress of a disgraceful nature occurred, growing out of the Georgia or Yazoo land speculation, which would look, in our times, quite like a piece of corruption. Mr. Baldwin, of Connecticut, of the lower House, had received a memorial, to be presented to Congress, asking it to do nothing recognizing the validity of the Yazoo sale until an investigation could be had. Amongst the Senators who had personal interest in this Georgia speculation were Frederick Frelinghuysen, the grand-uncle of the present Senator from New Jersey, and James Gunn, Senator from Georgia. Gunn, who was represented to have been a fire-eater, demanded that Baldwin show him the memorial, before its presentation, and give the names of the signers up to his vengeance. When Baldwin refused, Gunn sent him a challenge, through the precious Frelinghuysen aforesaid. Baldwin laid the challenge before the House, and the matter was referred to a committee, which reported that both Gunn and Frelinghuysen had been guilty of a breach of privilege. The land-speculating Senators made apologies to the House, and the matter was allowed to languish.

1797. The first case of the expulsion of a Senator was that of William Blount, of Tennessee, a very popular man in that new State. He was exposed by President Adams in 1797,

who sent to Congress some papers showing the condition of the country concerning Spanish intrigues in the south-west, and amongst these papers was the copy of a letter from Blount to a Cherokee Indian agent, written while the former was governor of the American territory south of the Ohio. The agent sent the letter to the President, who asked the British Minister what it meant. It then appeared that Blount had played the traitor to the British, in order to right himself in a desperate land speculation. He had designed selling his lands to an English Company, and was afraid that the non-commercial French nation would come into possession of them, by a re-transfer, before he could complete the sale. To anticipate this, Blount had proposed to raise a force of barbaric back-woodsmen and Indians, to co-operate with a British naval force, and put the English into possession on the Gulf. This scheme had avarice for its motive and cool treason for its instrument. The House of Representatives voted to impeach Blount, and the Senate put him under bonds amounting to $50,000. The House also asked that he be "sequestered" from his seat in the interim, which the Senate interpreted to mean expulsion, and forthwith set Governor Blount outside the door, with much less delicacy than the Senate lately showed Messrs. Caldwell, Pomeroy, and Harlan. Blount's sureties, one of whom was his brother, surrendered him into custody, but the case was postponed until the next session, and after the fashion of Mr. Colfax at South Bend, a great reception was prepared for Blount at Knoxville; he was elected to the State Senate, and chosen president thereof. Blount's brother, in the House, meantime sent a blackguard letter and challenge to Mr. Thatcher, of Massachusetts. Strife ran so high at this period that gentlemen of different politics would not speak to each other on the street. Senator Blount died unexpectedly, before his constituents had an opportunity to disgrace themselves by giving him enlarged honors.

The first great scandal against a public official was made public while the Capital was pitched in Philadelphia, in 1797.

Its object was no less a personage than Alexander Hamilton. One Callender had published a book containing a quantity of correspondence and documents which seemed to show that Hamilton and one Reynolds had been buying up old claims against the United States, and that the latter had received advances of money from the former to make these purchases. Reynolds, and a man named Clingman, had some time before been prosecuted for perjury, and for seeking to obtain fraudulent payment from the Treasury of an alleged debt due them from the Government. By Hamilton's influence the Controller of the Treasury stopped the prosecution. This Reynolds was the son of a Revolutionary officer, and some letters which he and his fascinating wife possessed seemed to indicate that a dark affair was going on. Three members of Congress who had explored the matter, went frankly to General Hamilton and laid the proofs before him, and required an explanation. This was given but it was hardly less astounding than if Hamilton had been detected in corruption. He confessed to having paid one thousand dollars hush money to Reynolds not on account of any peculation, but to avoid exposure in a very shameless intrigue between Hamilton and the wife of Reynolds. Hamilton resolved to take a desperate step and save his official honor, at the expense of his private reputation and happiness. He published certified copies of the correspondence. We take a few paragraphs of his tolerably bulky pamphlet from an autograph copy owned by William Duane, and inscribed with his name, March 28, 1799. The title is "*Observations on Certain Documents Contained in Nos. V. and VI. of 'The History of the United States for the year* 1797,' *in which the charge of speculation against Alexander Hamilton, late Secretary of the Treasury, is fully refuted. Written by Himself. Philadelphia, printed for John Fenno, by John Bioren.* 1797."

Hamilton shows in this pamphlet all his graces of literary composition, and strikes from the shoulder at the outset:

"The charge against me," he says, "is a connection with one James Reynolds for purposes of improper pecuniary spec-

ulation. My real crime is an amorous connection with his wife, for a considerable time with his privity and connivance, if not originally brought on by a combination between the husband and wife, with the design to extort money from me."

The next salient point is this, well-worded:

"This confession is not made without a blush, I cannot be the apologist of any vice because the ardor of passion may have made it mine. I can never cease to condemn myself for the pang which it may inflict in a bosom eminently entitled to all my gratitude, fidelity, and love. But that bosom will approve that, even at so great an expense, I should effectually wipe away a more serious stain from a name which it cherishes with no less elevation than tenderness."

These must, indeed, have been hard passages to commit to print, and it argues nobly for woman that, having been assured from the lips of her husband of his offences against her, she could forgive him for his honor's sake, and, when he came home wounded to die, receive him in her arms as if he were stainless. Men never do these acts of forgiveness.

The gist of Hamilton's confession is in these paragraphs:

"Some time in the summer of the year 1791 a woman called at my house, in the city of Philadelphia, and asked to speak with me in private. I attended her into a room apart from the family. With a seeming air of affliction, she informed me that she was the daughter of a Mr. Lewis, sister to a Mr. G. Livingston, of the State of New York, and wife of a Mr. Reynolds, whose father was in the Commissary Department during the war with Great Britain; that her husband, who, for a long time, had treated her very cruelly, had lately left her to live with another woman, and in so destitute a condition that, though desirous of returning to her friends, she had not the means; that knowing I was a citizen of New York, she had taken the liberty to apply to my humanity for assistance.

"I replied that her situation was a very interesting one; that I was disposed to afford her assistance to convey her to her home, but this at the moment not being convenient to me

(which was the fact), I must request the place of her residence, to which I should bring or send a small supply of money. She told me the street and the number of the house where she lodged. In the evening I put a bank bill in my pocket and went to the house. I inquired for Mrs. Reynolds and was shown up stairs, at the head of which she met me and conducted me into a bedroom. I took the bill out of my pocket and gave it to her. Some conversation ensued, from which it was quickly apparent that other than pecuniary consolation would be acceptable.

"After this I had frequent meetings with her, most of them at my own house, Mrs. Hamilton, with her children, being absent on a visit to her father.

"In the course of a short time she mentioned to me that her husband had solicited a reconciliation, and affected to consult me about it. I advised to it, and was soon after informed that it had taken place."

The next thing was that the husband wrote to Hamilton that he had discovered the intrigue, and that his heart was crushed; but he wrote shockingly bad English. He reproached Hamilton with having taken advantage of his wife's necessities, and Mrs. Reynolds wrote that he had meant to assassinate the Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton found himself considerably demoralized. He says:

"In the workings of human inconsistency, it was very possible that the same man might be corrupt enough to compound for his wife's chastity, and yet have sensibility enough to be restless in the situation, and to hate the cause of it."

Of course, after Hamilton let the real facts out right candidly, his enemies discredited him.

"It is showed," he says, "that the dread of the disclosure of an amorous connection was not a sufficient cause for my humility, and that I had nothing to lose as to my reputation for chastity, concerning which the world had fixed a previous opinion."

He goes on to show that, having first black-mailed him for

nearly ten thousand dollars, the panel-thieves then accused him of taking money from the Treasury, and entering into speculation with Reynolds and others. This pamphlet is signed Alexander Hamilton, Philadelphia, July, 1797, and in the appendix to it are all the amorous epistles to and fro, which must have made "live" reading when they first saw the light.

1798. The House of Representatives, during this session refused to pass a resolution previously adopted in the Senate to authorize Thomas Pinckney to receive certain presents which in accordance with custom had been tendered him by the Courts of Madrid and London at the close of his missions thither, and which he had refused to accept because of the Constitutional provision relating to presents from foreign powers. The resolution was rejected on grounds of public policy as was afterwards declared by unanimous vote of the House.*

We will now make a step out of the past, and come to a memorable claim of the present day—that of Mrs. Gaines:

Mrs. Gaines is the great female character in New Orleans. She is a small, plump, bright-eyed woman, and she has been the heroine of the very heroic law suit which she has personally conducted, raising money for the purpose to the amount of half a million, recovering nearly a million, and with all the probabilities in her favor of getting a million more. But, if she were to get what she would receive under other conditions than those of democratic public opinion, she would possess half the city of New Orleans in its most valuable part, and be a wealthier woman than Miss Burdett-Coutts, whom Wellington endeavored to marry out of covetousness to her fortune.

The home of this lady is in New York City, but she spends much of her time in New Orleans, where she has strong friends and strong enemies, almost equal in number. Her suit has involved many of her intimate friends, from whom she has borrowed money to pay lawyers' fees and court fees. Her second husband, General Gaines, believed implicitly in the merits of her case, and gave her $200,000 to fight

* Additional matter illustrating this Chapter may be found in Chap. VII.

it out. She has been twice married, and to excellent men both times; and I was told that the brother of her first husband had helped her with nearly the whole of his funds. There is a dash, piquance, and nimbleness about this woman which distinguishes her as one of the queens of her sex. She is said to be about 60 years of age, but would pass for 40; and, while her education is defective, she is a natural authoress and lawyer, and can write a stinging brief where sauce and justice are mixed together.

She is just the sort of woman to be identified with New Orleans—Provincialism and Cosmopolitanism mingling in her as amongst many of these old *habitans*. Her mother had married a French bigamist, and, discovering the fact after she reached New Orleans, presumed to marry again the great Daniel Clarke, one of the wealthiest men of the South. He was one of the earliest property-holders in New Orleans, and represented that territory in Jefferson's administration. Clarke was smitten with the beauty of the French lady, and contracted a secret marriage with her—made secret in order to anticipate a divorce from his French predecessor. But, while he was absent in Washington City, his relatives and connections, who had expected to get his money, told him that his wife was unfaithful, and hired her lawyer to tell her that her marriage with Clarke was not legal. Having a natural affection for man, the French lady proposed to take a third husband. This offended Clarke, and it seemed to confirm the lies which had been said against his lady; and meantime his daughter was born—the present Mrs. Gaines—for whom he maintained affection, so that, while he let the wife slide, he gave a very considerable sum of money to a man in Wilmington, Del., to be used and applied to educate his daughter, and at her maturity to present her with the principal. Thus the banks of the Brandywine, where Thomas LaFayette, Harry McComb, and your humble correspondent passed their youth, became the playground of the future Mrs. Gaines. As they had no penitentiary in the State, and never whipped white people at the post, the custodian of

the baby saw no business reason why he should not squander her money. He did squander it, and history has made no mention of the innumerable fried chickens, roast capons, and deviled crabs which this unfaithful guardian devoured out of the inheritance of the babe in the woods. A Mr. Croasdale, who is the best journalist in Delaware, some time ago collected the story of Mrs. Gaines's childhood in Wilmington, and it was published, over another name, in the *Galaxy Magazine*.

When the guardian had squandered all the money, and both his liver and conscience were disordered, some faint recollection of her childhood inspired a dream in the little ward.

She dreamed that her father was another person than the man she called father; that he was rich and lived in a distant State, amongst negroes, molasses, and such other things as children like. She came down to breakfast the next morning, where the unfaithful guardian was thinking, in a morose way, how fortunate it was for him that the State had no penitentiary, and how unfortunate that there were no other little girls to be let out with endowments. Unhappy Delawarean. For him no longer the fried oyster gamboled, or the chicken fricaseed! While he was thinking over this thing the little girl told her dream. He immediately fainted, and they had to borrow some old Delaware rye, next door, to bring him to consciousness.

As he came to, he said, "Myra [he pronounced it Myrie, as did the future gallant husband of the little girl], who has been putting that nonsense into your head?" He answered his own question by confessing, like an honest criminal in one of the fairy books.

The little girl was at once put in possession of a law suit. She became a heroine, married two husbands, and has living grandchildren. Both her husbands were devoted men, who believed in her claim; she does the same, fighting it out.

I have a theory that Nature's chief use for us in this life is employment; and that, like the flies which convert into healthy motion the mortification and decay in the atmosphere, we are

all right enough when something is given us to do. But Nature makes a very unhappy fly of us when she leaves us a vast law suit, and at the same time impresses us with the fact that we are after our rights. Who would know much about Daniel Clarke, or the man in Delaware, if it were not for Mrs. Gaines?

To show how the public service and the lobby come into collision, it may be well after reciting such matters as the above, to relate a conversation which I had in 1873 with one of the most gallant and distinguished men in the army, whose name I shall not give, because he might be injured by the political harpies of that service.

"What is our relative position amongst the navies of the earth?" said I.

"We stand not above the *sixth* in rank.

"Great Britain could whip all the navies of the earth to-day, one after the other. Her salvation lies in keeping up her commercial supremacy. I have seen a single vessel in her navy, in the China Seas, which could take in detail, the whole American fleet, and beat every ship successively. The iron-clad to which I allude cost about $1,500,000, whereas we have just voted $3,000,000 to build ten ships. Next to England comes France in the perfectness of her navy. Russia and Spain have enormously improved their efficiency upon the seas. North Germany, since she has acquired seaports, has become very ambitious, and not only are her vessels-of-war remarkable, but her naval officers are of a remarkably shrewd and vigilant description. Even Turkey has a better navy yard than the United States, strange as it may appear."

"Do you think that we are defenseless in our great cities by reason of the prostration of our navy?"

"Well, New York City might be defended, because of its remarkable natural defenses. A ship or two sunk in the channel, at the Narrows, or in the Lower Bay, would prevent an entire fleet from getting up to the city; but an iron-clad navy could go right into Boston harbor or into Portsmouth or San

Francisco. A few months ago, we barely missed getting into a war with Spain, and the State Department had really got us right in, when suddenly it was suggested that we examine our naval resources for the moment. Word was sent that three or four ships might be ready in twelve months, and two or three more in eighteen months. It is needless to say that we backed right out of the war matter; and the Government, to-day if it knows anything, knows that even Spain could drive right into us, because now-a-days men do not count, but mechanism in ships does all the business. Anticipating trouble with us on the Cuban account, Admiral Paolo, now Spanish Minister, visited the United States, and took an inventory of the armored navy. He had all the points; and, by George! we would have been humiliated in the estimation of the earth. You see, about 1864 or '5, we were the first naval power in the world, having gotten up the earliest iron-clads. But that navy was created for an emergency, constructed of green timber, and a late investigation shows that every shot fired into those old rotten iron-clads would have crumbled the whole framework.

The English and other foreigners built upon our suggestions, and they have made a series of ships which can steam 13 knots an hour. Prior to the war, our old wooden vessels were also the best afloat. The Minnesota, and such other great ships in the American navy, made good speed, and gave our sailors confidence; but, as we stand, to-day, we must keep mum, or be terribly humiliated."

"What is the best opinion in the navy—I mean amongst the large and high-minded officers—on the proper method of building a ship-of-war, whether in a navy-yard or in private yards?"

"There is but one way," responded my informant, "of constructing a legitimate vessel-of-war, and that is in the National navy-yards. Private shipbuilders work only to complete a job, get their money, and show the ship, which will be good enough for a short period. But the greatest thing to be looked to in a ship-of-war is the timber; which must be thoroughly seasoned;

for green timber warps, rots, and is unable to hold its outer armor in a very little time. The English build of that magnificent teak; and I have seen, in the Japanese Seas, one of Nelson's old ships, which had come out in eighty days from Great Britain, as sound and buoyant as he found it at Trafalgar. We built for an emergency, in private navy-yards, of green oak, which has no longevity. The corrupt shipbuilding interests of the country press forward whenever we want new ships, and, under the tariff system, rob the Government, and, under the modern job system, carry off the prize from the navy-yards, where we should have work of the best class slowly and surely made. The tariff interests, in the estimation of the honest officers of the navy, will some day be our scorn as a people, and get us such a flogging that we will cut the throats of these jobbers in the public necessities. The great iron-clad ships of Russia, Prussia, and Spain have been built by the English, under free-trade, and the work superintended by Commissioners from the respective nations which wanted the vessels. We cannot build a ship-of-war for our lawful needs in any foreign ship-yards, without an act of Congress, and that act never will be granted under the horrible system of the modern tariff. I have heard naval men say that, if the United States got into a war, and was flogged out of its life, so that the whole bluster would be taken out of her, and we should have to begin, like France, from the bottom, and work out an honest salvation, we would be better off. Something calamitous is necessary to stop the unpatriotic excesses of our business people."

I asked the gentleman who spoke thus intelligently what the leading men of the navy thought of Secretary Robeson and Admiral Porter.

"For Robeson," said he, "there is such contempt that I do not care to relate the character of it. Instead of demanding, like a man, that Congress give the country a navy sufficient to protect us, he begs, for everything, as if he were apologizing for making the demand.

"Admiral Porter reduced himself in the estimation of all men of courage when he wrote those sycophantic letters to the President. But he is equal to his position. He always was a shrewd, prying, suggestive fellow, and no portion of the navy has come under his supervision but he has improved it. There is no fear of him. Robeson is a mere shyster, and the civil head of the navy is the disgrace and contempt of every genuine officer in it. We have no navy whatever. Every one of those monitors and iron-clads built during the war is rotted, and an appropriation of $3,000,000 will do nothing more than build some fair iron-clad coasters for defense."

Some of the scandals so-called of modern Washington partake of the marvelous and get little consideration from people who demand testimony as well as theory. Let me give an instance:

You have probably met, amongst your acquaintances, this kind of a man: An agreeable, decorous, thrifty well-to-do gentleman, who will talk with you intelligently about the growing evils of the country and of the general corruption of politics, but will, at the same time, inflexibly pursue his private purposes against the Government, under the belief that, in the destruction imminent over everybody, the best way to anticipate it is to make one's stake and share so big that it can bear one up above the common calamity. The country is full of people who deprecate corruption, but do not arrest their personal scheme, which is a part of it.

The gentleman in this case referred to was taken with a communicative mood. He knew perfectly well that he could tell me nothing of consequence which I would not print, but it is queer that very many careful men have somewhere concealed about them a hidden desire to give points against their class to newspaper men. Said this gentleman:

"I am one of the oldest engravers in this country. There is an investigation one day to be made into the currency of the country, which will startle you, and your newspapers and

all their readers. There is a $10 bill. Take it,—look at it! Do you see anything notable about it ?"

I looked the bill all over, and then the man all over, and saw nothing to excite a remark in either. "There is nothing particular about that bill," he said, "except that it is counterfeit. There are eighteen distinct counterfeits on the $10 bill, and, as an engraver, I know that they represent eighteen different counterfeiting gangs. I got this bill from a street-car conductor in New York. I got into his car, and, as he came along, I said, 'My friend, I am sorry to ask you for so much change, but really I have nothing less than $20.' 'O !' said he, 'I'll oblige you,' and, in a smiling way, he gave me this bill and a quantity of 50-cent fractional currency. I put the whole away in my pocket, and, being an engraver, I got to looking at the number 37 on the lantern window of the car. Thought I to myself, 'That's a remarkably handsome 7 for a common painter to make.' You know that an engraver notices such things. Well, that evening I went into the Astor House, and, going up to the fine, old, white-haired man who sells cigars there, and is known to everybody in New York, I tendered him one of the 50-cent papers. Old Jimmy looked at it and said to me, 'I am sorry, Mr. Robinson, but that stamp is counterfeit. It's a very well-executed one, but I have nothing better to do in my leisure time than to look over such things.' At this Jimmy handed me the stamp, and I looked at it, and then at the others, and, sure enough, they were all counterfeit. I quietly stepped outside the Astor House, and looked for No. 37, amongst the cars. I found that the conductors ran eight hours off and on, and that my man would not come on till next morning. There I found, at the appointed time, my conductor, and stepped up to him, and said in a low tone, 'Young man, you changed a bill for me yesterday, and gave me a quantity of counterfeit money. Now I want you to take it back without any noise.' He affected to grow indignant, but I said, 'Stop ! stop !' Do you see that policeman ? If you don't return me in good money the amount which you changed for

me, I will have you under arrest in two minutes!' Well, it was interesting to see the promptness with which that 'shover of the queer' gave me all of my money, and forgot to ask for his own.

"Mr. Gath, you newspaper men know nothing whatever about the duplication of United States Bonds, and about the quantity of counterfeit scrip afloat. If you, as a newspaper-man, were to go to Gen. Spinner and to the heads of the Treasury, and ask how much counterfeit currency was in circulation, they would probably tell you 10 per cent.; but I tell you, as an engraver, that they have admitted to me that there is 25 per cent., or one quarter of the whole amount of the stamps current in this country, which are fraudulent. Do you know, sir, that the postal currency is renewed six times every year? That is the case, and see the possibilities for its increased duplication and counterfeiting. We could better afford to pay 50 per cent. premium, and use gold, than have to deal as we do with a lot of paper which is beyond the control, to a great extent, of the Government officials. The extravagantly high prices, and the corruption in our politics and life, hinge upon the currency. The duplication of the United States bonds will some day be found such an alarming matter that it will bring the whole country to its feet. That crime began in the Treasury so far back as Chase's time. John Covode and others in Congress made strenuous efforts to expose it, but they were gagged by the gavel and a party majority. An official, who at that time was connected with the printing, had, in some way, got a grip upon the Secretary, and could not be budged from his place by any power in the country. His accounts were short one year $63,000, and he could not tell where the money had gone. They kept after him, however, and, on one occasion, he appeared before the examiners with his arms full of bonds, and throwing them down, said, 'There are your $63,000!' Now, there was a press used for printing at that time, and it ran repeatedly in the night. The official himself was seen to emerge after dark, on two occasions, with

a great tin box in his hand, which he put into his buggy and carried away. Now, how much duplication of bonds do you suppose it required to make $63,000 worth of coupons so as to equalize that account?"

"Several hundred thousand, I suppose."

"No, sir; it took between $18,000,000 and $19,000,000 of bonds; and about that time happened the first duplication.'"

I looked suddenly into the old gentleman's eyes, and was in great doubt whether I was speaking to an intelligent lunatic or a great reformer.

If one-tenth of the propositions annually considered in the committees of Congress was to be passed, the burden of taxation would be felt immediately at every fireside of the country, and it is much to be feared that the people will never be sufficiently earnest until the iron enters into the flesh, and jobbery makes them howl.

In order to give an idea of the magnitude of the plunder involved in the schemes of the lobby, which have been defeated in the Congress of 1873, Senator Chandler has employed some of his leisure moments to make out the following list of attempted steals:

Soldiers' Bounty Bill,	$400,000,000
Agricultural Lands bill,	90,000,000
Cotton Tax refunding,	72,000,000
Compound interest to States,	32,000,000
Australian subsidy,	5,000,000
Oriental subsidy,	13,000,000
Ship-yard subsidy,	6,000,000
Other subsidies,	5,000,000
The two per cent. job,	1,500,000
Total,	$624,500,000

The Soldiers' Bounty Bill and the Agricultural Lands bill were passed by the House, but squelched by the Senate. The

Treasury has had a narrow escape of several of these plundering schemes. Taking into account the stupendous jobs that have been carried through, with the aid of an unscrupulous lobby, plain folk may well stand aghast at the costliness of Congressional legislation.

These members of Congress who are always looking out for a "spec." have come to despise the constituency. They see that the people soon forget a dishonored public man, and hence the audacious villainy known as back pay passed the Congress of 1873, its champions not scrupling to register themselves in black and white. In order to involve the whole government, judicially and administratively, in this villainy, the general pay of all was increased and made retroactive.

The following table shows the new salaries provided by the bill. The increased salaries of the Speakers of the House and of all other officials took effect on the 4th of March:

The President,	$50,000
Vice-President,	10,000
Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court,	10,500
Justices of the United States Supreme Court,	10,000
Cabinet officers,	10,000
Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, State and Interior Departments,	6,000
Supervising Architect of the Treasury,	5,000
Examiner of Claims in State Department,	4,000
Solicitor of the Treasury,	4,000
Commissioner of Agriculture,	4,000
Commissioner of Customs,	4,000
Auditor of the Treasury,	4,000
Commissioner of the Land-Office,	4,000
Assistant Postmaster-General,	4,000
Superintendent Money Order System,	4,000
Superintendent Foreign Mails,	4,000
Speaker of the House of Representatives,	10,000
Senators, Representatives, and Delegates,	7,500

The salaries of all the clerks, doorkeepers, messengers, and other employees of the House were increased from 15 to 25 per cent.

All sorts of ingenious excuses had been manufactured, and were ready at hand, to defend back pay; amongst other pleas was that against the old mileage system.

Under the system of mileage the grossest inequality in the compensation of members of Congress has always prevailed. Just before the war the father of the present Senator Bayard, of Delaware, who received about $200 mileage, sat by "Duke" Gwinn, of California, who got $19,000. To make the matter more unequal and unjust the fact was that, although receiving this immense amount on account of travel, Mr. Gwinn actually did not go to California for years. After the war when Reverdy Johnson was Senator from Maryland, he received $128 mileage for a Congress, while Messrs. Nye and Stewart, of Nevada, received about $10,000 apiece. A few years ago so much complaint was made about this unjust discrimination between members, that a modification of the mileage rates was established, but it has still worked very unequally.

It appears that for the Congress just expired the mileage paid to Senators from the States named was as follows: California, $4,029.60; Oregon, $6,492.80; Nevada, $3,513.60; Texas, $3,000; Louisiana, $2,531; Arkansas, $2,400; Minnesota, $2,475.25; Kansas, $2,352.10; Nebraska, $2,147.20; Mississippi, $2,160.

The idea of making an Omnibus bill to include with the long talked-of increase for the President, the Supreme Court Judges, and the Heads of Departments, the never before talked-of increase for members of Congress, apparently originated with Butler, of Massachusetts, the Guy Fawkes of Congress. He brought the bill back from the Judiciary Committee, on the 7th of February, 1873, with a long report,—historical, argumentative, and didactic,—in which he labored hard to prove that there were strong reasons of justice, morals, and public economy for raising the salary to $8,000 per annum. In the

same report he advocated the increase of the President's salary to $50,000, and proposed to raise the pay of the Judges and the heads of Departments to $8,000. His bill to accomplish all this was recommitted without action. Some time before, Sargent had tried to put an amendment on the Executive and Legislative Appropriation bill, raising the President's salary to $50,000. Dawes, who was in the chair, ruled it to be in order, but an appeal was taken, and the House, by a vote of 60 yeas to 67 nays, refused to sustain the ruling.

Butler's next move was to get his bill hitched on to an appriation bill. He made the first effort to accomplish this on Feb. 11, when he moved to suspend the rules so as to instruct the Appropriations Committee to bring in the bill as a part of the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill, then about to be reported to the House. He was beaten by a vote of 81 yeas to 119 nays, but he gained a point—he got a showing of hands ; he knew the strength of his forces, and could see how many recruits he must get to win. He had foreseen that it was essential to secure the help of the outgoing members, who numbered nearly 100, and there was only one way to do this : by allowing them to share in the profits of the proposed raid on the Treasury. He therefore inserted the words, "including members of the XLIId Congress," the effect of which was to make the increase retroactive—going back two years.

Up to this time comparatively few members had faith in the process of the movement, and very little had been said about it in the informal canvasses in the lobbies and cloak rooms, which influence the disposition of bills far more than the debates upon the floor. Now it was seen that the bill had a strong backing of pledged supporters, and an active canvass for recruits began. Late in the night of Monday the 25th, Butler sprung his bill upon the House, as an amendment to the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bills, which had come back from the Senate with amendments. No one but the friends of the measure had notice of his intention. A large number of members had gone home on the assurance of

Garfield that the bill would be called up only to get it in place, and that he expected no action upon it. Garfield protested, but Butler insisted on a vote on his amendment, and carried it by a vote of 71 to 67, on a vote by tellers in Committee of the Whole. The Crédit Mobilier debate intervened next day, and it was Friday before the question came up again. Butler's amendment, adopted in Committee of the Whole, was rejected by the House, on a call of the yeas and nays, by a vote of 69 to 121. Butler changed his vote to No, in order to move a reconsideration.

Next morning he made the motion, and promised if it was carried to admit an amendment, prepared by Sargent, fixing the salary at $6,500, with no allowance for traveling expenses. This seemed a fair proposition, and the recommendation was carried without much opposition. Sargent offered his amendment, but by the time it began to dawn upon the minds of the members who opposed an increase, that, if any change were made in the salary, the whole question would, in the end, go to a Conference Committee of six men, who could put in any amount they pleased, and then force the House to agree to their report, or run some risk of losing the entire Appropriation bill, which would make an extra session necessary. Sargent's amendment narrowly escaped defeat, the vote being 100 to 97. Amendments offered by Garfield were adopted, raising the salaries of all the clerks in the House, and adding 15 per cent. to the pay of all other employees, and adding $2,000 a year to the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of the General Departments.

The bill went to the Senate, and when the question arose on concurring in the salary admendment, some Senators opposed it because it did not increase their pay enough, and others because they thought it wrong to make any increase. Both these elements of opposition united to defeat a motion to concur. The vote stood 23 to 36.

The bill then went, of necessity, to a conference committee. Speaker Blaine now took a hand in the game, and appointed as the House conferees Garfield, Butler, and Randall, knowing

that the two latter were in favor of a larger increase of salary than the House had, at any time, endorsed. They were both advocates of a beaten proposition, and it was in violation of a well-recognized principle of parliamentary practice to appoint either of them on the Committee. The Senate conferees, named by the Vice-President, were all high-salary men, who insisted that $6,500 was not enough, and would be less than the Pacific Coast Senators got already, with their mileage. The Conference agreed to put another $1,000 on, making the salary $7,500, and they restored Butler's provision for the payment of actual traveling expenses, and retained the retroactive clause, dating the increase back to March 4, 1871. The President's salary, and those of the other officials, they left as passed by the House. The report was made to the House on Monday morning, March 3. It was vehemently denounced by Farnsworth and others, and freely defended, on the ground that the Senators were so stubborn that the House conferees had to yield for fear of losing the bill. The shameful retroactive clause did not find a single apologist, either in this or in any previous debate. It was vigorously assailed and denounced, but no one had the hardihood to say a word in its favor. Everybody knew that it was a barefaced robbery of the Treasury of nearly $1,500,000—a bribe of $5,000 a piece to induce outgoing members to vote to increase the pay of their successors. The provision doubling the President's salary escaped with very little criticism. Members were so much occupied with the question of their own pay that they gave small attention to the portions of the bill relating to other officials.

The conference report was finally adopted by the House by yeas, 103; nays, 94. This was a fair test vote, although the high salary men, tricky to the last, tried to make it appear otherwise by falsely saying that the bill would be lost if the report was rejected. The effect of rejecting the report would have been to send the bill to a new conference committee, which could have reported back in an hour with the salary

amendment stricken out. Every member who voted yea must, therefore, be held to have favored the salary grab, retroactive clause and all. It was late Sunday night before a vote was had in the Senate on adopting the report. The result was yeas, 36 ; nays, 27. The bill was signed by the President the same night. Under the retroactive provision dating the increased pay to Congressmen back two years, every member received $5,000 as extra compensation for services in the Forty-second Congress, less sum already drawn by him as mileage. The amount of money taken from the Treasury for this purpose we cannot give with accuracy, because we do not know the exact amount of the mileage to be deducted. At a moderate estimate it was $1,400,000.

No justification was attempted in either the Senate or the House for dating back the increased salary. It was so disgraceful a proceeding that it admitted of no defense. The members of Congress, in accepting their offices, agreed to serve for the salary provided by law. On the last day but one of their term of office, they voted themselves nearly $5,000 apiece as additional pay. They had the power to do it, and are amenable to no punishmant except such as their constituents may provide for them at the next election ; but their conduct in a moral point of view is very little better than that of a merchant's clerk who should increase his salary by helping himself from his employer's cash drawer.

Observe the effect of the back-pay and other swindling schemes of its class :

The total amount of the various appropriation bills passed at that scandalous session of Congress exceeds the amount of the previous session about fifty-four millions of dollars : The details of the various appropriations of 1873 are as follows : Preliminary deficiency, $1,699,833 ; Texan border commission, $18,490 ; pension, $30,480,000 ; American and British claims commission, $613,500 ; Indian, $5,512,218 ; fortification, $1,899,000 ; consular and diplomatic, $1,311,359 ; Military Academy, $344,317 ; legislative, executive and judicial, estimated,

$19,500,000 ; naval, $22,275,757 ; army, $31,796,008 ; Post-Office, $3,529,107 ; river and harbor, $6,112,900 ; sundry civil, $32,175,415 ; deficiency, $9,242,871—total, $195,310,-839.

Truly the 43d Congress was a shameless body. The corrupt members from the extreme Puritan states exceeded in effrontery those from Pennsylvania or Kansas. In the last hours of the session after the Crédit Mobilier case had been disposed of in the House, we had the most extraordinary spectacle of the session presented by a colleague of Oakes Ames, of John B. Alley, of Samuel E. Hooper, of Mr. Dawes, and of Senator Wilson, another Representative from Massachusetts, the Hon. Ginery Twichell, openly and actively lobbying on the floor of the House for the passage of a bill, introduced by himself, in favor of a railroad corporation of which he is president. When the point of order had twice been made upon him, that he could not vote in favor of a bill in which he was personally interested, the Hon. Ginery Twichell left his own desk to take a seat beside the tellers, upon the final division of the House on the question of the passage of the bill, and personally expostulated with members who were voting "nay." Evidently the example of Oakes Ames and the lessons of investigation were utterly thrown away upon the Hon. Ginery Twichell."

Midst all of this scandal the moral and Christian world was doing nothing to show its disgust at what was going on at Washington. The great business house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York, whose leading partner was the patron of orthodox philanthropy, was at the same time paying $271,000 to the government to be let out of prosecution for smuggling, and the moral newspapers were pompously parading the following solemn declaration of Mr. John Alexander, of Philadelphia:

"By the Grace and Providence of God enabling me, I will contribute to the treasury of the National Association for securing the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, the sum of *five hundred dollars* annually, *until an amendment (in substance such as at present proposed by the Association) shall be made to the Constitution of the United States.*

"If this amendment is not made during my lifetime, I shall hope to continue the aforesaid annual payments through the agency of the legal representatives of my estate.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

After such an exhibition of pious stupidity we may answer the question which every reader is probably putting in his mind: What can we do about it?

And this we answer in the words of that admirable review, the New York *Nation*, with whose advice we shall close our chapter:

"We maintain, and with increased confidence," says the *Nation*, "that the shameful corruption in the Government which is showing itself side by side with overwhelming Republican majorities all over the country, is a fresh proof that the Republican party is a common human organization, for the ordinary political purposes—namely, the embodiment in legislation of a small cluster of ideas; that that purpose was carried out at the close of the rebellion; that the party is now *functus officio*, and has for several years been kept in office by the popular dread of "reaction" and the force of the great patronage and enormous handling of money resulting from the war; and that in the absence of any great controlling ideas, of real work, and of a powerful and respectable opposition, its leading men, who, for all practical purposes, are the party and represent it, have grown careless, and insolent, and indifferent to public opinion, and finally corrupt. There is nothing ecclesiastical about them or it. It has no divine mission, and they have no personal consecration. *It* is simply the consensus of a large body of the American people on a few points of home policy, and *they* are a number of not very remarkable gentlemen, whom the American people has put in charge of its affairs.

"The remedy is to be found in the formation of another organization for other purposes. What these purposes are we have frequently intimated. We may venture to repeat them—the reform of the civil service; the restoration of the judiciary to its old position of independence and respectability; the sim-

plification of political machinery, so that honest and industrious citizens can attend to their political affairs without the help of professional tricksters; the release of the States from the constant interference and supervision of the central authority; the purification of Congress by the reform of the tariff, and the prohibition of grants, subsidies, bounties, "protective" duties, and the total exclusion of Congressmen from a share in the appointing power. These objects can only be obtained by a party formed for that purpose, and for nothing else. Whether we are near the formation of any such party we do not know. We acknowledge with sorrow and disappointment that the events of last year undoubtedly postponed it, but we would fain believe that those who last year honestly strove to bring about a better state of things, have not abated one jot of heart or hope. We are sure that they must find in what is now passing both abundant justification for their course and abundant reason for trying again, whenever the opportunity offers. It is needless to say, of course, that any such organization would contain, if successful, whatever good elements the Republican party now contains, and many good elements which that party does not contain, and nothing short of this combination of the good of all parties will save us. The good Republicans are not likely to be removed in chariots of fire when the party organization disappears."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE AS A REPRESENTATIVE STATESMAN.—HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

Another niche is filled in the bridge which carried the Republic over the bursting dam of Slavery. Chase, the financier of emancipation, has followed his colleagues, the War-Minister and the Minister of State. Lincoln's statue, already old enough to lose the newness of the bronze, and wear the dark, rich hue of imperishable metal, receives with a melancholy smile each new arrival. The last of the very greatest has now passed on. It is humiliating to know that this is so; that the generation we have entered up is altogether a new one; and that the War itself is not a dead issue to this day. In the North we have not recovered from its corruptions, nor in the South from its chaos. But time and years will prevail.

Chief Justice Chase, like Stanton and Seward, lived to feel the comparative loss of power, and to see the sceptre grow almost barren in his gripe. Possessors at one time of power almost unqualified, these men yielded office not wholly by volition, and saw with trouble the homage of multitudes grow less and less, until they felt themselves almost distributed back amongst the mere constituents of later reputations. This is the ache of life,—to see the editorial leader on oneself dwindle to a paragraph, and the paragraph finally wear a tooth, and at last silence, worst of all. Men without career know nothing of this. It is the sweetness of private duty to be thus compensa-

ted for never having known the enjoyment of command. I think the current estimate of Mr. Chase to have been the true one: that he was ambitious, not satisfied to be an interpreter of statutes merely, and not wholly consoled at the head of the Bench. But the current estimate which would confound Mr. Chase's ambition with the base discontent of a politician, is gross as the commentary of pot-houses. He felt his capacity and natural superiority to the highest office, to accomplish the most harmonious influence. Other men, as well, interpreted his admixture of lofty qualities to be destined for no less command, and predicted for his Administration, should he even reach it, a time of *renaissance*, mental elevation, and statesmanship.

The grades of public life he had ascended with an equal step, and composed front, and stature rising with the prospect. He indulged in no tricks of surprise nor sensation.

His life contains no catch-phrases. His illustrations were seldom apt, to nestle awhile in the ear, and buzz themselves to satiety there; but they took the proportions of mind and rose a little short of poesy. The forces which raised him never made him their instrument for subsequent ends, and hence there is a consistency in his life which will give him no uncertain portrait. Like Mr. Sumner and Mr. Trumbull, he possessed personal character sufficient to compel unknown coalitions in politics, and the influence with which he led men may take the name of Enlightenment. He was a preacher of the Gospel of Justice, Mercy, and Righteousness, as truly as if his uncle, Bishop Chase, had ordained him; and marble is the material of which to make his monument, for there is a trail of whiteness left behind him. That he wished to be President, was no offense against order, morals, or example. The mother's law to her child, the height of human usefulness she points out, is the American Chief Magistracy, honorably deserved and attained. No less is it the table-land of the man of affairs, for none can look toward it from any of the meaner passes and depths of career. Chase was suspected of desiring it because he was fit for it. His qualifications were his accusation.

He never had accusers, in reality, who were not place-servers, and such as would rather live in the ignominious case of present domination than be detached, vigilant and influential citizens. Within the Republican party, in Mr. Lincoln's first term, there were few men of the first rank who gave a tame acquiescence to the necessity of his renomination. Henry Winter Davis, Oliver P. Morton, even Ben. Wade, were accused of being restive, and believing that affairs hung too loosely. It was no better in the Cabinets of Washington, Adams, Madison, Monroe, or Tyler. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his late eulogy on Seward, made the point that his distinctive sacrifice in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was in voluntary *harikari*, abandoning competition for the succession to which, says Mr. Adams, he had all the rights of qualification. But Mr. Seward abandoned the Presidency because he knew that he had no more prospects, and he was at the head of the Cabinet already. Mr. Chase had not yet made the essay. And if Mr. Lincoln made Mr. Chase Chief Justice, as some declare, "to shelve him" for the Presidency, he acknowledged his formidable quality, and was himself a politician in this act of strategy. If he appointed Mr. Chase Chief Justice in acknowledgment of his desert, the fame of the latter is no less secure. To have received the highest office in Mr. Lincoln's gift, and with it the public impression that he might else have taken the Presidency, exhausts the scale of appreciation. The Presidency itself, under the conditions of the nominating convention, would be no such test of fitness.

The manner, the time, and public talk about Gov. Chase's nomination to the Supreme Bench satisfied neither himself nor the period that he had ended his active career there. Public conviction in this country will not accept anything short of the grave as the final retirement of necessary men. There is a selfish class in our society which is too indifferent to vote and too rich to take office; but the Presidency is not to be dishonored even by a Chief Justice, if election and duty point that way. For that pinnacle, on the level with the seats of.

Kings, the General tears off his triple stars and the priest his vesture. John Marshall, and John Jay, and Roger Taney kept out of politics because politics, after they became Chief Justices, let them alone. Marshall and Taney never ceased to dwell on the line of public affairs, and from the Bench contemplated the coördinate parts of the Government with the interest of old times. Justice Davis, the trusted friend of Mr. Lincoln, also heard the Macedonian cry of "Come down and help us!" and, like the youthful Samuel, he answered: "Lord, here am I!" The fact is, that, if Justices are to be kept vestal from politics, they must be vestal when set upon the Bench. To make a man Chief Justice from a political motive is to do the man an injury, and make the Bench a mere switch or sideling for another candidate to be run by.

The association of the Chief Justice with parties after 1866 grew out of the needs of the times. It was a period when a Chief Justice might wish, for his country's sake, to resume active Magistracy, and recover the Republic from the chaos of opinion, and the mutual selfishness of sections and parties. His office was itself a qualification for this task. The Impeachment trial of an opinionated President by a Senate already in the secondary stage of that corruption which was soon to break out in public view, brought Justice Chase down from the Bench to preside over the pageant. The spectacle was prolonged, and the moral lesson of it discouraging. The man who was to succeed to the Presidency, if Mr. Johnson should be convicted, voted every time as a Senator for the accomplishment of both ends, and he proved to be the same who, in 1860, led a little bilious faction to Chicago to put the Ohio delegation against Mr. Chase. Mr. Wade and his outsiders spent all the time they had to dispose of when not distributing the patronage they expected to get, in denouncing the Chief Justice in such papers as Forney's *Chronicle*, Fulton's Custom House *American*, Young's *Tribune*, et al. The failure of that trial they imputed to the Chief Justice. And, ever since, they have kept up a little chirping and wagging of heads, which will now probably break out in their obituary fulminations.

But, if the country had taken the man on the Bench in 1868, instead of the man at the head of the army, the sins of carpet-bagging and ku-klux never would have been enacted. The Executive countenance would have been turned from adventurers and men of low degree, and the public patronage would have been given to persons who could have re-nationalized sentiment in the South, and spiritualized it in the North. Those habits of attention, devotion, surveillance, and organization, by which he made the barren Treasury grow faster than war could exhaust it, and left his two terms of administration in Ohio in most admirable recollection by men of every party, were needed at the close of Johnson's Administration, and he believed that he could accomplish the task. Amidst all the innuendo and fusilade poured upon him by editorial brokers, not one authority ever expressed the opinion that he would not make a capable President. He was never called to an account on the score of his qualifications or his purity. Secretary of the Treasury, he never took a gift. No kin of his took an office. The reason was, that he had breeding and the breath of honor.

He was a man of finer nature than has been seen in Washington politics in the present period. His nature was wholly Republican, but it was the Republicanism of good manners, which raised the surrounding level without depressing the spirits of any. To be his guest was to feel a higher respect for oneself. He did not labor upon his private auditors, and was not brilliant in speech or reminiscence; but he had a faculty of humor, quiet and twinkling, and a breadth of nature which began impressively and grew by acquaintance. The great art of encouragement, by which, as generous men grow older, they stand like cathedrals, all buttressed round with younger men, Mr. Chase possessed almost to a fault. He was of use to others more than they could return it. The great fortunes made by the patronage of the Treasury stood aloof, fearful of being asked to labor amongst his friends; and there was a time when some who had derived income and opportunity from his judi-

cial fondness hastened to declare for the regular ticket in advance, lest their obligation might be to their prejudice. These Gov. Chase let pass like Aristides when he wrote his own sentence of banishment upon the voter's shell. But familiarity he knew how to arrest, and he could rebuke with a look that was Washingtonian.

In his moral relations to politics, society, and the Bar, he was orthodox, submissive, and reciprocal. His origin was good, but dependent; yet he never ate the bread of dependence, but, with New Hampshire frugality, made his way quietly from college to school-teaching, and, in the vestibule of the law, waiting for clients, he became an author in the law. When his profession developed and made him a citizen held in neighborly esteem, he planted himself upon the highest ground of human usefulness, and became an interpreter of the law in the interests of humanity. He did not drift with the tide to easy honors, but led the choice spirits and the awakening conscience of the country, irrespective of party lines. He never aspired to be the creature of any party, and made no profession of party loyalty at any time. That organization which would yield the most to Freedom and Progress suited him well, and at least four parties have paid his talents and ideas the meed of support. On whom were so many diplomas ever bestowed by public parties? He was not only in the right with two or three, but in the might with two or three. The Presidency might have been his, at the hands of the Democracy, in 1852. Had he held the banks to personal allegiance, he never would have made his legal-tender decision.

The residence of the Chief Justice has latterly been an old country-seat on the hills at the head of Tiber Creek, about 3 miles north of the City of Washington,—a roomy, oblong, plain brick dwelling, painted pea-green, and surrounded by steep heights and woodlands. I drove out there a week ago, and found a quietness prevailing which would be melancholy to young people in this backward spring. Near at hand, a gipsy camp was pitched in the woods, and the usual accompa-

niments of wild dogs, horses, and children surrounded it. A short distance from the house, a cluster of modern cemeteries were assembled on the road, in one of which was the tomb of the late Amos Kendall. Here Chief Justice Chase has passed a year or less of recuperation, work, companionship, and doubtless apprehension of the short remainder of days. There is a turn in the strength of men of affairs which takes them unawares and hastens decay. He was warned about three years ago that his time was short, and, since that slight stroke of paralysis, his hair has fallen out, his face grown long and thinner, and his eyes have grown dimmer and of diffused light. A sturdy man he used to be, with a solid, farmer-like carriage; and the portraits on the greenbacks of his splendid head, large, collected expression, and folded arms, all massive and imposing, little resembled the oldest figure of late on the Bench, wearing out the hours of duty there, listening to close arguments, and going home to labor on tasks which must meet the criticism of the country.

His worldly fortunes have been goodly, but not great. His daughters were happily married, and have not needed his bounty, and they have given him the wealth of their pride and affection. Perhaps the prize of higher honors was not less desirable for their sakes. Both of these ladies inherit their father's mental disposition. Mrs. Sprague has probably been the most perfect social product of the period of the Republican party in Washington,—*naïve*, elegant, engaging, and spirited; and Mrs. Hoyt, with less scope of influence, has been no less dear to her father, and of more definite accomplishments. Several grandchildren will preserve the blood of the Chief Justice; his memory amongst jurists will be equal to that of any man on the Supreme Bench. Courage, reconsideration, compass, original views, clearness, and grace of authorship, and labor in the law in all its departments, as critic, compiler, law-giver, and expounder: these will enroll him high in his profession, so that no antiquary need be called to discover him. As Theodore Parker said, twenty years ago: "In the greatest

question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind there will appear Adams, Giddings, *Chase*, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Seward, Rantoul, and Sumner." To this it may be added that, when the question of Human Rights was done, Mr. Chase was one of the first and few who believed that rehabilitation and magnanimity were better than the mere stiffening up of parties on old issues and antagonisms,—better than the cowardly riot of plunder which we have permitted in the South, and are in the reflex billows of in the Northern States.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEST AND WORST OF SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL.

The first inauguration of General Grant was hailed with the plaudits of a large majority of intelligent Americans. He had been the victor in the great conflict, and had he possessed the greatness which comes of reflection, he would have set a lesson to future politicians, and made his first term wholly harmonious, and his life a fresh spot in the reminiscences of posterity by declining a second inauguration. We shall, therefore, select his first appearance on the Presidential platform for an etching.

The President-elect rode to the Capitol in 1869, with General Rawlins, his Galena townsman. Two good nags drew his carriage. A long procession went before and behind. He subscribed to the civil forms of the occasion, bowing to the popular salutations, and his dress was plain black, without a tithe of the soldier in it. There was much music, ringing of bells, banners and huzzas; but the intensest study was the shy little man in the carriage, without a flush on his face, but with deep reflective marks there, made by poverty and war. When he arrived at the Capitol he found the top, the stairs, the projections, the balustrades, the abutments of that large marble edifice as full of people as a candy capitol might be of flies. The area before the Capitol was clear, save of a few; but in the park beyond, the trees were full of clinging human fruit, and between the huge sitting statue of Washington and the eye, a

silent, orderly multitude looked up to where the long triple façade of the Capitol projected its three great porticoes. The middle portico was the focus of all rays of light, of music, of attention. Two long flags drooped down the central Corinthian columns, and between them burst the peal of invisible drums, beaten in the Rotunda. From the bases of these columns fell a flight of stairs to a temporary platform, railed and draped in colors. This was all, except the stately building reaching to the clouds, and the peering tip-toe multitude on fences, trees, carriages, and house-tops, while amongst the mass on frail scaffolding of timber, photography, like a carrier pigeon, perched, to seize the spectacle and fly down the generations with it.

Grant alighted in the presence of all these, and with Senator Cragin of New Hampshire, a gentleman of large, baldish, florid, forehead, he walked out of the view of the people, they huzzaing. The Senate was a packed mass of ladies in the galleries, and on the floor, folks of distinction—gold-fringed, sworded, cocked-hatted members of the foreign legations. Colfax made a little speech, and Wade went out of what is called public life. Grant entered the Senate with his usual shy unconsciousness, bowed to the Chair, and sat a while, suffering examination. When the time came for him to go before the people, he was prompt and sedate. The procession moved deliberately through the long lobby and aisle of the Rotunda, where the band of music made the iron ribs tingle, and filing to the left, the President-elect walked into the daylight, descended the flight of stairs, and stood before the roaring, surging people. There were the Judges, in their long, black, silk robes, to administer the oath of office; there was his wife—happiest joy of all—her love and confidence crowned in this, poverty appeased and obscurity vindicated; there she stood among her relatives, by her father and her sisters' husbands, with her pride too big not to beam, except for tears—there was everybody of honorable descent, talent or station, and the air was full of glad salutations, the people saying, for the moment, unselfishly, "Hail! our accepted one!"

Grant, small and solid and shy, with that weary look that Lincoln wore, furrows on his face, tenacious resignation the epitome of it, looked out like one surrendered. A man beside me said:

"He is a little, bashful fellow, but with terrible talents!"

The music throbs its last; the huzzas cease; the General takes the oath of office to Chief Justice Chase with his arm and spread hand uplifted. He looks up to the large presence of the Chief Justice, burnt by the fire of battle—the Judge possessed by gentler inspirations. All grave and grand allegory is depicted in their two figures—the burning torch of the Wilderness is inverted, and the slayer, without a sword, takes the oath of peace. Together they stand, who have come to these two Magistracies by different roads—the younger man by the harder and the wearier route, overtaking all the dignities of the other, and now that the conflict of their ambition is over, how like they are in wishes and wisdoms! The one by the study of books, and the other by the study of active life, stand now upon the same results, both progressive, both conservative, and probably mutual admirers.

General Grant draws forth his speech carefully and folds it back, wetting his finger at his lip. Then he reads in a quiet way, audible near by, no further; and, while he does so, his daughter is passed to his side, and she puts her hand upon his arm as if to support him. So he stands, strengthened by childhood, looking into the multitude and pronouncing his designs, like the captain of a ship plunging out of battle into storm.

Having sketched the head of the government, let us take a turn in a discursive way around the social life of the Capital.

The tendency of things in politics is toward organization, and the demands of party politics upon a share of the evenings of its victims, have led to the arrangement of all the clerks, dating from particular States, into pseudo sociable bodies. The Illinois Association gave its ball and supper at the Masonic Hall, a new edifice, which has already been honored by the English Minister's entertainment given to Prince Arthur. I

went to this place about 9 o'clock one Friday evening, and found quite an elaborate character of hospitality. At the top of the stairs stood two or three courtly and ceremonious gentlemen, in swallow-tail coats and white kids and neckties, who politely suggested that all overcoats and hats must be deposited in the coat-room. When the ball-room door was opened, I beheld about six hundred persons, the ladies preponderating in numbers, vigorously dancing, while a band of music perched in a little gallery over the portal, dispensed agreeable music. At the head of the room sat President Grant, with that look of desperate resolution which has never left his countenance since he sent the celebrated telegraphic despatch, swearing that he would fight it out on that line; on one side of him sat the Hon. S. S. Marshall, Democratic member of Congress, who appeared to consider that anything affecting Illinois, whether Democratic or Republican, was entitled to his encouragement; on the other side of the President sat the Hon. Norman B. Judd.

From my elevated position, I had a good view of the entire roomful, and it seemed to me that a more robust, cheerful, and republican group of men and women had not been assembled in Washington since the organization of the government. Children were dancing amongst the men; many heads of bureaus, and even the particular clerks of the State Department mingled in the throng, and, after a while, when quiet had been secured, Colonel Joe Holt led the President down from his perch, and introduced him to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, who made a pretty little speech, to which Mr. Judd gave a muscular response on behalf of the Chief Magistrate. Everybody here agrees that the Illinois Sociable was the best that has ever been given by a single State. Senator Trumbull and his nephew, with a number of his colleagues, were upon the floor, and they all had a right hearty time. The same night the Ohioans gave a sociable at a neighboring hall, and the President, unattended, went down there and looked his customary resolution.

The abuse of promiscuous receptions, promiscuous dinners, and promiscuous balls, has been more than ever a subject of reprehension during the present discouraging session of Congress. Much was said, after last New Year's, about the thoughtfulness of the ladies here who, on that day, removed intoxicating drinks from their tables; but the nightly receptions in the city are seldom given without bowls of strong punch, and frequently baskets of champagne are sacrificed to the guests; while young women, single and married, make a class of acquaintances not tolerable under their own roof,—many of whom come with the alluring appellations of Governor, General, Judge, or Senator. The dressing has become alarmingly immodest. The lobby is made equal to the best of our dignities, and men who ply the trade of public plunderer, present their daughters and wives to the very officials whom, otherwise, they would be unable to reach. There was one gentleman implicated in the late Crédit Mobilier exposures, whose temptation came directly through the abuse of promiscuous dinners. When he came to Washington City, in the first place, he lived remote from the fashionable quarter, and was industrious, domestic, and perfectly unchallenged by any slanderer. Next came his removal to a finer social quarter, and, having an important committee, he was in request for dinners at Welcker's, where the palate is tempted with the choicest wines, coming successively to wash down sweet-breads, unseasonable game, rich capons with sauce *Goddard*, and terrapin stewed in Madeira wine. The best of these lobby caterers was well-known by everybody in the city to be an old man of doubtful associations, who lived mysteriously on the verge of the Government, and possessed no fortune or income of his own. Although a lobbyist, few knew in what he lobbied. He had traveled in all countries, had great accomplishments, was a delightful conversationalist, and of no reputability. Socially ostracised, he was able to bring to his dinners the most honored men in Congress; the sedate Mr. Boutwell had done him the honor of feeding at his table.

Our Congressional friend could not but experience a moral and mental deterioration in the midst of such *viands*, and such general surrender of the discretions of decent life. He was much beloved, and he still keeps the hearts of many who sorrow with him, and, if there is any stigma upon a name never, before these late exposures, disgracefully associated, the descent began with the late dinners at the great restaurant.

We have had this year, for the first time, a swell party given at a public hall, instead of a private house, because it was to be such a stunning affair that no house could hold the guests, and the same edifice was leased in which the British Minister used to give a banquet to the Prince of Wales. Probably five hundred persons went to this public hall, and the dressing was the most gorgeous and extravagant ever seen in this city, and probably New York, at the Purim or the Charity ball, never developed finer silks, laces and jewels. A magnificent supper was spread; the music was the best that could be afforded; so much nakedness was probably never revealed in Washington; and all this was to introduce a fair young girl into society. The party in question was given on the proceeds of the sale of a celebrated silver mine to certain Englishmen,—the sale encouraged by the American Minister to England. No comment is needed upon this matter; but simple-minded and thoughtful people must see a certain connection between extravagance like this and the corruption which is seriously threatening the stability of our institutions.

The corrector of our society should be the religion of our women, but it appears that there is no longer that sensitiveness to dishonor, and quick sense of repulsion for the public plunderers, which our mothers had. One of the most popular men in Washington society this winter has been a young politician enriched by shame and dishonesty; a man born a scoundrel. When you become conversant with our political society, you will find, with all its charmingness and brightness, that there are no convictions beneath it. The fine women will forget what you are saying when you suggest the character of this

or that person, if, indeed, she be not allured by his unscrupulousness and success. This politician, you will find, shares his wife's regret that his fairest daughter did not marry an enriched political villain, instead of the simple, modest, and struggling gentleman she chose. Yonder Minister, you will hear, took one of the largest fees ever tendered to protect a man's interest, and, failing to discharge the obligation because of his political promotion, kept the money and gave no equivalent. Yonder Head of Bureau, you will be told, has patented a method of compelling all the college-land scrip in the country to be sold to an outside confederate below its value, the scrip being withheld until the confederate's bid be accepted. And, in the multiplicity of such recitals, the indignation of the hearer loses direction, and becomes dazed and confused, as Mr. Hawley well expressed it.

Let us turn into a sunnier alley and take our food with better people. *Par exemple:* One of the most agreeable entertainments of an epicurean kind which is given at Washington is that of Dr. Ninian Pinckney, who stands second on the list of Medical Directors, and is the nephew of William Pinckney and brother of Bishop Pinckney. Dr. Pinckney's quarters are at the Washington Navy Yard, and he is celebrated for feeding turkeys on English walnuts—administered whole, shell and all, without cracking. I once had the pleasure of attending a dinner given by this hospitable epicurus to Pay-Director Cunningham. A turkey reposed in the centre of the table of remarkable size, and of a flavor not equaled by the most delicate capon. Before we put the knife into this dish for Dives, another turkey was brought up to the door, and the process of feeding him was achieved. Fourteen full, large walnuts, whole, were put in the wondering fowl's bill, and slipped down the gullet by the fingers, outside. As the first walnut went down, the turkey looked up with one eye, in a baffled sort of way, as if wondering whether he was assisting at a comedy or going to execution. At the third walnut, he turned up both his eyes as if now assured that it was not the intention to kill him by starvation. At the fifth walnut his inquisitiveness

was unbounded, and he wore the look of a man who had been reading a thrilling story in the *Ledger*, and had suddenly bumped up upon the words, "To be continued in our next." Continued it was; and after the seventh walnut, Sir Turkey gave up the conundrum, closed his eyes resignedly; and, when the fourteenth walnut had slipped down his gullet, and they were all rattled by the hand, so as to produce from the bird's interior, a sound as of a macadamizing job going on there, his expression was plainly to be read: "Gentlemen, you know what this is for, and I presume your consideration for myself will enable me to reflect upon the performance with the eye of faith."

It takes about three weeks to fatten a turkey in this way, for the animal, unlike the mills of the gods, grinds exceeding small, but very fast. He undergoes considerable digestive wakefulness, but the secretions come to his rescue; the shells are melted down, and the walnuts are assimilated, so that he matures in a fractional part of the life he had been destined to. It seems that this trick had been discovered on the way around Cape Horn, on a certain naval vessel which contained a great many turkeys, and nothing for them to eat. A humorous officer said that sooner than see his turkeys starve, he would feed them on the table-dessert. A few of the animals died, but the majority survived, and proved to be palatable beyond all previous experience. I mention this matter for the edification of your gourmands in the West, who want to know what a turkey is capable of. Senator Anthony was delighted both with the docility and delicacy of the respective birds of freedom which had been brought before us. The experiments made with turkeys are said to demonstrate the fact that fourteen walnuts is the limit which a bird can stand, and that less than eight will not produce the flavor attainable. Dr. Pinckney's daughter is a very admirable poetess, and perpetuates in the family the literary talent of William Pinckney—a man who perhaps resembled Salmon P. Chase in elevation of character as much as any of Mr. Chase's predecessors.

A good dinner is as effective in national as in family mat-

ters. I remember one day meeting the contractor in iron for moulding the plates of the beautiful dome at Washington, and he described to me how the dome got to be placed on the top of the Capitol. Pains were taken to have champagne lunches placed in some of the committee-rooms, and on the last night of the session, when there had been a general treat and magnanimity and humor were abounding, Mr. Walter, architect, had a superb drawing of a new dome introduced, colored and mounted most beautifully. Everybody was delighted:

"'Come, now! Give us a hundred thousand dollars for a new dome!'"

"They voted it in both houses in twenty minutes' time. With the hundred thousand dollars the old dome was removed." Then, after the recess, the architect came up and said, blandly:

'I want an appropriation for the dome! There's nothing on the building.'

'How? We gave you a hundred thousand.'

'That was to take off the old dome.'

'What is the new dome to cost?'

'About a million of dollars!'

They found they had an apt pupil, and crying:

'Sold again!' these politicians gave the appropriation.

"Why, sir," continued the dome-builder, "the Government Architect has, for the honor of the public buildings and his office, to get Congress to consent to his plans by just such political dodges. Fair talk will not pursuade the average taste, hereabout. Few of them, now, have the eye to see that yonder dome, instead of being in the centre of the pile, stands on the east front of it. Yet say to them that the east front should be moved forward, and two-thirds of them will cry that it is more beautiful as at present."

I asked if any casualties had happened while they were working on the dome, so high in the air.

"Nobody killed on the dome?" said the former foreman of the painters to me. "I guess not! only three! three was all."

"Fust, there was Bob Sleight. He was carrying a ladder

across the derrick, that stood up yonder, most high as you see. Nobody see him fall, and he never spoke afterwards. But we know he fell clear to the temporary dome—sixty foot—and was mashed to a loblolly. He was getting six dollars a day. His madame was put in the Treasury by the help of the architect."

"Next was Edgar Richardson. He was a painter, if I don't forget. He fell in the running knot of a rope that got tangled round him and drawed tight at both ends. It broke four of his ribs, and he lived a mighty little while. Mr. Walter, the architect, went to his funeral. Did we all like Mr. Walter? I guess not! He'd go to anybody's funeral that worked on the Capitol, and died a workin.' I guess we didn't like Mr. Walter. Oh, no!"

"Last and worst was Christy Connor. He was a worker in iron. He worked up yonder under the drum, setting the caps on them pilasters. He had a little scaffold swung, and cross-pieces, passing from the scaffold to the wall. He stepped back on the end of a board, and it uptilted. It pitched Christy Connor, headforemost, about twenty feet, and he struck the side of his skull agin the iron edge of the peristyle, making a crack wide as your finger, and a tablespoonfull of his brains came out. We picked up Christy Connor and laid him on a settee and walked him to the hospital. Mr. Fowler was beside him. Says Christy Connor:

'Mr. Fowler, am I hurt much?' His eyes and mind were as clear as a bell. The doctor at the hospital lifted up the scalp, and Christy began to bleed. The doctor says:

'He's cut the main artery of the brain. If I leave this up he'll die in five minutes. If I shut it down he'll live two weeks, and then die from inflammation.' So he shut it down, and Christy lived ten days, sensible to the last. They got *his* wife work, and Mr. Walter went to *his* funeral. That's all the people killed on the dome. There was a heap of falls, but no other mashes."

We may think of these things when we look up at the beautiful dome.

Society in many of its features is perfectly equal at Washington to the demands of the age upon our government. New Year's day is the best time for the average citizen to look at the inside of the *salons*. I remember going the rounds in 1869, and making the following note upon Mrs. Fish:

In one of the finest residences in Washington, formerly the home of Ex-Senator Morgan, the wife of the Secretary of State received visitors all day, and it is no disparagement to ladies of less experience and opportunities to say that she seemed by general consent to be considered the noblest hostess of them all.

A fine blonde, with the "repose" of Vere de Vere, somewhat fleshy, kindly without condescension, and matronly and magisterial together, she stood at the head of the most sumptuous apartment in Washington—a long, lofty, wide apartment, with a conversational *salon* half-curtained off in soft distance, and the eye was carried along by references of rich objects mildly harmonizing, so that in the effort of the interview nothing was remembered at leaving except the atmosphere, the languor, and the vista. Mrs. Fish was attired as became this scene, her years and her complexion,—in a rich black silk, heavily trimmed with lace, high cut, and touched with pearls at the throat, ears, and wrists. I was interested in seeing how, without effort, she disposed of the long silken train of her dress, which was always formidable and yet never got in the way; it followed her will as perfectly as the servant in monogram buttons, and the dress of a novitiate flunkey, who sounded the names and titles at the drawing-room door. By Mrs. Fish was her married daughter, with a blue silk, and lace overskirt, very rich and quiet. There, from morn till dusk, these two devoted ladies, in the serene possession of that confidence which comes partly from long-acquired wealth, partly from good parentage and education, and the rest from good conscience, high character, and nature, stood quietly and elegantly disposing of many hundred gentlemen, never disturbed, never brusque, never familiar—the family of the Secretary of the State, as we felt.

Early in General Grant's administration, two popular and beautiful ladies died within a few days of each other. One of these was the bride of General Belknap, Secretary of War.

The funeral of Mrs. Belknap was an unostentatious citizen affair, held at St. John's Church, a little old quaint Episcopal edifice, situated but a few doors from General Belknap's Washington residence. It was the church which he had attended when a boy, living at his father's house at Georgetown. There were a few carriages, four of the Cabinet officers riding together ahead of the hearse, and the following carriage was taken up by the bereaved Secretary, his son, and his widowed sister-in-law. The President came up late and alone in his phaeton. General Belknap was deeply affected, and his large frame shook with emotion. The coffin was received at the church door by the rector and his assistant, in their ministerial robes, and some boy choristers made shrill music during the service. The ceremonies took place within a few yards of Corcoran's house, where the young bride, the daughter of Congressman Beck, of Kentucky, had been laid out in her bridal robes only a few days before. Mrs. Corcoran and Mrs. Belknap had been friends, and both were beautiful women, one a fine blonde and the other a tall, sparkling brunette. They were laid side by side in the vault of the chapel at Georgetown Cemetery, one leaving behind her a youthful husband, and the other a babe only a few days old. It is said that among the last words of Mrs. Corcoran were these:

"Mamma, I know that I am dying. Oh! won't you see my husband, and not let him forget me?"

General Belknap wrote to a friend, the day before his wife's decease, expressing, in the following words, the gravity of his loss:

"My wife still remains very ill. She is somewhat more easy, but we have no hope that she will ever again be out. Calm, patient, and resigned, she is ready for the end when it comes, but is hopeful that the goodness of Heaven may yet spare her life. No man knows how much I lose when she is

taken from me, for she has not only been faithful and devoted, but she has been my trusty friend, and most wise counsellor. This cloud of grief that hangs over my home, makes this holiday season a saddened one for us."

These instances of domestic affection, preserved and strengthened amidst the toils of politics, makes us feel that, after all, the heart still keeps a large place in official life at Washington.

Reference to Mr. Corcoran above recalls his uncle, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., now quite advanced in years, the richest man in Washington City, and the inhabitant of the most extensive and complete mansion. It stands opposite Decatur's old mansion, and is by many thought to be the proper site for a new Executive Mansion. Mr. Corcoran is a descendant of an Irishman who lived at Georgetown before the Capital City was established. He is said to have made his first success as a banker in advances to Government employés. Mr. Riggs, a rich Marylander, being desirous of finding a suitable business-partner for his son, chose Corcoran. Their banking-house was for some time in the Paymaster's building, on Fifteenth street, opposite the Treasury; but they took the United States Bank building at a later date, where Mr. Riggs still conducts the business, Mr. Corcoran having a room there. Corcoran was always a man of large ideas and worldly observation. At the present time, when his sands of life seem to be running out, he is in appearance a large, portly, refined-looking person, with square head and shoulders, very white hair, and of neat and respectable dress. He made a large portion of his fortune—which is by some estimated at $6,000,000, and by some at $12,000,000—by taking the National loans, particularly during the Mexican War. He shared the conservative prejudices of the old class of Washingtonians, but had the good sense to keep out of the Rebellion, and not to antagonize the Government. At a relatively early period, he bought a large amount of property surrounding his mansion, and also several of the noblest farm-lands and hill-sites around the city. He has given to Washington about $2,000,000 of benefactions in art and philanthropy.

A celebrated lady in Washington life up to the period of the war was Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas.

The house that Mr. Douglas presented to his wife before her marriage, stood upon a high hill, close by General Grant's subsequent and present residence, and in the grading of the streets thereabout, this house, with its extensive walled garden and lawn, was left suspended in the air, so that it is now one of the most imposing dwellings in the city, and is named appropriately, Douglas Place. Major Williams, since his marriage to the widow Douglas, has nearly doubled the size of this house, raised a French roof upon it, and capped its flight of stone stairs with a pair of colossal carved lions. The terraces around the house are planted with shrubs and box-bush, and immemorial trees contribute to give the place the air of venerable patrimony. Within the mansion two fine children count the march of time, neither of them heirs of Mr. Douglas, whose little contribution shares his sleep. The exquisite peacefulness and privacy of Mrs. Williams' life show the difference between what are called *Les Marriages de Societé*, and what we name, familiarly, love-matches. In the time of her first husband no party was complete without her. Her picture was purchasable at every print-shop, and we beheld her in Washington every day. Now, wedded to a private gentleman and soldier, of years not uncongenial to her own, she is the ornament of a beautiful home, and her children are her kingdom. She is still pious at church, and fond of riding out, but her journeys are commonly made out of town and not within it. I felt in her proximity to the home of Mrs. Grant how mutable and yet how merciful are the dispensations of Providence. Eight years ago Mrs. Douglas might have been the mistress of the White House. Now she is a good man's happy wife.

Having spoken of Mrs. Belknap and a New Year turn in Washington, I may recall a visit which I paid to her husband, the Secretary of War, just after his appointment. General Belknap had handsome and roomy quarters in the Seward mansion, which Payne invaded with his base knife, and where

Key drew the last of his wretched breaths. It is a square set house of painted brick, with a broad sidewalk before it, shaded with old trees,—an old house and a large house, yet containing few rooms, and in the middle, low down toward the sidewalk, is one door. By one side of the house an alley runs back to stables; the exterior appearance of the place, though in the heart of the fashionable city, is of a stern and rather funereal sort, bearing marks of that sort of aristocratic Washington past which nature has conspired against, and in due time, or sooner, such houses grow old. The windows are few, and yet not very large; the rooms are immense; the walls are thick; and yet the wind sometimes makes the old brick warehouse tremble. Before it all is a public square, little invaded except by child's nurses, and the block itself has only four or five houses along all its length; big, slavery-looking houses, wrapt in self-importance, and covered with due-bills of moss, on which Nemesis demands payment, as she knocks at the door on every stormy night.

Into this old, aristocratic house we went to pay our New Year's call. A servant opened our carriage door, and entering the hall we climbed a side stairs, and placing our cards upon a silver plate, advanced in our overcoats to speak to the Secretary. He stood near the door, clad in black, a fine young presence, with rich Flammand color in his beard, and hair, and cheeks; a clear blue eye, with strength of tide and currents in it, and equal to storms, perhaps; and that large, administrative urbanity which is partly of the West, but chiefly of the American.

The Secretary of War is the son of an old army Colonel, to whose regiment, in early days, Grant was attached as a subordinate officer. He has won praise here amongst all classes by the unostentatious steadiness of his administrative life, and his fellow-citizens of Iowa are pleased with his hearty and sincere remembrance of them. Mrs. Belknap is a young and amiable lady, of a sweet expression, a tall and somewhat slender figure, and dark eyes. She was dressed with elegance and

taste, and at her side were the daughters of Justice Swayne, of the United States Supreme Bench.

The reception-room was covered with a cool, rich Brussels carpet, on which a grate fire fell like burning roses, and a mirror over the mantel showed the steady procession, coming and going, and also the refreshment table in the rear, where many fell to food with the zest of camp guests. In these rooms Mr. Seward had often entertained his guests with those long mystifying conversations which made one think that the former anti-Mason had carried into private life the cabalistic grips, symbols, and secresies of the order he denounced. Here, it is pleasantly rumored, he described, with wonderful patience of repetition, the manner in which Payne attacked him, and he has illustrated the subject by rolling off and under his bed, to show how it was done. Now the place has such guests that the house of crime and revelry has been hallowed anew, sprinkled and purified, and the solemn sentries who walked before the doorposts down to the last day of Mr. Seward's tenure of office have betaken themselves to garrison. Only once has a ghost been seen, and that was a soldier, clad in blue, pacing, pacing, to and fro upon the pavement, but this proved to have been one of Seward's ex-guards, who had been off on a prolonged spree, and with the first glimmering recovery of his wits he stole back to the post he had paced before so long, and gave rise to the suspicion of a terrible somnambulist.

The gossip and anecdote of Washington society in our day is keen and ringing, and the Sunday press of the city generally picks it up and sends it around town. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Fish are said to have had their memorable quarrel at General Schenck's dinner-table as follows:

"Shall I help you to some duck?" said the ancient Fish;
"Shall I help Mr. Sumner?" said he;
Mr. Sumner did not wish
Any duck, so he said "pish;"
And he broke up that gallant company-ny-ny,
And he broke up that gallant company.

To the Senate, like a crab, ancient Fish he stuck,
Out of Senate, like a flying fish, sought he
Mr. Sumner for to chuck,
For he wouldn't have some duck;
And the Senate to this measure did agree-e-e,
And the Senate to this measure did agree.

Ye statesmen, make a mem.! While our diplomat is Fish,
Polite at the table you must be;
If some duck you do not wish,
Never sauce your Fish with "ish,"
Or he'll chuck you from your Senate Committee-e-e,
Or they'll chuck you from your Senate Committee.

One of the celebrated stories told in our period at dinner tables referred to the notable, drawling bigot of high protection, William D. Kelley.

For several years there had appeared on the tariff list an article called alkakange, and by the name it was supposed to be some powerful drug, and to it was uniformly attached a high duty. Many times when the puissant committee reached this word, it was suggested to reduce the duty, but straightway the high tariff committeemen rose to their feet and denounced any attempt to interfere with the protection of this valuable article.

"Reduce the duty on alkakange," said Mr. Kelley, "and is it thus that the wages of the Ame-e-er-ek-e leaybereur are to re-de-euced? Is an inde-e-eus-te-re-y to be thus ruthlessly exposed to foreign ee-ompetition? I oppose the ame-endment of this duty, and call upon me berethren of the Kemeitee to jeoin me."

Up rises Horace Maynard:

"I move to raise the duties on alkakange from sixty to six hundred per cent!"

"Och! smithereens! bedad! hulebeloo!" cries Dionysius Dennis O'McCarthy, of Syracuse, speaking the nicest Portuguese accent, "is me heart's delight and the perride of me keuntry, alkakange to receive no protection? Shades of Blarney and Onondaga forbid it!"

"I am compelled," says Schenck, "to vote against any reduction of the time-honored duty on alkakange. At this time, in particular, it requires our most delicate nurturing!"

Mr. Hooper puts his hand in his rearward coat-tail pocket, and says he:

"Alkakange was regarded by James Otis, Samuel Adams, Cotton Mather, and Oakes Ames, as worthy of the fostering care of the nation. Duty and tradition compel me to vote for its retention, but at this special juncture I do not feel called upon to say that it requires more protection."

"The lumber forests of Michigan," says Austin Blair, "murmur through their vast recesses: protect our tenderest sister, the pride of our solitude, alkakange!"

Now, a few months ago, some obstinate free trader, coming to the name "alkakange," said aloud:

"What in the devil is Alkakange, anyhow?"

"Deoes the geenteil mean neot kneow?" said Kelley.

"Here's freshness!" says Austin Blair.

"Bludanouns!" cries McCarthy, "did ye iver hear sich ignerince?"

"Alkakange!" says Maynard, "need never ask the friends of our industry to describe it."

But this implicable free trader sent for an unabridged dictionary, and looking it all through, he found no such word as alkakange. He got no more instruction from a cyclopædia. He asked in vain of Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Science and Arts. The faces of the committee grew very long. Some one suggested that any druggist's apprentice could tell.

So they sent to New York for a first-class chemist, and paid him mileage and per diem, and said he:

"It's my belief that there's no such thing in all the length and breadth of pharmacopiæ!"

Here the high tariff folks exhibited indications of collapse.

At last they raked out of the gulf of the Government print-

ing office an ancient proof-reader, and asked him to account for alkakange.

He put on three pairs of spectacles and a green shade over his eyes, and took up the printed list.

"Well," he said, "this beats natur and Gineral Jackson, in whose administration I was appinted. Gentlemen, nineteen years ago, a lot of quods, quoins, leads, and odd type, that we used to ballast the tariff forms with, ris up onexpected, through the fat matter of the tariff list, and they accidently spelled out the word alkakangie. I 'spose that you've bin a laying big duties on alkakangie ever since!"

The old proof-reader put his hands on his hips, took off his spectacles, and laid down on the floor of the Ways and Means Committee, and laughed, and rolled for the space of an hour. By the time he got up, Kelley had been round to the Government Printing Office and got him discharged.

A special meeting of the committee was at once called, and Mr. McCarthy rose:

"I move ye, sur, that the article known as alkakange be put upon the fraa list!"

"I object, says Horace Maynard—"move to substitute 500 per cent."

The fixed institutions of the Government, however humble the domain, contain so much talent, vitality, and, we might add, beauty, that it seems criminal to permit them to become the prey of political adventurers. Take the Treasury Department, for example, where several hundred female clerks are kept, many of them graceful and pure women, often of martial parentage. If the Federal Government were itself a thing of dignity, and threw around these dames and graces its protecting arm, we should hear no more of polluted creatures being introduced into that society, to answer the ends of some sensualist, who can come to Congress to the misfortune of his country. Here is a little piece of poetry which may serve to round our chapter, and give a sketch of the widow working in the Treasury, counting the public money:

The Lady of the Treasury.

1 Far up within that dungeon strong,
Where Cræsus doth his hoard enclose,
She counts the bank-notes all day long,
And keeps the tally as she goes;
Her hand upon a sponge she wets,
To turn the precious paper freer,
And all the statesmen's grim vignettes
Grow amorous as they seem to see her.

2. No nymph nor maid that Darley drew
Has form more flowing, nobler mien,
Eyes of a softer, rarer hue,
Or face so conscious, yet serene;
Though won and worn she once has been,
And widow's colors yet attire her,
Her virgin blush returns again,
To see a fine, bold man admire her.

3. Not often does her mind return
Along the path of comforts fled.
And if sometimes her lone heart yearn
For that first love, her soldier dead,
Life is too ripe for long lament;
No ghosts reproachful o'er her hover;
The strong, benignant Government
She feels about her like a lover.

4. No mother's hands will toil demean
Who gives her orphan boys support;
Her window looks down on the green
Grass, growing in an inner court,
And there upon one lonesome tree
A mother bird sings fast as can it—
So does her heart sing cheerily
Within these gloomy bars of granite.

5. No prude is she, to seek and pry
If each one round her be a saint;
She knows her own soul pure and high,
And nothing else can do her taint;

She knows what dear temptations vex
This weak and craving nature human,
And how the mighty spell of sex
O'ercomes a lonely, loving woman.

6. Yet does she keep some equal snare,
She knows the woman's power to charm:
A ribbon fluttering in her hair;
The white revealment of her arm;
The scepter of her slender shoe,
To make the pulse leap of the oldest;
The lifted lashes, showing through,
Mischievous eyes to thrill the boldest.

7. And well she knows not bonds, nor stocks,
Nor bullion, merely, bring so oft
Sly Mullett, or Comptroller Knox,
Or cunning Boutwell to her croft.
Her intuition teaches that
The statesman still is but a sinner,
And Mammon drops his key to chat
As readily as General Spinner.

8. Oh! lucre, hast thou such romance?
Oh! happy greenback, worn and old!
Redeemed by her countenance,
And by her touch made par with gold,
What money curfent is like thee?
What promise hath so fair imprint?
What first Lord of the Treasury
Is like our Lady of the Mint?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EXCURSIONS IN THE POTOMAC COUNTRY.

A neighbor of mine, possessed of a good horse, came to my house one Sunday afternoon and asked me to go over the field and dueling-ground of Bladensburg with him. I took the reins, the road being an old one to me, and in fifteen minutes we were across the Eastern Branch of the Potomac.

I need not tell any of your readers who possess the luxury of a map that a mile below Washington City the Potomac receives a tributary called the East Branch. The East Branch, so called to distinguish it from the North and the South Branch of the main Potomac—which unite near Cumberland, more than one hundred miles above Washington—was originally named the Anacostia; but, except as painted on the front of a suburban engine house, which stands near the East Branch, "Anacostia" is an obsolete term. Formerly the East Branch was navigable several miles above Washington and large vessels cleared from Bladensburg piers to the West Indies and to Liverpool. But its length is insignificant—less than that of Bull Run or Antietam Creek. It is a cove merely, taking advantage of some flats to overflow them, and above Bladensburg it divides into a pair of brooks, frothy after a rain, but in fair weather merely rills.

From the city to Bladensburg by that nearer route which the militia retreated by—the British after them hard—and by which carriage loads of insulted honor trotted to Bladensburg with one flash of powder and twenty flasks of cock-tails to each—it is no

more than five miles. In the present instance, however, we crossed the East Branch and followed its farther bank to the village, by which our way led through more novel scenery, but was prolonged by several miles.

The East Branch divides the city from the peninsula of darkness. On this side are the spires and haze of the metropolis, the dome of the Capitol in the midst of its basin, like an egg end-upwards in a bird's nest, and all the instances and articles of life, society and human contact push to the water side. Beyond the East Branch is a squalid suburb, scrambling up barren hills, a lunatic asylum, a horse-boiling factory, deserted earthen forts. Behind that wall of hills is the wilderness of Edom, the land of Wilkes Booth's ride toward the coast, the cape of Point Lookout. A little old creaking stage goes every day through the clefts of those hills, carrying a haggard mail-bag. Every night it comes back from Marlboro, or Leonardstown, or Port Tobacco, like an old hunch-backed hermit from a land of caves and ghosts. What it saw behind there, in the starved peninsula, no one prefers to guess. Perhaps the face of Dr. Mudd, telling the neighbors at his gate about the Dry Tortugas. Perhaps the woman at Port Tobacco whose heathen children wear the likeness of the hanged Atzerodt. Perhaps John Lloyd at the old Surratt Tavern, who hears every night in his dreams the voice of his landlady saying: "Get them shooting irons ready for to-night. They will be called for!"

Whatever the visions on the roadside or in the woods which are beheld by the driver of this old stage, he always looks to me leaner, more solemn and more mysterious every time he comes through those hill-clefts. Now and then he has a passenger who seems to have been rescued from captivity, some sunburnt and hairy Selkirk or Crusoe, wild-eyed, as if used to hearing only crows and parrots talk. The mail-bag is like a hollow belly, a very weazen of a pouch, as if it were the sack of a scavenger in Sahara. It looks like a mail-bag for whom nobody waits when the stage, with its old driver, creeps into the little

Cross-Roads Post-Office, where the Postmaster, perhaps, carries the Post-Office in his hat.

"Any letter for me?" says some old crone or prodigal son exiled off there to keep swine, coming up with this listless inquiry once a month.

"Yes," says the Postmaster, producing the Post-Office out of his hat, "hyur's one tolabul old, and I reckon it's a dead letter."

"But it ought to be alive, considerin' whom it came from!" says the prodigal son: and this joke makes the old cross-roads cheer up as if a ghastly blue light had been set off in the dark.

We cross the East Branch bridge over the same planks which echoed to the hoofs of Booth's and Harold's horses. We pass the guard-house of heavy, bark-covered timbers, loopholed, standing yet, where Booth was challenged. We leave to the right the turnpike road he fled along in the night, going down into the necks and swamps of Charles County—pain in his broken ankle, the fresh ecstacy of his first murder in his temples, the thought of the aroused theatre behind, and Death stalking in to stop the play like the most stirring actor of them all. We turn northward along that bank of the East Branch opposite Washington, and versatile landscapes lie along our road. Now from some crest we see the city across the water, with Arlington crowned far beyond it, and Georgetown College turretts standing in the plumage of sunset. Now we descend into some nook, where nature has not one neighbor, except some fish-hawk, struggling to a blasted tree-top with a herring in its beak. There the cannibal bird eats screaming, as if revenge were in its appetite; and round the base of its column lies rotting timber, swept down by frequent freshets from the old forts above.

Again we rise through a ravine to a hill, where we are almost level with the nearest breastwork, and can look through its falling embrasures. Some negro has built himself a cabin of the timbers of its bomb-proof, and the gray smoke curls into patches of fir trees, where his hut clings to the heights preca-

riously. Turning again toward the city, we see, across the river, the Poor House of Washington.

Looking still across the river we see in a darker wrinkle of the grassy bluffs the Cemetery of Congress, of little repute in these days of greater places of interest, but good enough to take the bones of mighty George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry, two of our Vice-Presidents, and of William Wirt. Now in an unpopular quarter the grave-yard gets only the bones of private souls, and therefore ancient fame has some show in it beyond the reach of shoddy and "style." (See p. 639.)

A railroad from Washington to Baltimore, and the lower necks of Maryland crosses the Eastern Branch under the tourist's eye.

Wirt was born in Bladensburg, a hamlet which now bears out the reputation of Nazareth. As we keep steadily toward it, the river breaks in view to our left sometimes, widening in a meadow, deepening under a woody bluff, flowing narrowly between the bushes and willows. On the right the heights are vigorous with timber. The rains have cut broad, marshy swaths, of the width of a broad city street, round the caps of these heights, and above the bridge we have crossed two miles or more, in one of these marshy coves, lies the duelling ground of Graves and Cilley.

You cannot cure the Bladensburg and Washington villagers of their belief that this duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, a Democrat, and W. T. Graves, of Kentucky, a Whig, was fought on any other spot than the regular dueling ground at Bladensburg. It was in truth fought here in Marlboro, and one of its survivors, Mr. Jones, of Wisconsin, Cilley's second, walked over the ground with a newspaper reporter several years ago. He paced the distance, if I am not misinformed, placed the men in imagination, again, and related the story with the vivid interest of an actor in it. In like manner, Aaron Burr is said to have exhibited the battle ground on Weehawken Heights, where he killed Hamilton, and told with the last minuteness the circumstances of the tragedy. More people live

who figured on this site of Cilley's death than survive almost any historical combat.

First, there is James Watson Webb, our late noisy Minister Resident at Rio Janeiro, and the especial pet of Mr. Seward; he was the original challenger of Cilley. He lives on in boisterous vitality, and Cilley has been dead more than thirty years. Webb's quarrel was the cause of Cilley's death as much as if I had put a substitute into battle, and he had been shot in my place. The report of Congress extant upon this subject says:

"The committee entertain no doubt that James Watson Webb has been guilty of a breach of privilege of the House; but they also concur unanimously in the opinion that if there be any real ground to believe that a conspiracy to assassinate Mr. Cilley actually existed, as set forth in an atrocious paper drawn up by him, signed by his friends, sworn to and published in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, he be left to the chastisement of the court of law and of public opinion, and that the House will consult its own dignity and the public interest by bestowing on him no further notice."

In this elastic world, however, public opinion goes backward often, and Mr. Webb has had his full share of honors despite the opinion of Congress. One of our Presidents, Jackson, and one of our Vice-Presidents, Burr, have killed people in duels. Jackson was nevertheless raised to the Chief Magistracy.

Next, there live of the family of the successful duelist, Mr. Graves, his widow and several children. The present writer has had the pleasure of being a visitor at the house of Mr. Graves so recently as 1868. It is in Louisville, and is now the home of a son-in-law, Mr. Osborne, a journalist. Said the latter to me on that occasion:

"Mr. Gath, Mrs. Graves never knew her husband's whereabouts on the day of that duel till that duel was done."

Next, there exist both the rifles used on that field, and the fatal one is possessed by the heirs of John C. Rives, who lived but a mile or two from the place of conflict.

And lastly, old Henry A. Wise is living, Graves's second, himself hanging on to life by the ears and eyelids, and soon to be summoned into the presence of old John Brown. In this duel he was the industrious bagpipe.

I stood on this lonely spot a few days ago, as I have said, and thought again how contemptible every man in the affray must have felt, when Cilley dropped his rifle with a groan, cried to the next man, "I am shot," pressed both hands upon his wound and fell dead. The scene of the beastly tournament is not known to be such by any of the neighbors now. It is lonely as if cursed, but the "affair of honor" is an old barnyard tradition, long expired, at least in that neighborhood.

On another occasion, I rode with Mr. E. B. Wight, a fellow-correspondent, to Surrattsville, ten miles from the end of the Eastern Branch bridge.

I had gone down to the old town of Upper Marlborough, a venerable and ague-ridden place, the county-seat of Prince George, where Reverdy Johnson studied law. This county formerly contained more slaves and shipped more tobacco than any in Maryland. The road from Washington to Marlborough has been macadamized and graveled since the war, and it is now one of the best roads in the region of the city. There is little to be seen on the way except the Hamlet of Long Old Field, where both the British and the American armies bivouaced in 1814. Beyond this point the old road by which the British advanced, is discerned winding along the way like a hidden brook all overgrown with rank shade. Marlborough has not at present above three hundred people, though it formerly had five times as many. The "Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, while seeking to recover a citizen of Marlborough whom the British had carried off on their retreat, for breaking his cartel, and firing on their rear,—one Doctor Beans. Key undertook to obtain his release, and was carried on the British fleet to Baltimore where he witnessed the bombardment and sketched the song.

After looking into the old court-house and the three grave-

yards of Marlborough, and seeing the negroes carousing on Saturday night around the stores, and making a night's rest on a hard bed, we drove back in the morning nearly to Long Old Field, and then taking a by-road to the south passed many Catholic farmers riding to church on horseback, and changed our direction at the Wood-yard.

The Wood-yard stands at the source of Piscataway Creek, and near by the ground is marshy. An old mill, mill-race, and a couple of deserted barns are within a few furlongs distance in an old sloping field. The aspect of the place is dismal, except that a large dwelling surveys a part of the scenery from a mounds hill above the deep dell of the stream. Here the American army tarried a time awaiting the British, under General Ross. The movements were about as follows: Commodore Barney, with four hundred men, sailors and marines, marched into Upper Marlborough, on the evening of August 21, 1814, and left it next morning for American position at the Wood-yard, where he was joined by Captain Miller, with eighty marines, and five pieces of artillery. The British were now advancing directly upon the Wood-yard, but suddenly they turned off to the right and advanced upon Marlborough, when immediately the American army marched by the left, and encamped that night at Long Old Field, or "Battalion Old Field." Barney's fleet was blown up a few miles from Marlborough, on the 22d. The same night the President and several of the heads of departments slept close in the rear of the army, of about 3,200 men, and President Madison reviewed them on the morning of the 23d, and made a speech. Nearly all the army remained this day at Old Field, while General Winder proceeded with Major Peter, and a small body to skirmish with the British, near the present hamlet of Centreville. At sunset the whole army abandoned Long Old Field, after one day's occupation, and before midnight crossed the Eastern Branch bridge, and entered Washington. Nearly at the same time, the British coming up to the Long Old Field, passed through it wheeled to the right, and were in quick march for

Bladensburg, where the fight began next morning. On the night of the 25th, the British moved back by the same road to Marlborough, and near Long Old Field, rested the forenoon of the 26th, wholly worn out with marching and fighting. That night they reposed again in Marlborough, and much of the next day.

Three miles to the South of the Wood-yard, on higher grounds and a sandy plain, is the point celebrated more than half a century after the Wood-yard had been commemorated as Surrattsville. A frame dwelling of commodious size, at a cross-roads, with a blacksmith shop and two houses adjacent, in the midst of small forest clearing, with a peach-orchard, the peach-orchard at that side of the house which was formerly a tavern, bar, and post-office. There was nothing remarkable about the house; it was painted white, and a neat yard and front porch, with some pigeon-boxes and small oaks, cedars, and locusts stood at hand. While making a sketch of the house, the proprietor came out and told us that John Surratt was teaching school at Frederick, and John Lloyd, who kept tavern here on the fatal afternoon and night when Mrs. Surratt, Booth, and Harold drove out from Washington, was now living in the latter city. At the time we spoke, tobacco hogsheads were strewn around the lawn—that same lawn on which Mrs. Surratt had halted her buggy, and, dismounting, told Lloyd to have them shooting-irons ready, as they would be called for that night; the same lawn on which Booth and Harold had paused near midnight of that same day, Booth crying out triumphantly: "Do you want to hear some news? we have murdered the President and the Secretary of State!"

The story of this house, briefly given, is this: It was built by Mrs. Surratt's husband who was not a Catholic, while she was a convert. During the war, the tavern being conveniently near Washington, and on the road to the lower necks of the Potomac, became a rebel post-office and stopping-place, for spies, Jews, and all manner of inter-plyers. Mrs. Surratt removed to Washington, and it is believed that her house there,

in the neighborhood of the Patent Office, was also a way-place for blockade-runners. Late in the war, a man named John M. Lloyd took the tavern and kept it as a drinking place, although he was a farmer. Lloyd testified that a few weeks before the assassination, Surratt, Harold, and Atzerodt came to his house and Surratt brought two carbines with ammunition, a rope about three times a man's length, and a monkey wrench. Surratt asked Lloyd to conceal those articles, took Lloyd into a room he had never been in, immediately above the store-room, in the back part of the building. They were hidden under the joists of the second floor, by Surratt's direction. Some time elapsed until Lloyd was riding to Washington, four days before the assassination, when he met Mrs. Surratt at the end of the bridge, and she told him to get the shooting irons out ready, as they would be wanted very soon. It is probable that the conspirators had, up to this time, designed to abduct Mr. Lincoln, and expected to tie or hang him with the rope they had secured. But when Booth suddenly resolved to kill Mr. Lincoln, at the theatre, he sent Mrs. Surratt on the afternoon of April 14th, with a field-glass, to tell John Lloyd to have the shooting-irons, as she called them, ready for that night, as some parties would call for them. Mrs. Surratt was driven out to her farm by Lewis Weichmann, a boarder in her house, and a government clerk, who had been a school-mate of her son. Weichmann testified that as they were going to take the buggy at Mrs. Surratt's city house, Booth talked to Mrs. Surratt in the parlor. The twain left Washington about half-past two o'clock, got to Surrattsville about half-past four, and there found Lloyd who had just returned from court at Marlborough, bringing in some fish and oysters. While Weichmann loitered at the bar and around the yard, Mrs. Surratt went into the house, and Lloyd says that she gave him a field-glass, and told him to have two bottles of whisky, and the shooting-irons ready, as some parties would call for them that night.

About midnight that Friday, or within six hours after Mrs. Surratt left the tavern, Harold, Booth's traveling companion,

burst into the old tavern and said, "Lloyd, for God's sake, make haste and get those things." Lloyd looked out on his yard, and in the moonshine he saw a man on a light-colored horse. He was told that this man had his leg broken, and therefore only one of the carbines was requested. Everybody was excited, according to the evidence, and Harold and Booth drank the better part of a bottle of whisky. Lloyd was already drunk when he got back from Marlborough. Stopping no more than five minutes, the two guilty outlaws galloped down the neck of Charles County. The next day, soldiers from Washington reconnoitered all around Surrattsville, and passed further down the County, and on Sunday night the tavern was searched and after several days of obstinate silence and denial, Lloyd related the secret at last. The two outlaws rode that night through the hamlets of Tee Bee and Beantown, to a doctor's house, in the edge of Bryantown, thirty miles from Washington. Harold knocked at Dr. Mudd's door, at day-break, and Mudd and Harold helped Booth off his horse, took him into the house and set his leg. Booth also shaved off his mustache, and Dr. Mudd improvised a pair of crutches for him. Mudd had been acquainted with Booth in Washington, and they had been seen to have confidential interviews at the National Hotel. That Saturday morning, after two or three hours' rest, Booth and Harold got into Zachariah, or Zekiah Swamp, and Mudd denied any knowledge of Booth as late as the following Tuesday. Booth left his boot in the house with "J. Wilkes" written inside it, and this was found when Mudd was arrested one week afterwards.

Of Booth and Harold nothing more is known with certainty for several days. Extracts from Booth's diary, the nature of the country, and the period of their disappearance would indicate that in the pain and fever of his broken leg, Booth remained in the neighborhood of Zekiah Swamp, and Allen's Fresh, near the present Terminus at Pope's Creek, of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad. He may have been harbored by some of Mudd's acquaintances, and this was a strong position,

almost surrounded by the waters of the Wicomico and the Potomac, in a country sparsely settled. One week after the murder, on Friday, a whiteman's canoe disappeared from near Swan Point, and the same afternoon some men at work in Westmoreland county, Virginia, only a few miles from the birth-place of Washington, saw two men land, tie the boat's rope to a stone and fling it ashore, and strike at once across a ploughed field, in the direction of King George's Court House. These facts were reported to Washington, and a small detachment of cavalry and two detective police were despatched on Monday, the eleventh day after the assassination, to Ball Plain to cut off the fugitives. If there was any logic in Booth's course he probably designed to cross the State of Virginia through the mountain country, and work his way amongst the mountains to the Gulf or to Texas. He had killed his horse in the Maryland swamps, and crippled, sick, and without other companions than a mere boy, his prospects were gloomy enough. He crossed the Rappahannock river with some Confederate cavalry just disbanded, and laid up at a farm-house, near the hamlet of Bowling Green. There the cavalry party, commanded by Lieutenant Doherty, surrounded him in a barn, in the dark of the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth day after the assassination. Young Harold gave himself up. The barn was set on fire, and Booth, shot by a soldier named Boston Corbett, expired just after sunrise, on the porch of Garrett's Virginia farmhouse.

Payne, the assassin of Seward, was too late to get across the Eastern Branch bridge, and, riding to the forts north of Washington, abandoned his horse, took up a pick, and in a clumsy disguise returned to Mrs. Surratt's house just as the officers had arrested her. A fellow named Atzerodt, who was appointed to kill Andrew Johnson, and who lived at Port Tobacco, a low place in Charles county, was arrested at the house of one Richter, near Germanstown, Montgomery county, northwest of Washington. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Harold, and Atzerodt, were hanged. John Surratt escaped to Canada, and

thence to Rome and Egypt. He possibly might have saved his mother's life by giving himself up for her, but he was a worthless fellow, and a civil jury failed to convict him. He illustrated his entire contemptibility of assassination by delivering lectures on the subject in the year 1869.

It appears to have been shown to the cooler judgment of men that the assassination of President Lincoln was no matter to which the Confederate Government was accessory. Wilkes Booth was the conceiver and chief of the whole affair. He was the son of an actor of Jacobin tendencies, who was fond of playing Brutus, and was accustomed to mistake himself for that character, to the risk of his fellow actors. *John Wilkes* Booth, named for a violent London politician, grew up with a stagey code of morals, and had been a volunteer against John Brown's band. Of a subtle and diseased nature, enamored of the Confederacy, proud of his physical powers, and seeking illustrious notoriety, he aimed to become a historical personage, and he has succeeded; but mankind has not seen fit to place him in the list with Brutus. He belonged to the dark line of Ravaiiac, Lorenzino de Medici, Guy Fawkes, and Balthasar Gerard.

Returning to the theme of Surrattsville, I may give a scrap of conversation which I held in 1867, with Lewis J. Weichmann, who told me of his first visit to Surrattsville, while Mrs. Surratt inhabited the tavern, one year or more before the murder. He said as follows:

"It was on a Friday afternoon, in March, rainy and dreary, when at last I went down to Surrattsville, with John. He came for me in a buggy, and the road was so rutty and miry that we were four hours on the way. On coming in sight of the house, I was miserably disappointed. The theme of so much panegyric was a solitary frame tavern, at a cross-road, a few sheds and barns around it, and a hitching stall, and a peach orchard reaching behind. The farm consisted of 300 acres, and it was afterward let, with the tavern, for $600 a year. A small porch stood in the middle, on which opened a

hall reaching quite through the house. At the foot of this hall, to the left, was the bar-room and post-office, with a door opening upon one of the cross roads, and to the right were the parlor and dining room. Altogether there were eight rooms, comfortably furnished. Mrs. Surratt received me pleasantly, and we had a good warm supper, after which I went awhile to the bar-room, where there were some of the Rebel farmers of the neighborhood, come to get their letters, to lounge, and to play cards. John kept the bar, and we had a game with two Jewish persons, who had carpet-bags with them. These carpet-bags Mrs. Surratt came in and removed. Their owners left before day-light next morning, and one of them, named Jacobs, was arrested, crossing the Potomac, with $50,000 upon him. Mrs. Surratt was proud, and counted her beads a great deal. She was a convert, and not an original Catholic, and her husband was a Protestant till his death, which happened of apoplexy in August, 1862. There were three or four negroes about the place ; it was a dull, cross-roads' existence, but pleasant for a day or two to a stranger. Next morning, at daylight we were awakened by very beautiful music. It was a brass band, come out from the Washington Navy Yard, to serenade the Democratic county officers just elected. Among the hangers-on was a seedy, frowsy, monkey-faced boy, whom Surratt introduced to me as Mr. Harold. He came in with the rest, took a drink, and went further up the road with them. I left the house on Monday, pleased with my visit, and we stopped at a drug store by the Navy-Yard, Surratt and I, to get a cigar. The boy, Harold, was clerk there. Surratt told me, on the way, that his brother, Isaac Surratt, an engineer, had left his home on the 7th of March, 1861, at the news of Lincoln's inauguration, and gone to Texas, where he had been ever since in the Confederate service."

Allison Nailor, jr., told me, in 1873, that he hired to Harold the single-footed racker which Booth rode on the night of the murder of President Lincoln. Harold had been introduced to Nailor by Atzerodt, who kept his horses at Nailor's stables.

This man Mr. Nailor describes to have been a low-flung German, almost Jewish in his nature, who traded in horses and was a great coward, but yet might serve the purposes of a conspiracy in case he could make anything out of it and go at liberty. He belonged to that class of men who would take advantage of a condition of war to rob, outrage; and, if necessary, murder prisoners and non-combatants, and yet had no manliness. Mr. Nailor says that his horse was kept out for so long a time that his man was apprehensive that the hirer had got drunk, and being in some manner responsible for the horse kept the stable open and listened to hear him. Late in the evening he heard two horses come down Pennsylvania Avenue around the Treasury building, and one of them he knew by the time of the step to be the horse loaned to Harold. On the east side of 14th street the stableman presented himself as if to stop the horses. Seeing him Harold and his companion turned sharply to the left and went at a high rate of speed up the side of Willard's Hotel, and, turning into F street passed out towards the Navy Yard. Mr. Nailor feels satisfied that the man with Harold was Payne or Powell, and that they were just then returning from the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward. Harold staid outside while Payne undertook to enter the house and do the work.

Mr. Nailor's man immediately returned to the stable and saddling a horse rode out toward the Navy Yard bridge. He had heard Harold and Atzerodt talk together in the afternoon about lower Maryland, and supposed that a drunk was going on and the favorite horse of the stable was being ridden down into those country necks. He proceeded along and having crossed Capitol Hill, when he got to the Navy Yard bridge, the guard told him that two persons had just crossed over and that one of them rode such a horse as he described; this proved that Booth and Harold had met beforehand at or about Ford's Theater and that they had changed horses, Booth taking Nailor's horse. The guard said to Mr. Nailor's man: "You can go over the bridge if you want to, but the countersign will be given out

before you come back and you cannot return to-night. Satisfied from the description that he had got on the track of the parties, the stableman returned, and as he came down the Avenue saw groups of people, and when near the stable heard some one say that one of the murderers had ridden out of town on a single-footed racking horse. Mr. Naylor never got his pony, and believes from the evidence that when Booth was about to escape across the Potomac he rode it down into the swamp and shot it. He never demanded the horse, being glad to keep out of the Old Capitol Prison, for such was the panic at that time on the subject of the assassination that nobody had a chance for justice. Booth's horse had been hired in the rear of the National Hotel, at Pumphreys; it was a blackish bay, and he never returned it.

It may be interesting reading while on this subject to describe a scene between a clergyman and Mr. Lincoln.

Dr. Byron Sunderland, a Vermonter, long resident at Washington as pastor of the First Presbyterian church, is a small, active, indignant gentleman, with a fierce patriotism that fathomed the pro-slavery spirit years before the war, and saw that no compromise could be expected with it but that made over its decapitated trunk. Accordingly, when Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, he and others of his congregation hastened to wait upon the President and urged him to take a determined philanthropic and patriotic front. The first of these visits was made by Mr. Zenos Robbins, a resident here for thirty years, but a native of New Hampshire.

Mr. Robbins had been acquainted with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was a Member of Congress, and he said to him in the White House the day before the call was issued for 75,000 men:

"Mr. President, we hope—all your friends hope—that there will be no more blank cartridges, but a square, direct, and powerful exhibition of the strength of the Government."

"Are those your opinions?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I suppose that you will be interested in the newspapers to-morrow!" said the President.

And next day the proclamation appeared.

In like manner, Mr. Robbins and Dr. Sunderland went to the White House a few days before the expiration of the time that the President had given the South to submit under penalty of emancipation.

Said Mr. Robbins:

"We are confident that you will come up to the mark, Mr. Lincoln."

"Oh," said the President, "I don't know about that. You know Peter denied his Master."

"I don't think you will, sir!" said Dr. Sunderland, promptly, "we are full of faith and prayer that you will make clean sweep for the Right."

Mr. Lincoln's face resolved into its half shrewd, half sad expression. He took a chair, and leaning toward the clergyman, said:

"Doctor, it's very hard sometimes to know what is right! You pray often and honestly, but so do those people across the lines. They pray and all their preachers pray devoutly. You and I do not think them justified in praying for their objects, but they pray earnestly, no doubt! If you and I had our own way, doctor, we would settle this war without bloodshed, but Providence permits blood to be shed. It's hard to tell what Providence wants of us. Sometimes we, ourselves, are more humane than the Divine mercy seems to us to be."

This familiar conversation exhibits the struggle in Lincoln's mind before the commission of any leading act of his administration. It shows that the act of emancipation was no mere military thunder, but a triumph over grave scruples, an anxiety to be vindicated and to do only right. It was an act counselled by thought and prayer, turned over in the wakefulness of night, subjected to the accusations and cavils of its own author and to the tests of argument and law, and like the solemn founding of the Plymouth State upon the Mayflower, it was among the soberest resolutions of history.

Mr. Robbins, of whom I have written, was the patent lawyer who obtained Mr. Lincoln's patent for lightening the draught of steamboats upon Western rivers, a patent applied for while Mr. Lincoln was a member of Congress, living here in comparative obscurity. Mr. Lincoln came into Mr. Robbins' office, at the corner of F and Seventh streets, with the model under his arm, and the same model now is one of the most precious relics of the Patent Office.

The water is often so low in Western rivers that steamers get aground and lie helpless for weeks. Mr. Lincoln's contrivance was to set air chambers under the guards, made of canvas or oilskin, and by inflating these to increase the buoyancy of the boat in the dry seasons. It is no reflection upon our genial martyr to say that his patent takes poor rank among inventions, but it shows that his mind was ever at work to do good, and this model is not the least of his monuments.

Andrew Johnson pardoned the remaining conspirators, if such they were, Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Spangler in 1867 and permitted the bones of the rest to be disinterred.

Mrs. Surratt's body was exhumed and decently buried. It was decomposed to a shriveled pulp of mummy, and a worm-befriending skeleton. The head was turned aside, as by the wrench of the rope; the gaiters on her feet were in mouldy preservation; the hair was luxuriant as in life. The relics were put in a coffin and interred north of the city in a shady cemetery, where her grave will often be the inspiration of a thrill or a paragraph.

The fate of this woman will be investigated in the future with keen interest, but I incline to the belief that it will meet with posterity's acquiescence as pitiful, only because she was a woman, but deserved because she was privy to the murder of a just and blameless ruler. Some Albert Smith may turn her memory over, and with it make a heroine to match Brinvilliers; but the greater halo of the murdered President will make her grave, if not a shunned, an unhallowed, spot forever. In common life she was a woman without romance, without

character or affections, eminent enough for illustration, with little beauty; and between a country tavern and a lodging-house in town, the poet must spin her *misericordia*. Art is long, but it will scarcely pass the benignant statue to apostrophize the toadstool at his feet.

Wilkes Booth's body was finally dug up at the Penitentiary, Washington, and sent to Baltimore—a mass of corruption in a blanket, the head off the spine, part of the spine and one leg gone, but an old shoe and a boot remaining, and a suit of handsome short hair clinging to a skull! They put the carcass in the old stable where he kept his poor nag the night before the murder—the nag he rode like a demon across the bridge of Styx—and there behind the scene of his supposed glory he lay as he had lain the last night of his life, in a barn amongst the cattle.

Atzerodt's body was found to be a dissevered skull and a crooked spine. I saw this poor blabberer hanged, with a bag over his head not whiter than his bleached face. It was the poor white trash that did to death the great human Friend at last. Have mercy on them, who know not what they do!

Meantime Harold, the *pal* of Wilkes Booth, has been buried in the Congressional Cemetery, close by William Wirt, George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, and other great people. This seems to be a case of irreverent Gerrymandering. The old arsenal, where the assassins lie, has been pulled down. The great crime has passed out of the revenge into the pity of men.

The lower counties of Maryland are good but hilly roads. There are no taverns fit for lodging except at Port Tobacco, Leonardtown, and Marlborough. One has only to go fifteen miles out of Washington to find cross gates on all the roads which he must dismount and open. At the same time a kind of a rude hospitality prevails, and if the tourist will supply himself with a few bottles of whisky he can pay for his welcome. The new railroad system may have some effect on these old slave-holding Catholic countries, but they will come up slowly as they declined, like a patient after the typhus fever.

Quite a different country lies to the northwest of Washington, and this has also been opened by railway. As we have given some time to sketching the lower country we may jot down some points about Montgomery county.

The Metropolitan Branch railroad striking boldly across the county northwestward for forty-two miles, overtaking the Baltimore and Ohio old stem at Point of Rocks, will be of the greatest possible local advantage to Washington City. Our road to Baltimore, passing over a low country, chiefly alluvial, and by the beds of marshy and pestilential streams, has not developed a single town of importance. Laurel is the nearest approach to a settlement, and here are recent signs of animation around Annapolis Junction, but Bladensburg and Elkridge are no larger than they were in the administration of Jefferson, when the stage coach was our locomotive. The old road affords no healthy and convenient opportunities for villa-sites, and hence Washington has not a single railway suburb. Our resident people must send their families in the Summer to the North or the springs, while, if there were railway opportunities to reach the high grounds above Rockville, or the upper waters of Rock creek, or the terraces below Parr's bridge, many clerks, chiefs of bureaux, and business people would build country boxes and enjoy the society of their wives and children in the warmest weather. In fact, our only settlement of late birth and growth is what is known as Clerksville, out on the Rock Creek side; in that direction is our riding and sauntering done; by that cool valley lies our gate to the realms of Flora, and there are our finest country seats—as those of M. G. Emery, Alexander Shepherd, and Montgomery and Frank Blair.

Six miles from the city is "Silver Spring," the first station of importance, the estate of Francis Blair, Sr., lying off half a mile to the left, and the more modern estate of Montgomery Blair a few rods further. Francis Blair's place is one of the quaintest and completest in this part of America; a cottage house suited to the climate, surrounded by graperies, and conservatories, supplied with water by modern processes, orna

mented by shade and lawns, the hedges planted like palisades and miniature arborescent bastions, making the path to the house a delightful series of confrontings and surprises. Montgomery Blair's house is a bran new adjunct, standing on a high hill and showing its smart French roof to the sun. The station of Silver Spring is 350 feet above tide water, or about seventy feet higher than the dome of the Capitol.

Eight miles beyond Silver Spring is Rockville station, half a mile to the left of the railroad. Several fine old estates are seen from the road, such as the Compton House and Brent's Hall, both considered to be very respectable in their day. We already see in plain view the distant cone of Sugar Loaf Mountain, twenty-five miles to the west. Rockville is the court-house seat of what has generally been considered the poorest county of Maryland. From this point to the Monocacy the water supply is so unreliable that the railroad has been embarrassed as to its water stations. There are but two mills on the road, one at Rock Creek, the other at Big Seneca, beyond Rockville. The old county hamlet is a Maryland Catholic settlement, with a neat brick court-house set in shade trees and inclosed by an iron railing. Here are kept the records of pre-historic Washington and the provincial rolls of the subsequent District of Columbia. Over the site of this town passed a division of Braddock's army, marching from Alexandria to Frederick.

Near Gaithersville, at Middleburg Mills, is the estate of General Lingan, who was killed in Baltimore by the mob for supporting, with Henry Lee, the *Federal Republican* of Alexander Hanson, the organ against the war with England. He was the grand-father of Mr. James Lingan Randolph, the chief engineer of the Metropolitan Branch. Here, also, is another fine estate, said to be the property of Ogle Tayloe. There is good spring water at Gaithersburg, and fine building sites.

Barnesville is three miles from the base of Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is said to be 1,200 feet above the sea, a tall irregular knob like a bastion, at the angle of the escarpment

of Parr's Bridge, extended between it and the Monocacy, with a Creek flowing back on each side. The sides of the Mountain are scarcely passable to a mule; its summits are milk white, and this is said to be caused by the copious guano of the innumerable buzzards which roost there, and which may be seen every morning starting off by hundreds to their daily revelry amongst the distributed carrion of the plains. The Metropolitan and the old stem branches are here thirteen miles apart. The mountain is a coast-survey station, and forms the triangulation by the help of hills at Laurel, Manassas, and a fourth hill eight miles below Washington on the Potomac.

The Pittsburg extension has been engineered by Mr. Latrobe, the first great railway engineer in the United States, and the author of the principle of building arched viaducts on curves, as at the Relay House. He is the first engineer who ever grappled with mountain grades, having laid the first rails on the Alleghenies. The main elements of his character are minuteness, accuracy, diligence, and perseverance. He is bold, but never visionary, and moves upon the sure tilts of the nine digits to all his fine performances. He was Chief Engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from 1836 to 1856, and has still dark hair and great vigor, although sixty-five years of age. He is said to be comparatively poor, though his deserts are millions.

The Metropolitan line is the work of Chief Engineer James Lingan Randolph, who entered the service of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in 1836, and has since been engineer of the Sunbury and Erie, the Blue Ridge (S. C.,) and the Columbus and Georgia road. His home is at Martinsburg, West Virginia, but his mother resides in Washington. He is the brother-at-law of General D. H. Strother, or "Porte Crayon."

The regions back of Washington City in Maryland, on whatever side, are susceptible of improvement by being cultivated in small patches, and the cheap prices of land ought to compensate settlers for the general sterility. Before Washington

City grew to be a market, land anywhere in Montgomery County could be bought for from three dollars to five dollars an acre. At present the land near Rockville is held at from twelve dollars to fifty dollars, and the gravel hills near Washington bring even five hundred dollars. Hay is the best crop the Montgomery County farmers make. Good poultry is raised all through this region and finds a market here. The worst features of this county are the scarcity of water, and the absence of rock, by whose decomposition the soil acquires constant accessions of strength. There is not a good quarry this side of Harper's Ferry. The vicious system of agriculture practiced here for one hundred years has so exhausted the land that it must be fed, as one said, "with guano and phosphates, just as pigs are fed." The silex, so abundant in this soil, will make stalk but not fruit. The system of burning stubble and brush in this region is conceived in ignorance, for the valuable vegetable elements of these go off in gases, and are lost, instead of being retained by rotting in compost heaps. This county needs the German farmer, with his practical knowledge, economy, and persistence. Maryland, as an agricultural state, is fifty years behind Pennsylvania and New York, yet it is as capable of as much good as the plains of Flanders.

The Virginia side of the Potomac is, in some respects, more agreeable than the parts of Maryland we have described. The lower Appalachian range, called indifferently the Catochin and the Bull Run Mountains, crosses the Potomac at right angles and can be seen a few miles back of Alexandria presenting many noble scarps, profiles, and prospects. The roads have declined, however, and one had much better ride on horseback if he wishes to get the best ideas and have reasonable comfort. The Occoquan River, which gives much of the drainage to these hills, is by turns sombre, gloomy, and dashing, and two railroads lead into the region, one of which terminates beyond Leesburg while the other proceeds to Quantico in the region of Mount Vernon. At the risk of making a chapter unduly capacious we shall sketch Mount Vernon as it was and is.

To visit Mount Vernon is still a great privilege. Only one man has since arisen to vie with Washington, in the love and gratitude of the people, and his home is a practical frame house, of a disagreeable mud color, on the muddy street of an unfinished half-city. All of Mr. Lincoln that is memorable to the eye is found in Washington City. But Mount Vernon is still the same noble tide-water estate, on one of our elder rivers, and the sceneries which lie around it smell of the Atlantic and bear the flavor of a past great age. We shall probably never have a place of pilgrimage, take it for all in all, to equal this, and those who revere Lincoln most truly, hold as faithfully their allegiance to him who was first in the first war.

A little steamboat with a weak backbone, plies daily to Mount Vernon from Washington. The "Arrow" can carry two hundred people, and her daily complement is not above sixty. It is fifteen miles from the Capital to the shrine, and the fare is $1.50, of which a third goes to the Mount Vernon Association. There is a poor restaurant upon the boat, and she is chartered by Mr. Sykes, a proprietor of Willard's Hotel. You embark from the foot of Seventh Street,—a rather dreary set of piers, and one or two nearly condemned old steamboats lying by, with a few dilapidated mansions looking down upon them from the clay bluffs, and when, at half past 10 A. M., the whistle has blown for the last time, you may sit on deck and look back at the portico and grove of Arlington, the low, rickety Long bridge, and the Virginia forts. Passing close into the Maryland shore you see the site of Mrs. Surratt's execution, and the acres of shot and cannon upon the lawn of the Arsenal. Up the Eastern Branch, whose mouth you pass, is seen the Navy Yard, the bridge crossed by Booth on Good Friday night, and the Lunatic Asylum, looking like a palace on a steep. Relics of the war are observed, for many a mile, in broken wharves, erected at great expense, and now broken up for fuel; in the forests cut off to the stumps to give artillery space for play, and in pounds for horses; fields trampled bare by camps, and always the high, naked hills upholding their airy ramparts two

hundred feet above the water. We pull up at Alexandria, and all are interested to see a sign on a brick house, of George Washington.

There are some negroes and hack-drivers on the wharf, many shad boats, some Canada ships, very large and noble-looking, but no American ships. Ours have all foundered by the weight of pig-iron piled upon them. The town is still a city, but a silent one. Hark! and up the grass-grown streets you can see the ghosts of the handcuffed negroes go, doffing their century of curses. Everything looks old and waiting,—waiting for the curse to be removed from the ground. All Virginia now takes up the negroes' cry: "How long, oh Lord! how long!" We leave behind the grassy battery of Alexandria, where cows eat the moss from the broken gun-carriages, the lighthouse spire, and the Cameron Cove, and, crossing to Maryland again, stop at Fort Foote, the only earthwork of the war still kept in order and garrisoned. It is a strong position, flanked by a bay and swamp, and steep as the heights of Abraham at Quebec. Four miles below, on the same side, is Fort Washington, a stone work, blown up in 1814, but now restored and bristling with guns, and as picturesque a spot as one can see. The river, meantime, has been growing steadily wider and nobler, expanding into still, white lakes and bays, with bold, wooded shores, and many ancient mansions set amongst the chestnuts and oaks, look down from the bluffs and mounds hills upon the sails, which tack and veer, the tug-boats, puffing to drive their coal barges onward; the shad fishers, pulling long sweeps, twenty men to a boat, and the net playing out astern, and lying upon the bosom of the water like a necklace of carbuncles, while all the beachy shores are set with windlasses and huts where they are winding in the nets and salting the shad and herring. In the midst of these far, white vistas and peaceful pursuits, Mount Vernon is planted amidst the hallowed timber-trees of its former inhabitant, whose body is now a part of their juices and whose spirit is speaking in their noble foliage.

"Seventy odd years he has been dead," says a Senator as

we catch the first glimpse of the yellow mansion, with its red roof, cupola, and tall, slender pilasters, and all the passengers cease to speak, and look up at the natural lawn, dense with forest shade to the water's edge. We come to rest at a little pier, and, while the "Arrow" proceeds to further landings, we begin to climb a gentle gravelly path, which takes the advantage of ravine and brook, to mount to the plateau of Mount Vernon, covered all the way with gracious shade and musical with blowing leaves and piping birds.

A few minutes suffices to bring us to the present tomb of Washington, standing amidst a little congregation of family graves, about half way between the river and the mansion, and quietly set in trees, whose boles rise high up as if they drew stature from him whom they sheltered.

The tomb of Washington is plainer than the jealous American would expect. It is a brick quadrangle, painted red and white, built in a gentle hillside, and entered by a high, open barred iron gate. If one should hunt for mean resemblances he would compare it to a freshly painted stable or an ice house; and yet, the man who lies there and the green woods which cover him, shut out the worldly question as to whether he is fitly inurned. He lies amongst the vestiges of his private self, by the side of that old wife who obeyed him so faithfully and was happy in his service, and his glory is not divided with mere marble or architecture. The size of the tomb is nearly that of a laborer's cottage, and the gateway is flanked with two plain pilasters, between which, above, is set in black letters; "Within this enclosure rest the remains of General George Washington." Looking through the gate, one sees, in the shaded light, two marble coffins lying upon the brick floor, their feet toward the spectator. That to the left is plain, and contains the dust of Mrs. Washington; the other is embellished upon the lid with a spread eagle, flag and shield, and marked at the foot with the donor's name. It bears below the insignia the single word "Washington." Both marble coffins are large and long. Behind them a door opens into the dark vault of

subsequent Washingtons, and the Scriptural passage is lettered above it: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Outside this enclosed tomb are four monuments, full of the wordy inscriptions placed by provincial and pretentious people over their dead. The Washingtons who lie around their incidental relative were just able to support their derived dignity, and they have tried to bring that achievement to the notice of posterity. Every respectable American who loves the land with Washington's practical devotion and thoughtfulness, is more his relative than Bushrod Washington, or John A. Washington, or all the Custises. There is not a drop of his blood upon the earth. Nature never afflicted his glory with a posterity.

Suppose we could lift the lid of this marble box, how much of the form of the General should we find remaining? Probably little more than some blackened bones, and some dried or liquid dust.

The old tomb of Washington stands on higher ground, between the present vault and the mansion. It is a bank of sod, overgrown with cedars, and small trees, approached by a steep walk of a few yards in length, and closed by a nailed door, set in a low, mossy arch of brick. Here Washington's body remained thirty years, or until October 7, 1837, although he had left directions in his will to have prepared for him a vault, "the present vault requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides." The laggard heirs and executors were in no hurry to go to this expense, while they stoutly refused to give the remains to the government, and, at last, some desperate person, probably imposing upon himself the work which had been neglected, forced the door of the old vault and carried away the best preserved bones and skull he could find. Then outside parties proposed to help the Washingtons remove the body, and a Philadelphia marble-cutter presented the family with the present sarcophagus. This man and his ally, and fellow contributor, have answered the question above propounded.

In the old vault they found fragments of coffins, decayed wood, bones, bugs and snails strewn together over the floor, and the grave had a pungent and unwholesome smell. Washington and his wife were found in the furtherest part of the vault, and the coffin of the hero appeared to have been disturbed; for the outer case of wood was decayed, and the inner case of lead was sunken and fractured. They turned back half the top of the leaden case upon himself, and exposed to view "a head and breast of large dimensions. * * . The eye sockets were large and deep. * * * There was no appearance of grave clothes; the color was dark, and had the appearance of dried flesh and skin adhering closely to the bones. We saw no hair, nor was there any offensive odor from the body, but a yellow liquid dripped down from the leaden case when we removed it, and stained the fresh marble we had brought."

This is the tale of mortality. They sealed up with cement the old lead and its contents into the new case, and probably that momentary gust of light and air completed the work of annihilation. At present, if the marble were unsealed, all of Washington to be found there might be held in one's two hands.

A winding path in the hill side, steadily rising, brings us to a covered spring of cool water and a curious underground way dug from the mansion to the river. Then, by some steps, we make the last ascent and come to the open grass lawn of the mansion, with the peculiar old house in full view, standing sidewise to us and revealing the barn, stables, negro quarters, and outhouses on the rear and flanks. The old house disappoints the expectation, and yet is pleasing and venerable. It is a low-roofed, painted, shackly, but straight edifice, with a high piazza which covers the two stories, and the whole is built of wood cut in blocks to imitate stone. The eight columns which uphold the porch are also of wood, sanded. There are dormer-windows on all the four sloping sides of the roof, and a cupola, full of wasp's nests, surmounts the whole, from

which you can see the long reaches of the river and Fort Washington. The house and immediate outbuildings could be built, at the present price of lumber and labor, for about twelve thousand dollars. But nobody would now build such a house. Instead of the high hollow portico, covering the whole front of the building, we would now put a low veranda and upper balconies. Instead of imitating stone we would carve the wood into pleasing designs, or use stone outright. The interior of the mansion is pleasantly habitable to this day, but the naked whitewashed walls look very blank; the rooms are generally low of ceiling, and one would think it a hardship to live in the room where the hero of the American hemisphere died. Neither gas, nor water-pipes, nor stoves, nor wall-paper, nor a kitchen under the mutual roof, but chiefly a library, a drawing-room, with a carved marble mantel and an old rusty fine harpsichord, a hall through the house, a reaching up for grandeur with feeble implements, some plain bed-chambers, and a few relics of the great man; this is Mt. Vernon as an abandoned home.

This house is above a century and a quarter old, and good for another century if pieced up and restored from time to time. Back of it a pair of covered walks reach to the clean negro quarters, between which is seen a rear lawn, with garden walls on the sides, and across the lawn passes the road to Alexandria and Fredericksburg, so often ridden by the General. The gardens are of a showy imposing sort. He inherited this house from his half brother, and lived in it for fifty years, not counting seven years during the Revolution, when he was absent. This house stood upon the mansion farm, one of several farms which included in all about three thousand acres. Washington, the son of a second wife, had been married to a widow fifteen years, when he was put at the head of the Colonial armies. He belonged to a military and commercial family; rather Yankees in thrift and enterprise, than like the baronial planters round about them. But he was a man who grew in every quality except pecuniary liberality, and no book-keeper

in Connecticut watched his accounts with more closeness, although he was very rich and childless. He was the most perfect fruit of virtuous mediocrity, and the highest exemplar of a disciplined life which the scrupulous, the prudent, and the brave can study. Every triumph he had was a genuine one, if not a difficult one. Guizot, the best student of his larger life, who had in his eye of neighborhood the careers of all the great men of France, including Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Wellington, etc., says that his power came from his confidence in his own views and his resoluteness in acting upon them, and that no great man was ever tried by all tests and came out so perfectly. Jefferson said that he was the only man in the United States who possessed the confidence of all, and that his executive talents were superior to those of any man in the world. He had wonderful power in influencing men by honorable sentiments, and he never gave a man an office, as Lincoln did, to quiet him or to gain him over. His character was in little picturesque, but he was plain as Lincoln in the parts of life which he himself prescribed. Here is a true picture of him, riding in from his farm at Mt. Vernon:

An old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle-bow. The umbrella was used to shelter him from the sun, for his skin was tender and easily affected by its rays. His breakfast hour was 7 o'clock in Summer, and 8 in Winter, and he dined at 3. He always ate heartily, but was no epicure. His usual beverage was small beer or cider and Madeira wine. He took tea and toast, or a little well-baked bread, early in the evening, conversed with or read to his family when there were no guests, and usually, whether there was company or not, retired for the night at about 9 o'clock.

Washington had a poor farm, though a large one, and he had to faithfully attend to it to make it productive. He tried very hard, late in life, to rent it all out, or to induce agricultural immigrants to settle upon and around it. It steadily de-

clined after his death, and will not now, probably, bring more per acre than when he died. His chief crops were wheat and tobacco, and these were very large,—so large that vessels came up the Potomac, took the tobacco and flour directly from his own wharf, a little below his deer-park, in front of his mansion, and carried them to England or the West Indies. So noted were these products for their quality, and so faithfully were they put up, that any barrel of flour bearing the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the customary inspection in the British West India ports. His mother lived until he was 57 years old, but his father died when he was 11. His life was rich, but not accomplished, and he set free 124 slaves at his death. He always rose to the needs of history, and, if his household seems to lack pathetic and feminine features, that is, perhaps, because he was never out of the public regard, because he had no children, and, also, possibly, because he was unfortunate in all his early loves. There are half a dozen cases on record of his direct rejection by ladies to whom he proposed. Much of his life was passed in camps and lonely surveys, and he made himself, by acceptance, instead of choice, a rigid historical being, the last in a semi-barbarical age.

He was worth during all his married life, about £100,000 sterling and it paid him not above 3 or 4 per cent. in money. In this quiet, almost elegant home, he received many princes, exiles, and refined travelers, lured so far by the report of his deeds and character. He disappointed not one of whom we have any record, and his neighbors, as well as those remote, forgot his austerities in his integrity. We could have placed no more composed and Godlike character at the fountain of our young State, and his image, growing grander as the stream has expanded, is reflected yet in every ripple of the river. We have grown more democratic since his time, and we often wish that Washington had been more pliable, popular, and affable, but it is to be remembered that he was a Republican and not a Democrat. As one of his Federalistic observers has said of his day:

"Democracy as a theory, was not, as yet. The habits and manners of the people were, indeed, essentially democratic in their simplicity and equality of condition, but this might exist under any form of government. Their governments were then purely republican. They had gone but a short way into those philosophical ideas which characterized the subsequent and real revolution in France. The great state papers of American liberty were all predicated on the abuse of chartered, not of abstract rights."

Lincoln was a Democrat rather than a Republican, and he lived in a day of interviewing reporters, of land grabs, and ransacking common schools. But what man of his day resembled Washington in personal virtues, in illustrious history, in complete surrender to the State? Could his noble character have lived to our time, and been the model of every American, we should have been a democracy without corruption, and Republicans without austerity. See how he treated his nephew, Bushrod, when Bushrod wanted an office:

"Your standing at the bar would not justify my nomination of you as Attorney to the Federal District Court, in preference to some of the oldest and most esteemed general court lawyers in your own State, who are desirous of this appointment. My political conduct in nominations, even if I were uninfluenced by principle, must be exceedingly circumspect, and proof against just criticism; for the eye of Argus is upon me, and no slip will pass unnoticed that can be improved into a supposed partiality for friends and relations."

Washington told Coke, the Methodist, that he was inimical to slavery. The better elements of our age were all intelligent and growing in him. But the mighty whirlwind raised by Rousseau, and by Jefferson, blew upon the country, and we are what we are; while Washington and Lafayette, soldier and pupil, stand the only consistent great figures of the two hemispheres, the last *Republicans* of the school of Milton and Hampden.

Such as he was, here he lived and lies, and the vestiges of

the breaking up of the past are all around him; the key of the Bastile; his surveyors' tripod, which first measured the streams beyond the Alleghanies; and at last the forts which the North planted against Virginia slavery.

Mount Vernon is now inhabited by Mrs. Cunningham, the stewardess or guardian of the small part of the estate purchased by a ladies' association, and with a few servants, she collects a fee from visitors and sees to the stability of the mansion. Some over-critical people have alleged that she was a rebel. I only know that she did her duty here, and the civil war never crossed the edge of this estate. Since I last visited Mount Vernon, the people of some pious little town in New Jersey have sent an oil-cloth for the floor of the great saloon here, and every year shows the reviving interest in Washington's fame and homestead. The contiguous farms are owned by Northern men, the best of them by a gentleman from Michigan. There are few people roundabout who preserve any remembrance or reliable hearsay of Washington. A new element has come in, and the negro banjoist on the "Arrow" seemed like a merry avenger, as he sung, with grinning good humor:

> "Babylon's a fallen,
> Babylon's a fallen;
> We're gwine to occupy the land."

Mount Vernon, landwise, stands three miles from a main road leading from Alexandria to Fredericksburg. The road runs some distance back from the river to evade swamps, creeks, etc., and, therefore, affords scarcely a glimpse of the Potomac and its mild, wide sceneries. Alexandria is nine miles northeastward, and Occoquan is twelve miles southwestward. There is no road leading into the back country along all these twenty-one miles, unless it be a wood path or a farm lane, and the nearest town back from the Potomac is Fairfax Court House, twenty miles off. This is the case even at present, if we except a settlement of New Jersey Quakers on a part of the Mount Vernon estate. The back road, more-

over, is one of the worst in any country, and probably worse now than when Washington was President. I discovered this, last fall, to my sorrow; for, in a fit of enthusiasm to explore the Old Dominion, I rode on horseback over the whole road between Alexandria and Fredericksburg, a distance of forty-five miles. Washington rode over most of it to visit his aged mother for the last time in 1789,—the same day he was advised of his election to the Presidency,—and as he made the round trip, going and returning, in twenty-six hours, while I was two days riding one way, it follows that the roads are worse or that the General was a better rider.

From Alexandria to Mount Vernon Gate, by road one sees nothing but deep gulleys, skirts of swamp, and a couple of creeks which eat the bowels out of the hills year by year with the industry of Prometheus' vulture.

Passing the private road to Mount Vernon, nothing is to be seen but worn-out lands, pine barrens, and more swamps, until you reach the Accotink saw-mills and the frightful old ruin of Pohick Church. This was the family church of Washington until the close of the revolution, when all the big proprietors began to attend a new church at Alexandria. Then Pohick was left to its fate like many an Episcopal edifice, and the fiddling and lying old "Parson" Weems claimed to be its rector, as he peddled Matthew Carey's books and wrote his own "biographies" of Washington and Marion. Bishop Meade, the Froissart of these old ruined churches, says that Weems never was a Virginia parson, never had any principle, and sold Tom Paine with one hand and the Bishop Llandaff's answer to him with the other. Weems' family were Methodists, living at Dumfries, and he appears to have been a cross between George Francis Train and Dan Rice. Beyond Pohick is a most picturesque town and river called Occoquan, where the once bloody streams flowing from the battle-fields of Bull Run, Groveton, Warrenton, and Catlett's and Bristoe's Stations, tumble seventy-two feet by successive falls. This is a fair country village, inhabited by Quakers and by some Unionists, who raised a flag-

pole here for the Republican party during the Fremont campaign. The height of the rocky, wooded hills, the thunder of the waters, the wildness of the gorge, the beauty of the bridge, the hum of the mills, and the aged and recent associations of the place gave it a mysterious, almost awful, significance to me. A petty stream, it yet rose in the Bull Run Mountains, nearly forty miles away, and was the largest tributary of the Potomac below the Shenandoah and Monocacy. It ran under the Stone bridge, where Ayres, with one battery, stood solitary in that dreadful rout,—the one gun that protected Washington from the fury of the house of Richmond. It was the favorite, and also the most dangerous and unreliable, ferry of George Washington's neighborhood, and nature had bedecked it out of her own ruins. The Occoquan River empties into the Potomac just below this picturesque hamlet, and one of its headlands, High Point, marks the nearest approach of the rebel river batteries to Washington during the autumn succeeding the battle of Bull Run. These batteries lined the river at High, Freestone, Cockpit, Shipping, Smith's, Chotant's, and Matthias' Points, until the advance of Burnside's army began by the railway line of Acquia Creek, in November, 1862. It thus happened that Mount Vernon was not molested by either side during the war of secession; for it was in general between the army lines, or, at any rate, doubtful ground.

Beyond Occoquan the Fredericksburg road passes ten miles over a God-forsaken country, till it reaches what was once Dumfries, on the banks of Quantico Creek,—a town once flourishing, founded by Scotch emigrants, and a place of wealth, revelry, shipping, and banking. Now, there are not fifty inhabitants; the Quantico Creek has filled up, and a town that once bade fair to be the rival of Baltimore and Norfolk is absolutely extinct.

For the rest of the way to Fredericksburg there is nothing to be seen but the abandoned camps of Burnside's and Hooker's armies, and some ruined Episcopal churches. All Virginia, indeed, is in its church ruins a ghastly reminder of Jefferson,

who was to ecclesiastical architecture here what Richelieu was to the baronial castles of France, a leveller and a destroyer. The Declaration of American Independence was only three months old when he moved upon the English Established Church, entail and primogeniture together. In 1779, he abolished tithes and parish rates, and in 1801, the first year of his Presidency, he sold the glebe lands, the last support of the Established Church, an act for which every drunken, fox-hunting parson called Heaven's vengeance upon him. But, nevertheless, nearly the whole Church Establishment fell into the hands of the owls and lizards within ten years; for there was no spirituality remaining in it, and it had become a useless survivor of the planters' aristocracy, and of the parsons, Bishop Meade himself says: "In order to conceal the shame of the clergy from the young people the elder ones had to hurry them away to bed when indulging freely of the intoxicating cup."

These sketches will convey to you some idea of Washington's life at Mount Vernon—one of a few big planters on ruined land, making a losing fight against bad soil, and without markets or other contiguous towns than mere shipping villages. The soil can be brought up slowly by plaster and clover, and the ague can be driven off by an efficient and generally supported system of draining and farming; but Virginia needs common roads, live stock, and intelligent, thrifty laborers. These are coming rapidly, and I apprehend that men of weak constitutions from New England and Michigan, who now go to Florida to winter, will do much better by settling above Fredericksburg on the Potomac. There is a railway required on this route to complete the Acquia Creek line and make it a trunk line between New York, Harrisburg, and Pittsburgh. Forty miles only remain to do, to flank the Orange and Alexandria Railway, and reduce the time from Baltimore to Richmond to three hours from seven, as it now takes. Land here is worth $20 an acre, with buildings. As the country fills up, every part of this land will be redeemed, enriched, and made marketable. It is well timbered, and the fisheries and oyster beds

are of the best. For fruit-raising it is well adapted, and river navigation places it within a day's reach of a dozen markets. There are dismays here, but not to compare with the wood-ticks, the alligators, the moccasin, the fleas, the fevers, and the isolation of Florida. Run-down land, two sickly months, and some dying-out rebels, are the evils of the lower Potomac. But it is the oldest part of America, and for scenery, ruins, and variety of products and markets the most enjoyable part of the whole Atlantic slope. The Chesapeake Valley is the San Francisco Valley of the East. Freedom can make it worthy of Mount Vernon.

CHAPTER XL.

ART, LETTERS, AND BOHEMIANS AT THE CAPITAL.

Around the Capital of a great nation the artistic and literary spirits have always assembled, and this has been the case with Washington. It has been from the beginning of its history a place of resort for tourists and literary men, and a place of abode for journalists, scholars, and artists. The kindly Paulding was both Secretary of the Board of Navy Commissioners and Secretary of the Navy, and the air of the latitude of Washington appears in his style. William Wirt gave scarcely less time to literature in this District than he had given in Virginia. Robert Walsh, perhaps the founder of review literature in America; was educated at Georgetown, and spent much of his life at Washington. Here Joel Barlow, the author of the Columbiad, built himself a mansion in the Jeffersonian day. For many years the publishers of that most useful repository, now unhappily discontinued, issued *Niles's Register*, on Louisiana Avenue. Sparks, Irving, Kennedy, Poe, Legare, Cooper, Motley, Bancroft, Ross Brown, and Mark Twain are amongst the hundreds of notable men who have at periods been tenants of the city. Here resided Schoolcraft, Stanley, Catlin, and others who have transmitted the wild Indian to wonder and fame. Here Peter Force, the pious book collector, lived until the Government took his library, and then died for employment and want of responsibility. The most influential novel in the world was published in monthly parts by Mrs. Stowe in a Washington newspaper. The diplomatic and official

history of the country has been almost wholly edited and collected here, and the journalism of the country has been in great part learned here.

There were, say in the year 1868, when I moved to Washington, four kinds of newspaper correspondence at the Capital City. First, the *Globe*; second, the Associated Press; third, the Special Telegraphers; fourth, the Special Correspondents.

The *Globe* was a mere name for a daily paper, printing the verbatim debates of Congress. The best stenographic reporters of the country reported for it. Four of them took charge of the Senate; five of the House of Representatives. They received about $3,500 apiece per session, and the *Globe* proprietors received their profit, a handsome one, besides. These reporters only had seats on the floor, wrote out their respective notes in manuscript, and only occasionally some member revised his speech or printed what he never said at all. These reports are, therefore, as absolutely correct as the world will ever get any mere utterances; but they are utterances alone, and give no ideas of the manners, the men, or the surroundings of said utterances.

The Associated Press was originally an association of half a dozen or more New York City daily papers, formed to economize and receive in common, reports by telegraph from the Capital and elsewhere. This association sold news to papers of the rest of the country, which formed subsidiary organizations. The Washington news for the Associated Press was chiefly collected by a Mr. Gobright, a painstaking, responsible, and courteous gentleman, past the middle age, and being chiefly concerned with the things already passed and happened, was generally very faithful indeed. The Associated Press had the respect and confidence of the highest officers of the Government, and it gave the people outline news so that they were kept tolerably well and promptly informed of the facts at the Capital. Reporters in both Houses prepared abstracts of Legislative proceedings for Mr. Gobright, and he and his assistant

collected executive and department matters at their fountain head meanwhile.

The Special Telegraphers were isolated young men representing a paper apiece or a combination of papers which required more detailed impressions and prognostics of news than the Associated Press gave. The youth of many of these men, the number of them and the competition among them, accounts for much hap-hazard and premature information which appeared prior to and about the year 1868. Many of these men were partisans, and wrote, by a mistaken conception of duty, news of a very partisan bias to their several papers. Others were maintained by departments of the Government, and inclined toward the quarter where their bread blew from. Most of these were indifferently paid, and being alternately rebuffed or cozzened by officials much of their correspondence expresses the momentary gratitude or spite of the time. They were, however, the apprisers of the people of matters else too late disclosed, and in the concurrence of their rumors, impressions almost prophetic lay. Those officials who would have been gladdest to use the telegraphers were most forward on adverse occasion to denounce them at the Capitol, and the present age (posterity), had better rely upon the prattle of these cotemporaries and neighbors of the public men of 1868, to find the respective eminence thereof, than upon any opinion of said public men themselves. To each of the said public men of the year 1868 there was but one perfectly great character, and that was the man Ego.

The special correspondents were amateur literary men, lookers-on in Washington, library readers, young office-holders with a destiny to throw ink, or people with a mission and a plethora of words. Those of them most reverent to public life and people had a religious turn or held an office. Some of them were humble as Mrs. Heep, and others held great State palavers with Presidents and Senators. From the writings of these worthies we can see the Government of the time reflected upon almost every variety of mind. Human nature

is the combination safe key to reconcile this mass of conflicting correspondence. That portion of it which is apt to be most incisively true was written by men who didn't care a—nything about parties.

The lives of the sculptors and modelers about Washington would make a quaint story, and some passages in the architect's reports show the measure of their compensation.

Giovanni Andrei of Carrara, Italy, was the Superintendent of ornamental sculpture and carving at the Capital from 1806 to his death in October 1824. Bulfinch endorsed him officially after death as "able, refined, faithful, correct, devoted and urbane." A correspondent of Mr. Jefferson in Italy selected Andrei and shipped him to the new city of the west, where he kept his place under several architects. Poor Italians! Their vague memories haunt the great edifice like their queer performances. Anderi's salary was $1,125.

There were four sculptors at the Capital in 1825, Antonio Capellano, Luigi Persico, Nicholas Gevelot, and Enrico Cansici, each receiving about $1,500 a year. Francis Jardella, Superintendent of carvers, received $1,187.50. Carvers received from $1.50 to $2.00 a day.

The salary of Charles Bulfinch the architect, was $2,500 per annum, and the sculptors Antonio Cappellano and Luigi Persico received each $1,500 a year.

In 1833-34, Luigi Persico occupied a room in the abandoned temporary Capitol for a studio, and modeled his nondescript statue of Columbus and the Indian girl there.

The bondsmen of Enrico Cansici in 1824, in the sum of $4,000, were Joseph Gates and Wm. W. Seeton. Cansici was to have received $10.000 for a marble group to ornament a clock in the Senate.

In the extensions, and just previous to the rebellion, T. Vicenti, modeler and sculptor, received six dollars a day; the architect-in-chief, Mr. Walter, received $4,500 a year, Samuel Strong $2,000 a year as Superintendent, M. C. Meigs successor do., $1,800 only as Captain of Engineers; draughtsmen got $4 a day, and foremen, $4.50.

In the old Capitol centre, exclusive of the wings, there were 41 rooms, besides the Rotunda and Library, and eight of these were in the fourth story. The fine old chimney-pieces and hearths in that edifice cost $40 apiece; the carvings of the capitals of the great columns of the old portico $260 apiece; hard burnt bricks cost $5.25 a thousand.

Mr. George Blagden, the constructor of the Capitol, died accidentally by violence in 1826. He had been for years in charge of the practical work at a salary of $1,500 per annum.

After Congress re-occupied the Hall of Representatives in 1820, its acoustics were so bad that all sorts of remedies were tried for the ten years ensuing, such as spreading carpets and draperies, suspending canvas between the floor and the open dome, framing a wooden partition between the columns of the prostyle, etc. A very distinguished Committee, composed of Henry Clay, James Barbour, and William Wirt, invited William Strickland of Philadelphia, to assist Charles Bulfinch the architect, in improving the Hall, but nothing was accomplished until "Robert Mills, an ingenious architect, who had passed through the city in 1821 and again in 1827," was called upon, Bulfinch notwithstanding, to remodel the place. This he did in 1833, by reversing the speaker's chair, and all the seats, raising the floor and constructing a wall behind the third seat in the galleries.

Guiseppe and Carlo Franzoni, brothers, and their cousin Jardella, did some good work about the Capital between 1809-19. Carlo Franzoni made the beautiful clock in the old Hall of Representatives, an allegorical group in the law library, and the columns in the old staircase which are composed of stalks of maize with the ripe ears carved in the capitals. He died in 1819 at the age of thirty. The work of the elder Franzoni perished in the burning of the Capital, except an eagle at the Navy Yard. These young strangers were from Carrara, and were said to have been nephews of a Cardinal of that name.

One of the first propositions made for a historical painting

in the Capitol, was that of a woman, Julia Planton of Philadelphia, January 24, 1821. She wished to sell Congress an emblematic representation of the treaty of Ghent.

In 1832 Edward Everett reported from the Joint Library Committee "the expediency of procuring a *pedestrian* statue of of Washington, to be placed in the rotunda, and to be executed by Horatio Greenough."

Mr. Greenough's works, The *Frontiersman* and *Washington*, were ambitious beyond the period of that sensitive and laborious sculptor. He had more ideas than talent, and wrote better than he modeled. The experience of forty years has taught us that portrait art, particularly with the tame accessories of modern civil costume, seldom fills the measure of expectation. *Roger Williams* is our most effective statue because the subject was left to the artist's volition, modified by his scholarship. Of a like nature are the subjects of *Columbus*, and *John Smith*, two figures which ought to be set up in Washington above all other places in the world. The noblest monument to the former extant, is Rogers's bronze gate, which is in some respects our most valuable public work.

The work of Crawford in the pediment of the Senate portico and upon the summit of the dome, are happier than uncharitable criticism will allow. The figure of Freedom is improved—whether Jeff Davis suggested it or not is no matter—by the nondescript headdress, which replaced the original Phrygian night cap. The plumes give it somewhat of the style of our open-air Indian, whose memory is kept in the hill and river nomenclature all around the Capital, and its posé is light and easy, its drapery flowing, yet dignified, and the face is calm, gracious, and inviting. The work in the pediment is likewise excellent and varied in action and sentiment, and sufficiently harmonized in the composition. It is easy to sneer at statuary; if we possessed Buonaroti's Moses, his horns would give a fund for all the cheap and illiterate witticism in the land.

There are busts in the Capitol of all the Chief Justices, and

Taney suffers nothing for being debarred the court-room—rather those who set his eloquent face in exile. The relievos of the Rotunda, which to some appear hideous, are merely reproductions from old engravings contemporary with the explorers delineated. The figures in the central portico of the East front, by Persico, and others, are redeemed by their quaintness; for allegorical art should not necessarily stand the test of mathematical criticism. Grime and eccentricity have their allurements in capitoline art; a broken torso or a grim satyr in stone may be more fitting for a public walk or nook than a bran new effigy of something whose current fame is provocative of ridicule. Whoever has walked in Turin, Munich, or Berlin, may behold in the places of honor, statues nearly as bad as Mills' Jackson and Washington, those monuments of provincial favoritism, triumphant over national scholarship. The poor little monument before the City Hall will play its part in the public scenery as much as the Washington Monument, which should never have been undertaken by disorganized and desultory popular contribution. Only governments, which act with unified spirit and are supported by the public resources, are capable of prosecuting such large works to completion. With all our praise of a "strong Government," and our yearning for a "nation," we Americans are most captious about those things which demonstrate the general state. We write columns against the awarding of a pitiful statue to an artist at the Capital, while we give millions to a land swindle on our frontier; and we begrudge the Federal site every ornament which Congress dares to vote it over the wagging heads of rural constituencies. We are always reminded of The People, but The State is nearly friendless and must be our mendicant. For a good colossal statue in Washington, we suggest the subject of the Demagogue, that many-headed scoundrel who has ruled us more than law or patriotism.

A great deal of fun has been excited from the statuary around the Capital, but national statuary has been the subject of pasquinade in every country. Even Clark Mills' queer pro-

ductions may strike posterity who will regard them as valuable by their stiff literalness.

John Trumbull, the artist, having been summoned to take measures to protect the paintings from dampness, reported as follows:

"But one of the paintings testifies to the possibility of their being approached for the purpose of doing injury: the right foot of General Morgan, in the picture of Saratoga, was cut off with a sharp instrument, apparently a penknife. I have repaired the wound, but the scar remains visible. If I had possessed the authority, I should have placed in front, and at the distance of no less than ten feet from the wall, an iron railing of such strength and elevation as should form a complete guard against external injury, by ill-disposed persons, unless they employ missiles of some force."

The delightful grimness of this diction, reminds one of Trumbull's art, which is sedate, dignified, and formal. An English traveler has made this criticism upon Trumbull's themes:

"The truth is, the subjects are unmanageable. In the Declaration of Independence, we have a respectable congregation of decent farmer-looking men, staring quite as vacantly from under their periwigs, as the solemnity of the occasion could possibly demand. A few are seated or standing at the table which displays a large scroll of parchment. The rest are seated on benches, waiting apparently with exemplary patience the completion of the important document.

"Out of such materials, Titian himself could not have made a picture. The subject admits of no action, nor of strong emotion of any kind. Then the quantity of canvas which is devoted to coat, waist-coat, and breeches, and the rows of clumsy legs, without one bit of drapery to conceal them!"

There are many curious comparative facts about the Capitol, of which I often think when I walk there. It is the most extraordinary composite structure in the world. In the main classical, it still contains the crudeness and quaintness of a

Flemish Guddhuis. Here are Corinthian capitals, powerful monoliths, as florid as they ever blossomed in Athens, and near by are homely capitals devised by Jefferson, of corn in the ear, the headed sheaf of the wheat, and the tawny leaf of the tobacco. Parts of the masonry are formidable as the arches of the Coliseum, yet there is a dome of iron such as no year of our Lord but this could have framed and put together. A battery sends a spark of fire, like a winged lamplighter, from the eye of the dome to the coal-pit, yet the heathen deities swarm on every ceiling. Take the chaplain out of Congress and there is not one Christian symbol in all this mighty pile to tell whether the nation worshiped Jove or Jehovah. The beautiful clock that in the old Hall looks down upon the ghosts of memories, might have kept time when Cæsar was stabbed dead in the Senate House. All lands have paid contribution here. The statuary was chiseled by the Arno and the Tiber; the stairways were quarried in Tennessee. He who cut yonder bas relief, fired the infernal machine upon Louis Phillipe.

The hand that modeled yonder head of Washington felt the wrinkles of Voltaire and measured the lips of Rousseau. In this bronze door a Yankee artist's wife standing for her model under the Pincian Hill, represents the Lady Bobadille, who, perhaps, had heard Columbus speak. No edifice of like strength and vastness known to man, was ever created with the same celerity. Whoever lived in this city sixty years ago, saw only the blackened walls of the old Capitol defacing this site. No building of the elegance and superfices of this was probably ever erected so cheaply. The dome excepted, and the climate considered, it should stand, if its doom were now to come, as long as the arches of the palace of the Cæsars. Over its three acres of aisles and alcoves, twice repeated in successive floors, one can wander of a rainy or a sunny day, never in want of suggestions, delights, perspectives, studies, or he can ascend to the lanthorn, and look upon a landscape whose principal outlines are fast filling in with as strong historical associations.

One day I was passing through the Capital, and saw upon a door the sign "Thorpe's studio," an acquaintance of mine is the celebrated J. B. Thorpe, artist raconteur of New York City. I supposed that it might be he, who had availed himself of his wide acquaintance to get a studio in the Capitol, and having been annoyed by this sign for some time, I opened the door and began the ascent of a very pleasant broken flight of stairs which were conducted in and out with much economy of space and noble roominess past one of the little old domes of Bulfinch's structure. The admirableness of that old Capitol was more manifest to me than I had previously appreciated it. I found that Thorpe was merely a photographer and portrait maker for the benefit of the Senate, but after leaving his room I proceeded to wander through dark passages suggestive of assignation, intrigue, corruption, and assassination, and at one place I could look through a crack in a partition and see two fellows in another room quarreling like Dutch boors. The Senate Library was in this part of the building, and it consisted chiefly of law books, documents, and bound copies of the debates. In the vestibule was an enormous aggregation of packages labeled tariff of 1842, corruptions of 1836, British outrages in the Chesapeake, &c. Many of these rooms were groined in the ceilings, and supported by quaint columns. The windows afforded a delightful view right down the avenue, and there was but one person in all that vastness, the librarian, whose place I presume is a sinecure. As I strolled through the old halls, and looked into the empty dome piled full of documents, and finally got up to a place where I could peep between the inner and outer domes, I felt a sense of admiration for the early architects of our Capitol, that they could so combine, in the words of Jefferson, "economy, taste and accommodation."

One day I secured a ticket for the baths and was shown down in the vaults of the Capitol. A negro of a buff color was seated on a stool opposite the bath-room door. Within, the gas burned softly and low in its vase, showing the floor of inlaid marble, the booths including the baths with the dim light through their

ground glass doors, and opposite each door, upon a chair, cocked back, sat a Congressman waiting for his turn. After awhile I got a chance and the negro opened one of the doors. There was a bath tub against the wall, hewn out of one solid block of marble; the marble floor was warmed by heaters below, so that it felt to your bare feet almost like the warmth of another human skin. All the comfortable appurtenances of the bath were there; the warm towels, rough and fine, the sponges, the soap, that had the smell of the date palm, the brush to stir up the energies of one's scalp, the mirror to abash one with the image of himself, made ruddy by the pencil of the flame from the moldings of the bronze side-light. With a tolerably long armless chemise, and a copy of Catullus, I felt that I should have made a very good Roman of the era of Diocletian.

One peculiarity of the Capitol when lighted up by night, is that the flags hoisted over the two chambers are made visible as in the clear daylight by the illumination of the enameled glass in the roofs. The many flames of gas between the upper and lower panes shed a white light like a halo, around the streaming colors, and in the densest darkness the spangles and the stripes shine like banners in the midnight. When the Capitol itself is half in shadow, and the tholus seems to be merely a spire of fire, the calmly unfurling flags over the wings show all their dyes to the darkness, and the effect is beautiful.

One night during the Impeachment trial the Capitol looked better than I ever saw it. There was a trifle of rain without, and where the lantern glowed with flame the mist all round about was visible in passing clouds. So from wings where House and Senate sat, the mists were floating away from the outshaken flags, as if the mists of doubt and war were rolling off, while all the marble walls were touched with mild rubescence.

Within the Senate Chamber the atmosphere was also good, —the dark, rich red carpet, the pale orange tint of the walls, the dark, attentive rows of people above, many of them intensely interested and orderly as Judges. This building will figure in such phases in many a fiction.

The latitude permitted to Cabinet Ministers in recent years has put in their power to make portrait galleries in each of the great departments.

Mr. Creswell has made a gallery in the Postal Department of all the Postmaster Generals since Franklin. These portraits are large photographs, tinted in India ink, and separately framed, and they cover the walls of his business office. Most of them are said to be striking likenesses, and they indicated a fine, sagacious series of faces, some forty or fifty in number.

Speaking of photographs, a New York photographer, known to the country at large as M. B. Brady, who has spent thirty years in waylaying every notability—citizen or foreign—of distinction; and who, during the war, expended several thousand dollars in following up the army with the camera, reproducing all the climatic war scenery with the vividness of actual occurrence,—Brady finding himself possessed of nearly a barn-full of negative plates and proof copies, wishes Congress to purchase the whole set for the Congressional Library. It seems to me that, as goverment does very little for the intelligent needs of the people, while it has recklessly given appropriations in land, franchises, and money to material things, often of very doubtful legitimacy, that this really remarkable collection of views and portraits might be added to the library without infringing upon any severe precedent of parsimony. I do not know how much is asked for this gallery, though I suppose about enough to pay five able-bodied "Carpet-baggers" per annum. Amongst them are large-sized pictures of nearly every person in any manner associated with the period of secession and civil war. The list extends back to the times of daguerreotypes, and embraces pictures, taken from life, of Chancellor Kent, Fenimore Cooper, Edgar A. Poe, Audubon, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, and nearly every person of any significance who has affected this nation for a quarter of a century. Brady has nearly impoverished himself by conducting this wild goose chase after notabilities. He seems to have undertaken it from genuine hero-worship, without knowing how

he was ever to come out, and in scarcely any case have these original pictures been paid for by their subjects. In like manner did old Peter Force ransack all the garrets on this continent for books and tracts of American neighborhood history, and bibliography, and, when Congress came to the old man's relief, a few years ago, he was paying $600 a month interest, to be allowed to preserve intact his overgrown collection. These books are now the property of the United States, and they give its library almost its sole dignity. The librarian, who is a hard-working, prudent man, seems anxious to put this great series of pictures in the custody of the government, and, I think, wherever the Capital may rest, or be removed, that, in consideration of the growing scholarship of the country, these pictures should be secured before they are burned by fire, or scattered to the winds by the incapacity of the artist to keep them, and then, probably, in a mutilated condition, to be repurchased by the Government, at some later day, from some speculator or other who will have more means to influence Congress than this poor photographer.

It is singular to see men in the same profession cutting each other's throats. When it was agitated to buy the Force collection of books for the government, a dozen old-book men rose up from unknown alleys, and claimed that their collections had as much right to recognition as Force's. So now three or four envious photographers agitate to keep Brady from disposing of his gallery. The motive of his work has been entirely different from that of anybody else. He has simply wasted a great many years, and a good deal of money, upon the mistaken presumption that somebody would one day appreciate the sacrifice. I have been in the habit of running over his gallery, when any considerable man died, to get facial data for reproducing him, and I should like to see his works collected in portfolios, and put at the disposal of that literature of the future, which we are sure to have. Spofford, the librarian, has always believed that upon this continent would grow up the truest and most voluminous literature of any people, with as many readers,

reading the same language, as now constitute all the readers of Europe, in a dozen languages.

It is really sad, in this millennium of material interests, of speculators, lawyers, and projectors, to see what a little space is filled, in the estimation of Congress, by people of enterprise in intellectual and artistic things. Little Vinnie Ream, who returned from Rome with her statue of Lincoln, unveiled it after a year before Secretary Delano and a little group of encouragers, among whom was Senator Trumbull, on Saturday morning, in the rotunda of the Capitol.

The little girl comes of an humble family from Wisconsin. She was made a clerk in the Post-Office during Mr. Lincoln's term, and developed into a sculptress of her own volition and aptness. Being pretty, as sculpturesses generally are not, a good deal of her cleverness was denied her by her female rivals, and she became the butt of the Boston school of men and women, including Mr. Sumner, who denounced his colleagues savagely, for having given her the work to do, when, as he charged, it should have been entrusted to Mr. Story.

After Vinnie had been awarded the contract, the impeachment trial developed in all its fury, and her accidental association—by her sister's marriage—with Perry Fuller, made her a target for the most unmanly vituperation, both in the newspapers and in gossip.

But, when she went to Rome, the first man to step out and take her under his protection was the very Mr. Story who had been signalized as the only man fit to make a statue of Mr. Lincoln.

The following is the opinion of a very able young artist, Henry C. Bispham of New York, upon some of the prominent paintings of the Capitol:

"Bispham," said I, "what do you think of the last accession, Powell's picture of the battle on Lake Erie?"

"The figures are badly drawn and painted, and, in some respects not as good as his De Soto. This figure lacks flexibility; they are too woodeny. The figure of the man or boy

lying dead on some floating wood on the left of the picture, is badly foreshortened and the arm in an impossible position. The background is well painted, composed and drawn. Look at the arms of the rowers and see their woodenness."

"What do you think of Moran's landscape of the Yellowstone?"

"It is very fine in a good many qualities, as in color and drawing. The waterfall in the distance with the vapor rising above it, and the river coming toward the spectator for a straight line, that is rather disagreeable to the eye; there is too much shadow in the foreground of both sides of the picture, and the line of shadow from right to left forms an obtuse angle, which is very ugly in any picture."

"How about Leutze's picture in fresco, of "Westward ho?"

"It is a fearful jumble of color and effect, lacking in concentrativeness, and it possesses no central point of light or dark. The immediate foreground of figures and landscape lacks in depth and strength, and the color is just as strong in the distance as it is in the foreground. Some of the figures are well drawn and some quite splendidly, particularly the scout on horseback at the left hand of the picture. The women are very Dutchy in face. There is evidently a desire shown in the entire picture to combine great effect, great space and many people and incidents of travel. But in doing this, he has failed to introduce a decided black and white, or light and shadow, and has not kept any center point of interest and strength in the composition."

"What do you think of Powell's De Soto?"

"At first sight it shows an overcrowded canvas which destroys the dignity and force of the subject. The horses are the worst part of the picture, too small and badly drawn. The squaws are too ideal in face, and badly painted, but the male figures are well drawn and colored, and well grouped. The cross is too small and necessitates such an exertion of strength on the part of so many men to raise it. It could have been drawn to represent greater height in the same space. The

modeling of the figure and drapery is almost masterly. On the whole it suits an artist better than the Lake Erie picture.'"

"Now we come to the picture of General Scott on horseback?"

"That represents a very common type of art. It is thoroughly a wooden representation of a horse, and there is little improvement in the rider, except as to his face."

"Which of the paintings in the rotunda do you prefer?"

"After Trumbull's, which have a value apart from art, I like Vanderlyn's Columbus. It is a good composition, quite clear and forcible, set at the proper distance, and the light and dark are well managed. About the best thing here are Roger's doors which are very fine, and carefully modeled, and all the pictures are fine compositions. The frescoes on the Senate side of the house are very fine, and the birds and animals surprisingly well done."

MILLS' WASHINGTON.

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